Collier's

TEN CENTS

NOVEMBER 18, 1944

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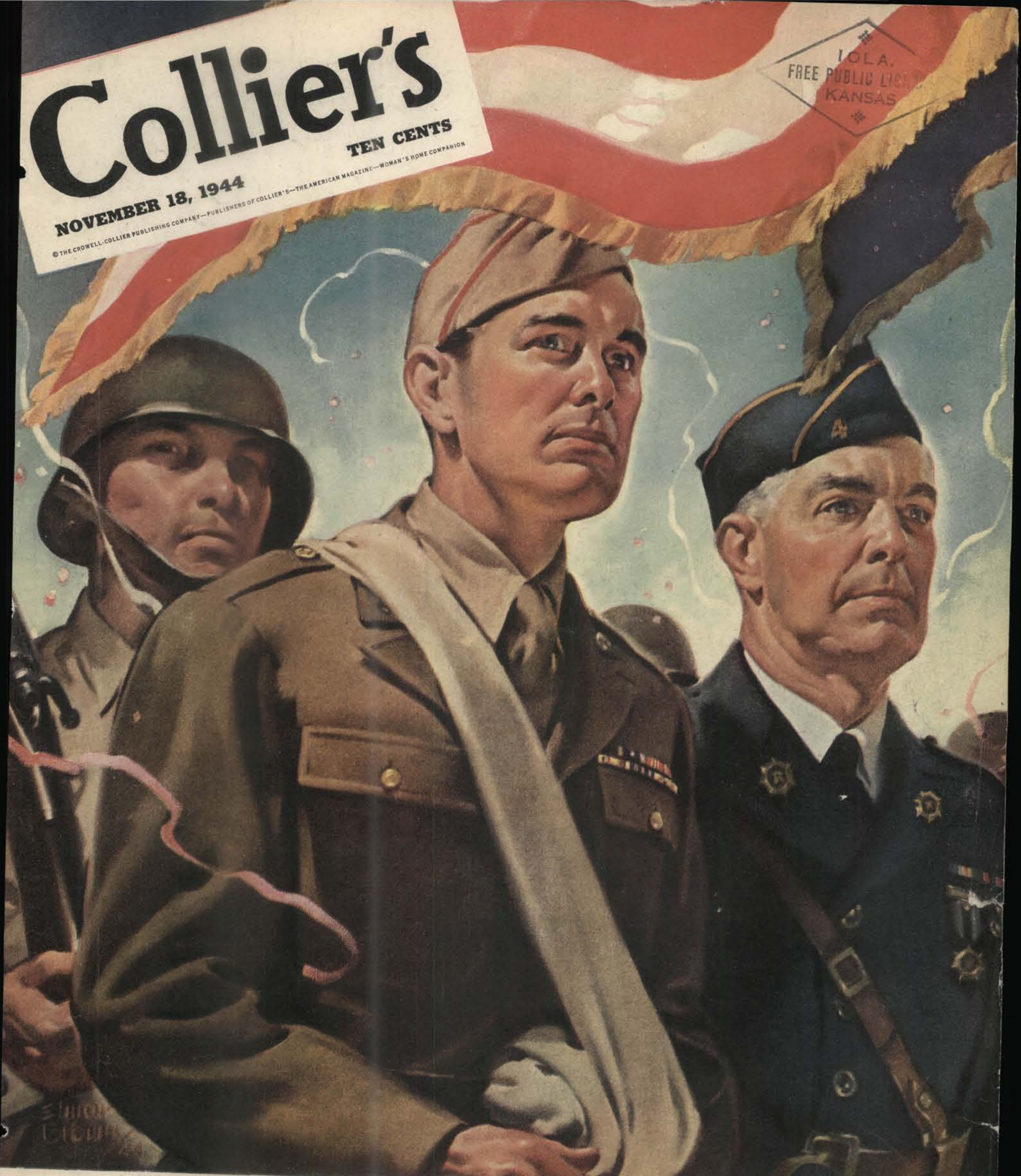

BEGINNING THE STORY OF A DANGEROUS WOMAN

None So Blind · *By Mitche*

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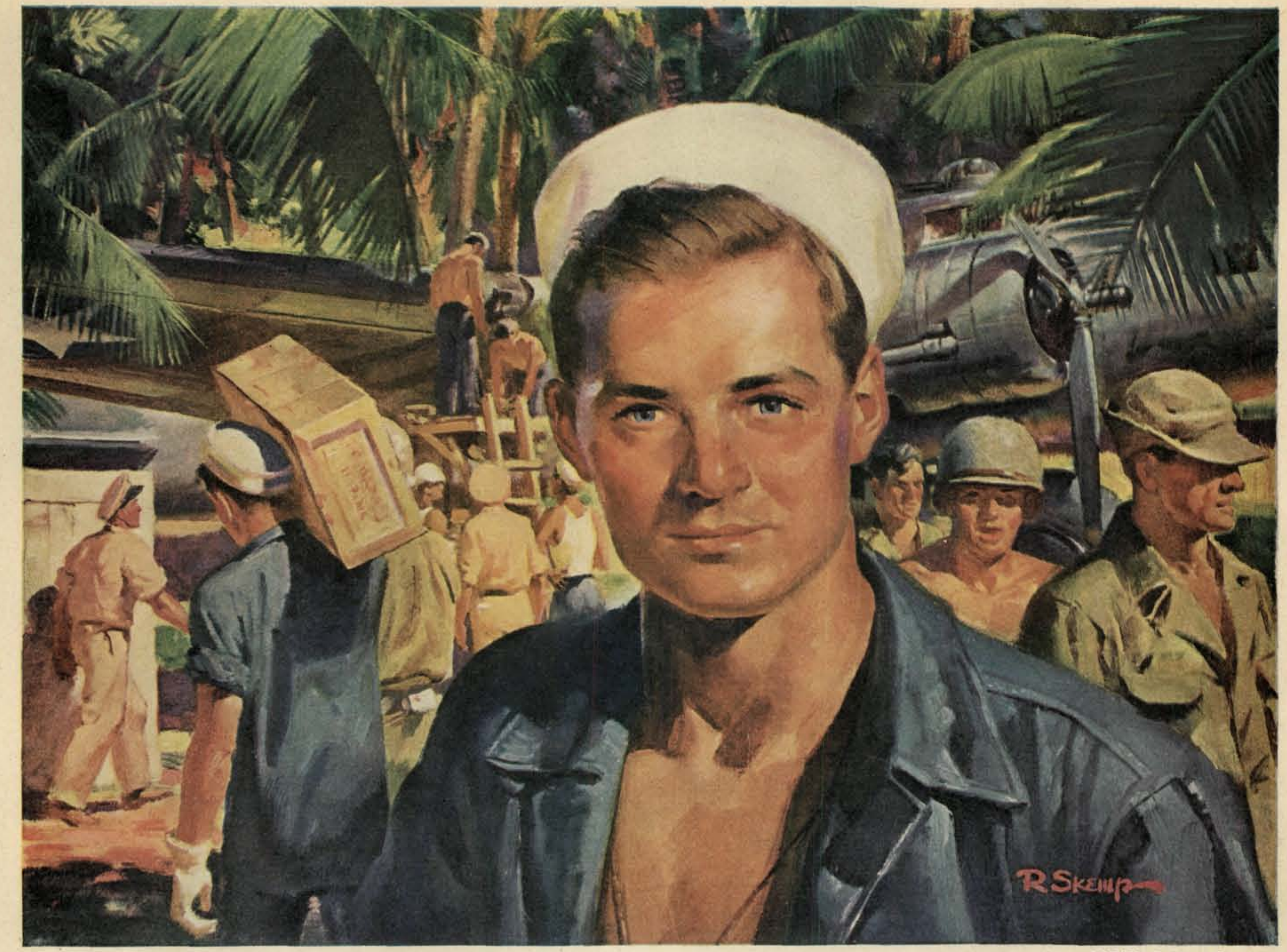


© 1944 The Studebaker Corporation

"Seabee" Balaban and his father helped build many a Studebaker in peacetime

Studebaker's Joe Balaban has another son and a daughter in the Navy—Like thousands of Studebaker automotive veterans, Joe Balaban is doing his share for the war effort in one of Studebaker's aircraft engine plants. Other Studebaker automotive employees are busy building big multiple-drive Studebaker military trucks and "Weasel" personnel and cargo carriers.

KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS AND KEEP ALL THE BONDS YOU BUY!

And they're comrades in craftsmanship still

THE whole nation is justly proud of the accomplishments of our Navy's Seabees, the fighting construction battalions on whose banners is blazoned: "We do the difficult immediately—the impossible takes a little longer."

One fine example of the resourceful Seabees at their best is First Class Seaman Milan Balaban of South Bend, Indiana. He learned his way around with tools as an apprentice millwright in the Studebaker automotive plants—working close by his father who has been a Studebaker employee for more than 26 years.

Today, Joe Balaban, the father, is putting his skill and experience to good account in the Studebaker Aviation Division—from which tens upon tens of thousands of Studebaker-built Wright Cyclone engines for the famous Boeing Flying Fortress have been steadily streaming forth.

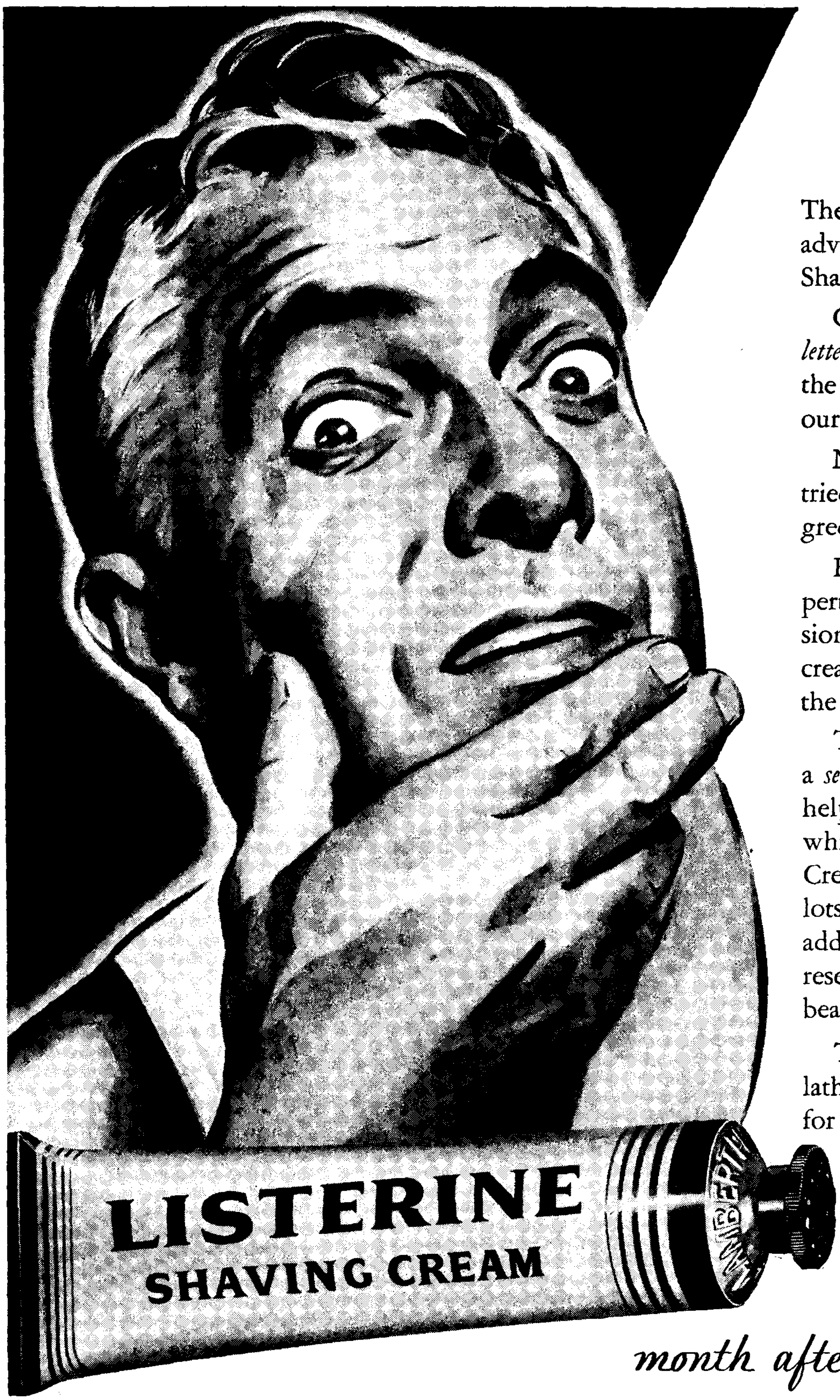
It's largely because of the painstaking craftsmanship in peacetime, of numerous Studebaker father-and-son teams like the Balabans, that wartime America is getting such dependable performance from Studebaker Champion, Commander and President passenger cars and Studebaker trucks and commercial cars.

Awarded To All Ⓔ *Studebaker Plants*

STUDEBAKER

Now building Wright Cyclone engines for the Boeing Flying Fortress—multiple-drive military trucks—and the Army's new M-29 Weasels

Are we wacky when we guarantee that this SHAVING CREAM won't *make shaving a pleasure!*



Students in advertising courses say "yes"... but men who shave say "NO!"

The beardless boys, who know all about the "science of advertising," tell us that these messages about our Listerine Shaving Cream cannot possibly succeed in making sales.

Older men (*at least we judge that they are older because their letters say that they shave*) have on the contrary been sending us the most heart-warming fan mail we have ever received. And our sales, thank you, are continuing sharply upward.

Now we don't pretend that our laboratory Ph.D's. have not tried to win immortal fame by discovering the mysterious ingredient which would make shaving a joy forever.

But despite the time and money spent by our research experts in improving Listerine Shaving Cream, their final conclusions are: 1. Shaving is at best a tiresome business. 2. Our cream, good as it is, simply will not make it fun to swish off the whiskers.

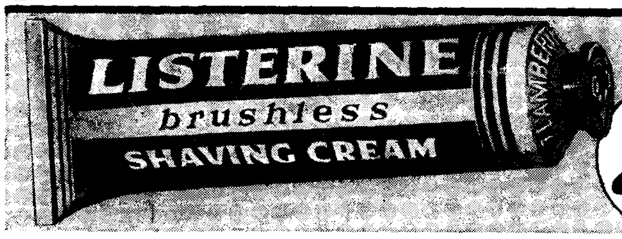
That is why we offer our Listerine Shaving Cream only as a *sensible* shaving aid. We claim for it that its rich lather will help you reduce to a minimum the pain of parting with your whiskers. And you can judge the quality of Listerine Shaving Cream from the fact that literally a fraction of an inch makes lots and lots of good, rich lather. But don't forget to keep adding plenty of water when you brush it up, because our research proves that water is really the secret of the whole beard-softening mystery.

The best way to find out whether you like "no-hokum" lather is to meet Listerine Shaving Cream face to face. Ask for it at any drug counter. The price is low, the tube lasts long; so it is just as smart to buy as it is smartless to use.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

35¢ TUBE LASTS AND L-A-S-T-S

month after month after month



25¢

REMEMBER, THERE ARE 2 TYPES OF LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

Out of this tube come comfortable shaves for men who prefer no-brush cream

Motorola Radio "Handie Talkie"
co-ordinating our march to Victory

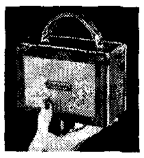
The story of every great Victory of our armed forces has been a story of teamwork . . . split-second timing and miraculously unified attack. Radio ties all combat arms together . . . makes of them an irresistible team.

Motorola Radio Engineers have developed, built and delivered in great quantity such battle-famous radios as the "Handie Talkie", the "Walkie Talkie", the Cavalry Guidon Set, and the powerful two-way unit that moves on wheels.

There will be Motorola Radios soon again for your Home and Car. F-M, Television, other Electronic developments? You bet! Motorola will have them all!

LIKE THE "HANDIE TALKIE", THIS TINY PORTABLE WAS A NOTABLE MOTOROLA RADIO FIRST!

Thousands know the Motorola "Playboy" as the smallest, most powerful personal portable radio on the market. It plays richly, beautifully, on planes, trains, everywhere. The new postwar Motorola "Playboy" will be a "Honey"!



GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION
CHICAGO 51, ILL.

Motorola Radio

F-M & A-M HOME RADIO • AUTO RADIO • AUTOMATIC PHONOGRAPHS • TELEVISION • F-M POLICE RADIO RADAR • MILITARY RADIO COMMUNICATIONS

Collier's

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HENRY L. JACKSON Wearables
ALLEN MARPLE Fiction
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WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN • Art Director

Any Week

NO SOONER had our associate, Colonel Kenneth Littauer, rejoined this staff after three years in the Army Air Corps than he received a letter from Brigadier General R. C. Candee, U.S.A. General Candee who is not a candidate for office has merely this to say: "One reason for women's knitting is to give them something to think about while they are talking." Which fits in rather cozily with a letter we've just received from Miss Virginia Dolores Lifft of San Francisco, California. For months now, Miss Lifft has been knitting sweaters for servicemen, all of whom were casual acquaintances at the canteen. The seven sweaters are finished, but Miss Lifft, not remembering any of the lads at all distinctly, forgets which size goes to which lad. This may seem *trivial, but you're not* Miss Lifft and should be very glad of it, too.

AFTER Mr. Robert L. Pickering of Oakland, California, had finished reading Eugene Burns' recent article, Enchanted Isle, in this magazine, he began to write letters. "The beauty of Mr. Burns' girls is startling," says Mr. Pickering. "Let's take a gander at just one of them: 'Her lips were dark brick red, her irises lustrous white, the more because her large pupils were so dark brown—a polished hazelnut brown.' " This, thinks Mr. Pickering, indicates that the lady is in a pretty serious condition. He does not know who is responsible, the Marines or the Seabees. But he can't see how our country is going to build up friendly relations abroad if we leave the women like that.

WAR and its ever-recurring crises, to say nothing of postwar visions, set people to thinking. This would be okay except that the people seldom think the same way their governments do. Here, for example, is Mr. Harry L. Stull of Enid, Oklahoma, demanding that all future international peace powwows be broadcast. "I want to know what I'm being let in for," says Mr. Stull. He wants us to tell Mr. Cordell Hull but we're telling Mr. Stull that he'll have to get a braver agent. We were talking about Mr. Hull to Mr. George Dixon in Washington lately. It seems that a towering crane, complete with about a mile of rope and lots of chain, was halted one day in front of the State Department. Mr. Dixon, who is one of Washington's soberer journalists, believes that the contraption had been sent for to rescue Mr. Hull from the high dudgeon he was marooned on as the result of being questioned about what happened at Dumbarton Oaks.

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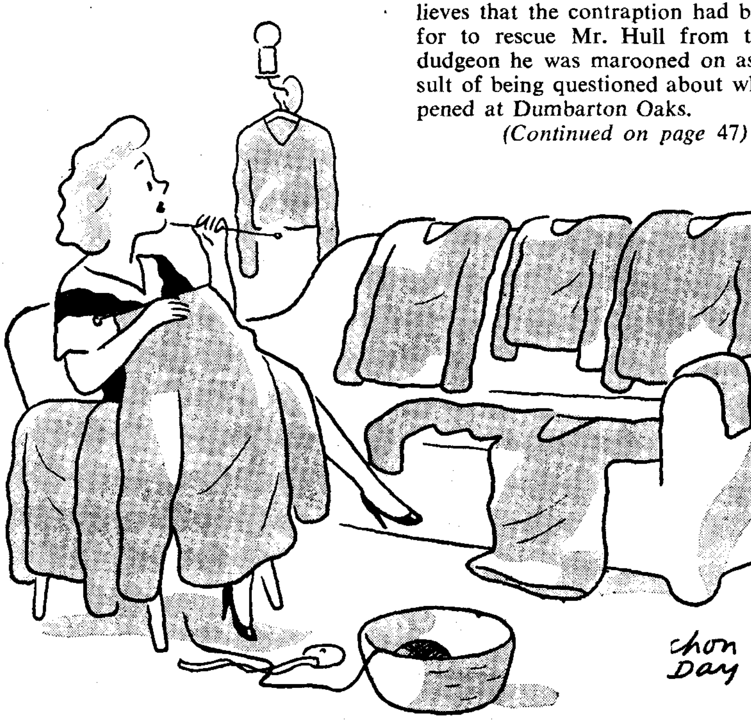

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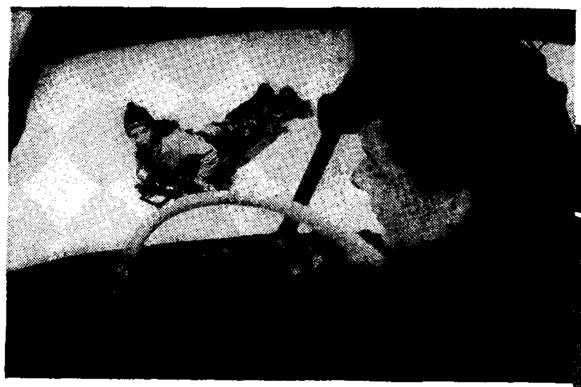
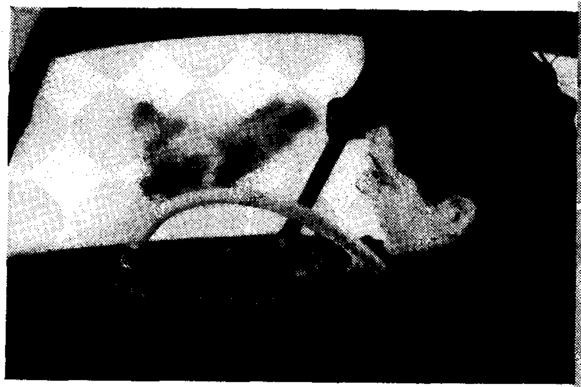
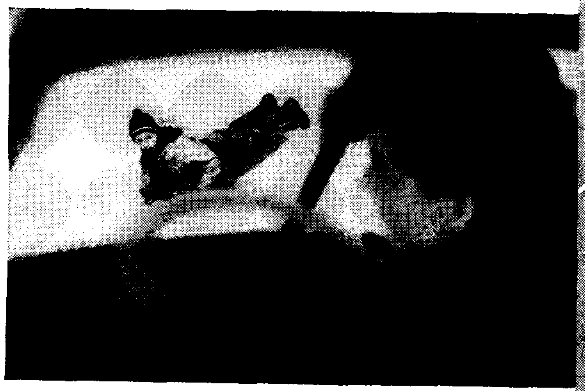


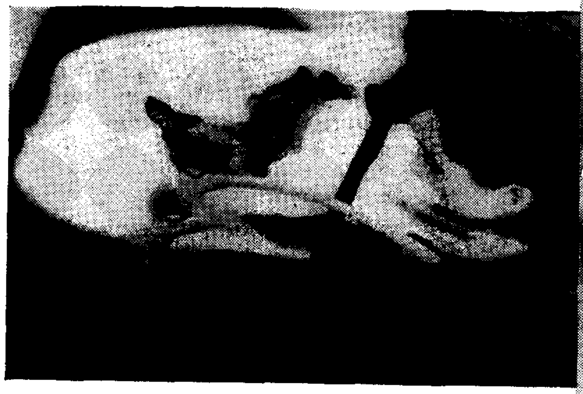
As seen by NORMAL EYES
BOTH WOMAN AND BOY ARE SEEN CLEARLY



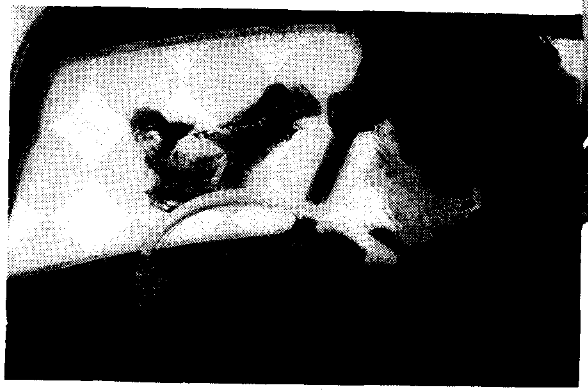
As seen by NEAR-SIGHTED EYES
WOMAN APPEARS CLEAR . . . BOY IS BLURRY



As seen by FAR-SIGHTED EYES
BOY APPEARS CLEAR . . . WOMAN IS DIM



As seen by AS-TIG-MA-TIC EYES
BOTH BOY AND WOMAN APPEAR BLURRY, DISTORTED



As seen by eyes with DOUBLE-VISION
BOTH BOY AND WOMAN LOOK "DOUBLE"

Can you believe your eyes?

Do your eyes "play tricks" on you? Do they report truths, half-truths or complete falsehoods? Do they handicap you in your work and play and study?

Few pairs of eyes see everything alike. Fewer still, unaided by professional skills and services, see perfectly.

Some *strain to see* at the near-point. Newspaper type, phone book numbers, shorthand notes, needlework . . . all critical near-point seeing tasks are a nerve-wearing challenge and burden.

With others, distance seeing is dim seeing. They even fail to see clearly the friend across the street, the approaching automobile, the children at play, the moving picture . . .

Still other people, with as-tig-ma-tism, fail to bring any object into sharp focus. To them, all things are likely to appear blurred and distorted.

How do *YOU* see? Sure? Seeing power changes from year to year as severe use and abuse take their toll. So, check up! Learn the true quality of your vision—*as of now.* Benefit by the scientific services of an Ophthalmologist or Optometrist . . . the technical skills of an Ophthalmic Dispenser (Optician).

Professional counsel and care now will pay you rich rewards in future comfort, efficiency and peace of mind.

BETTER VISION INSTITUTE, INC.
630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York

Better Vision for Better Living

BVI

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The FLORSHEIM Shoe

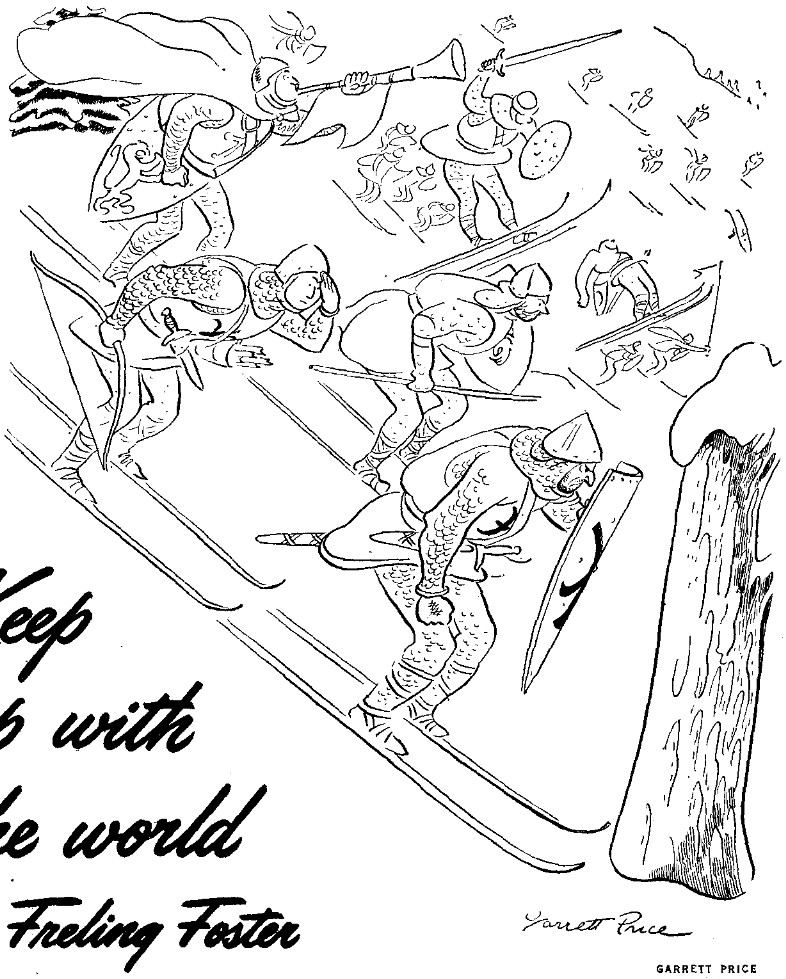
The DEARBORN

Wartime conditions have furnished the acid test of footwear quality... and Florsheim has met it by putting *wear* first. Today more men ask for Florsheim Shoes—because they want the pair they *can* buy, to be the *finest* they can own.

Most Styles $10.50 *and* $11

Florsheim Shoes

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

GARRETT PRICE

Although skis have been used as a means of travel, especially by armies, for at least 4,000 years, as evidenced by a runner of that age now in the Nordiska Museum in Stockholm, skiing did not become a sport, even in the Scandinavian countries, until 1860; and the sport did not become popular in the United States until after 1920.—*By Mary Carney, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Since 1921, Soviet Russia has become the most sports-minded country in history through its sports-for-all program for which it has appropriated as much as $100,000,000 annually. This has not only resulted in the construction of 650 stadiums, 3,500 gymnasiums and 10,000 playing fields, but has also encouraged 35,000,000 men and women of nearly all ages to compete in athletic events. Furthermore, as no one is permitted to make money on sports, either as a promoter or a participant, there are no professional athletes in the Soviet Union.

Because Saint-Lô is the most completely destroyed town in France, the government may leave it untouched as a memorial to this war as it did Douaumont after the first World War.—*By Russell Daniel, Marshall, Ill.*

Not long ago, in a mosquito-infested country, the U.S. Army made a test to determine, with the aid of four men, the comparative preference of such insects for human skin and shirts of white, black and khaki color. After a 30-second exposure, four mosquitoes were counted on the white shirt, 15 on the black, 30 on the khaki, and 90 on the skin of the shirtless man.

The 148 girls and two men who lost their lives in the Triangle shirtwaist factory fire in New York City in 1911 did not die in vain, because three spectators determined that locked fire escapes would never again be the cause of such a tragedy. By 1913, the New York State Legislature had passed some thirty bills, the strictest factory laws ever formulated, largely through the efforts of these three spectators: The late Alfred E. Smith, then a state assemblyman; Robert F. Wagner, then a state senator; and Frances Perkins, then executive secretary of the New York Consumers League.

Of the thousands of delinquency cases tried by our juvenile courts in recent years, 42 per cent involved boys, and 25 per cent involved girls in the 14- and 15-year-old age groups who were recidivists—those having been tried one or more times for other offenses.

Even after many changes, requested by the German delegation, had been made in the Treaty of Versailles in 1919, all six members refused to sign it as they did not want their names on such a document. So they sent to Berlin for two men who would undertake this humiliating duty, and Berlin sent Hermann Müller, a college lecturer, and Johannes Bell, the second violinist in a small orchestra.

The famous phrase "Lafayette, we are here" was spoken on July 4, 1917, at the Picpus Cemetery in Paris by Colonel Charles E. Stanton of the A.E.F. As a newspaperman who was present reported the speaker to be General Pershing, these words have been ascribed to him ever since, despite all his efforts to correct the misconception.

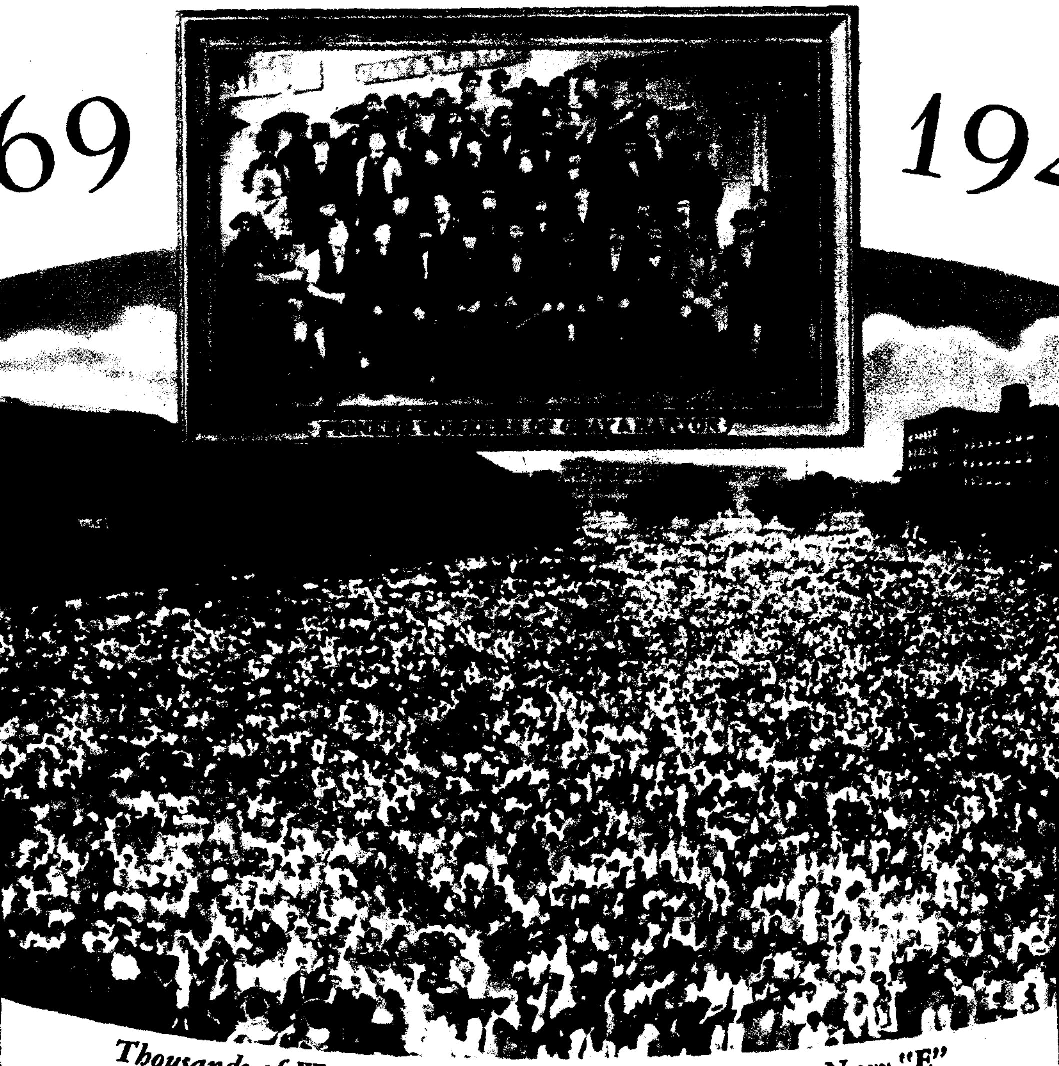
A copy of Ladybird, Poland's underground newspaper for children, recently brought to London, contains such material as news of boy and girl war heroes, a prayer for freedom and various ways to frustrate the Nazis. —*By Barbara Burke, Maplewood, N. J.*

A mold that eats insects was discovered recently in this country. Living in the soil, this mold has a network of fine threads with upraised points covered with a sticky substance with which it, unlike other known molds, entraps small insects and then sucks them dry of all living matter.

The town of Bahadarpur in Patiala, India, recently had its taxes canceled for a year because a local soldier won the Victoria Cross. . . . In Japanese cities today, girls comprise about 98 per cent of the civilian population between the ages of 18 and 30.

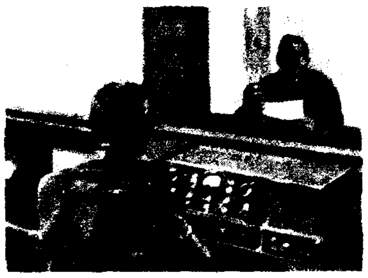
Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions *must be accompanied by satisfactory proof.* Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of *the publisher*

In dramatized form Keep Up with the World is now broadcast every Sunday night (at 10:30 E.W.T., 9:30 C.W.T., 8:30 M.W.T., 7:30 P.W.T.) over 140 stations of the Blue Network



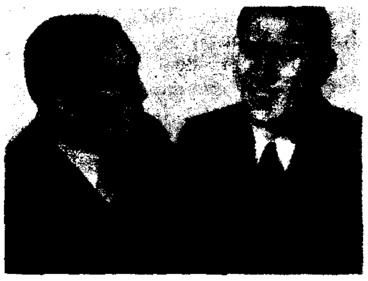
Thousands of Western Electric workers receiving Army-Navy "E"

1. Your telephone in peacetime reaches 95% of the world's telephones and over 26,000,000 in the United States today.



2. You hear radio news and entertainment. Since radio began, W.E. people have built broadcasting equipment.

3. You can enjoy talking pictures—made commercially possible back in 1926 by Western Electric development.



4. If you are hard of hearing you can live more fully with a W.E. hearing aid, perfected through telephone research.

They have enriched your life through 75 years

THESE two groups of employees span three generations of Western Electric men and women who have helped enrich your life ever since Elisha Gray and Enos M. Barton founded the Company 75 years ago.

They have made your Bell Telephone and the Bell System's vast network of telephone equipment. In their work as manufacturer, purchasing agent, and distributor for the Bell System, they have served you faithfully in peace and war and in disasters due to fire, flood and hurricane.

In this work they have found other ways to enrich your life. Some are pictured here.

What the Company is today . . . what it means to the Nation and to you . . . stems from the loyalty, the pride, the craftsmanship of every man and woman who has worked with the Company since 1869.

Today Western Electric workers are doing their greatest job—turning out huge quantities of electronic and communications equipment that help our fighting men win battles—help save American lives—help maintain the vital home front communications network, and bring nearer the day of final victory and peace.

When that day comes the men and women of Western Electric will resume their 75-year-old job of making communications equipment to further enrich your life.

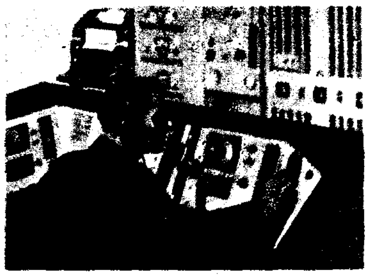
Speed the final Victory! During the 6th War Loan Drive, buy more Bonds than ever!

75TH ANNIVERSARY

Western Electric

IN PEACE...SOURCE OF SUPPLY FOR THE BELL SYSTEM.
IN WAR...ARSENAL OF COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT.

5. You ride more safely on the nation's railroads because of Western Electric train dispatching telephone equipment.



6. You enjoy added protection today thanks to Western Electric inter city police teletype, and radio in police cars.

7. You fly with greater safety because of radio telephony between plane and ground—demonstrated by W.E. in 1917.

8. You will enjoy television. This picture shows how W. E. equipment sent images by radio as long ago as 1927.

No brushes with Messerschmitts, no bombing missions fraught with flak and mischance, no deeds that merit decorations, but a significant story in smudged service records.

With the war under way the AAF picked the Jacobs engine for twin-engine trainers to school the bomber pilots and bombardiers.

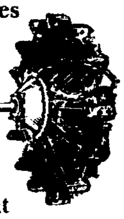
A pre-war engine, developed during the Depression years, the Jacobs had proved itself a simple, rugged engine that stood up for long periods in all kinds of work and weather, with little maintenance. No government money went into its development. Ready for production, thousands were ordered.

FOUR years ago, the Jacobs was rated by the Army as good for 350 hours of flight time between major overhauls—long service shift for an engine handled by student pilots, taking more take-offs and more time at full throttle than engines used in any other type of flying.

As the flight hours piled up, it was found that the Jacobs was good for more than 350 hours; and the service period was extended again and again. Today, the service period of the Jacobs is as high as 1,200 hours—equivalent to 180,000 air miles of flight, not counting taxiing, and ground time.

Because it delivered more than three times the original specified service hours, the Jacobs not only speeded up training schedules, but also saved the AAF and the taxpayers millions of man-hours in shop time and maintenance.

Built to work, built to last... the Jacobs will mean more in peace than in war—when safety and low costs are essential to commercial flying.



The engine also certifies the ability of Jacobs to put extraordinary value into precision-built mechanisms... stands as a reliable guaranty of value on any product that will carry the Jacobs nameplate. Watch for it, and you won't go wrong!... Jacobs Aircraft Engine Company, Pottstown, Pennsylvania.

JACOBS • Pottstown, Pa.

Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

JOE DEARING

Thunder Bums in France. From left: Lt. Sammy Kerchner, Long Branch, N. J., and Capts. Jos. J. McLachlan, Detroit, and John W. Baer, Cottonwood, Idaho

RADIOED FROM LONDON

TODAY'S pilots are strictly a race of hand talkers, passing on dangerously won experience, working out new methods and tactics to kill Germans—which is their job. How I picked the Thunder Bums in particular was a matter of standing in front of a map of Yank airfields on continental Europe, closing my eyes and sticking out my thumb. For I was selecting from the world's biggest and most versatile single fighting air body in equipment, scope of self-contained commands and operations and numbers of planes and personnel—the Ninth United States Air Force, organized and developed by Lieutenant General Lewis Hyde Brereton, now commanded by Major General Hoyt S. Vandenberg.

It includes medium and light bombers and fighter bombers, and a vast fleet of troop and cargo planes, and gliders for airborne missions and mercy work, and its own defense engineer and supply commands. It uses Martin Marauders, Douglas Havocs, Northrop Black Widows, Lockheed Lightnings, North American Mustangs, Republic Thunderbolts, Douglas Skytrains, Waco Gliders and Piper Cubs. Its engines are Pratt & Whitneys, Packard Merlins, Wrights, Allisons and Continentals. Its weapons and materials are drawn out of the whole range of American war industries. Its proudest boast is that it is known to the ground armies as "The Doughboys' Air Force."

It has many outstanding fighter-bomber units of course—for example, Lieutenant Colonel Harold N. Holt's Hun Hunters and Colonel George R. Bickell's Mustang Pioneers, which are the only groups that have Presidential unit citations. But in all—whether Mustang, Lightning, or Thunderbolt outfit—you'd find the same type of boys, equal in skill, in courage, in achievement, in spirit.

The commanding officer of our group—a group consists of three or more squadrons—is Colonel Gilbert L. Meyers of Milford, Iowa.

Gil went to Randolph Field with the class that gave many famous airmen to America's destiny, including members of the Nineteenth Bombardment Group of Philippines fame. Commissioned in the regular Army, Gil almost resigned when they wanted him to go into bombardment.

"I'm a fighter man," Gil explains simply. He did much of the experimental work and flying at Republic's Farmingdale, Long Island, plant that ironed out the Thunderbolt's bugs in its early days.

As you bounce along in a jeep on a tour of his squadrons, you ask Colonel Meyers the difference between fighter-bomber and big-bomber pilots.

"It's like the difference between a prize fighter and a football team," says Gil. "The ideal fighter-bomber pilot is a killer. He looks for trouble and mixes it with any enemy he sees whether on the ground or in the air. You can plan his rounds but not his punches or opportunities. He's in there on his own. He's got to have physical and mental endurance, because on a busy day he may fly four and six missions.

"It's not enough for him to be a hot pilot. He's got to have leadership qualities. Spearheading tanks, they go in flights of four—two elements of two planes each. There is a flight commander with a wingman and an element commander with a wingman. If the two leaders get it, one of the wingmen must take over, or if a wingman finds himself alone, he must consider the success of the whole mission as his responsibility. He's got to be a whole air crew in himself, in fact, a one-man air force."

Gil's voice swells with pride. "The versatility of these kids (Gil being an ancient person of twenty-seven himself, mind you!) is amazing. He's a gunner, a navigator who must know where he is every minute, a recon man, a weather observer, a mechanic, a bombardier, and an expert in identification of both land and air vehicles. Remember, he's flying 40 per cent or more faster than a heavy and he hasn't got its fine bomb sight. He must aim with his whole plane, and dive bombing and strafing are not all his chores. He may have to do medium-altitude bombing or fly escort on the heavies at high altitude and dogfight up there. That's what he was originally trained for.

"This dive-bombing deal didn't come up until after we got overseas, and it was a totally new thing for the boys— a shock, I guess, because we had been reading that dive bombing was a hazardous and tricky thing. My group was the first Yank outfit to dive-bomb the secret-weapon coast. We talked it over and worked out and practiced tactics, but we sweated out that night before the first mission. When we all got back without even a bullet hole, they were pretty cocky and said, 'This is a cinch—milk-run stuff.' "

Which it isn't, of course, and the lightheartedness of the Thunder Bums doesn't fool you.

The stories are best told at the Ops trailer,

(Continued on page 84)

Why do they make the Bazooka out of STEEL?

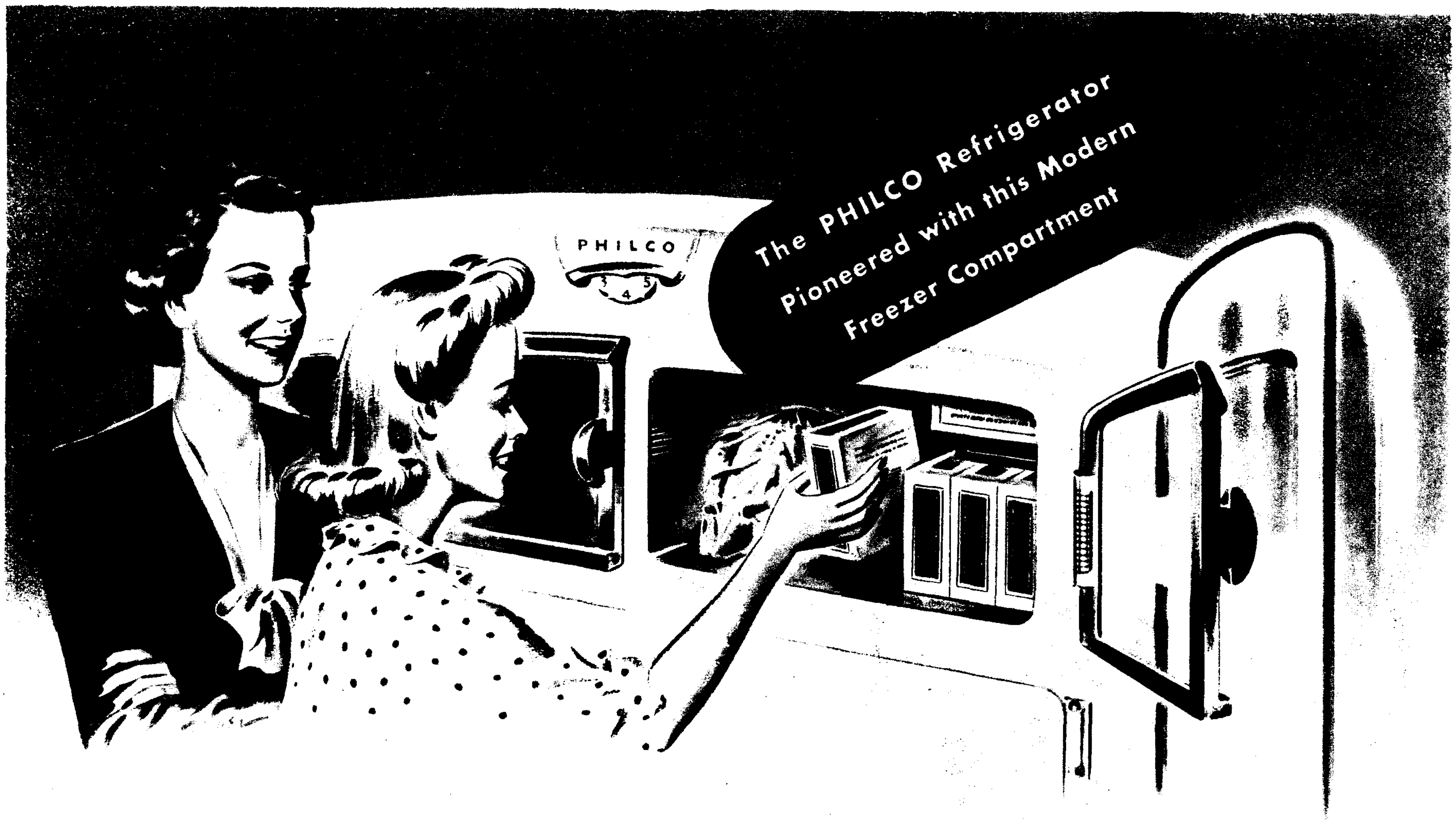
Because you can't beat STEEL for durability!

MANUFACTURED FROM
USS
STEEL
UNITED STATES STEEL

Durability is a "must" in the Bazooka. Steel supplies it. Just as steel provides strength, toughness, resilience and other qualities essential to war equipment of all kinds. Many of the better war steels have come from the laboratories of United States Steel. They'll be made into products for *you* when peace comes. Waffle irons and lawn fence. Automobiles and furniture. And the U·S·S Label will identify these products as made from *quality* steel.

UNITED STATES STEEL

AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY · AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY · CARNEGIE-ILLINOIS STEEL CORPORATION · COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY · CYCLONE FENCE DIVISION · FEDERAL SHIPBUILDING & DRY DOCK COMPANY · NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY · TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY TUBULAR ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION · UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY · UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY COMPANY · UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY · VIRGINIA BRIDGE COMPANY



Look to Philco in Refrigeration!

Wartime living has proved the importance of frozen storage in the home. Philco Refrigerator engineers foresaw the need for this modern method of food keeping by being the first to offer a complete line of refrigerators with full size, separate frozen food compartments *in addition* to the regular ice cube chamber. And today, fortunate owners of Philco Refrigerators have ample reason to appreciate the forward thinking of Philco engineers.

This is but one example of the independent engineering and Advanced Design which Philco has brought to refrigeration. It is a hint of the still greater developments that will come from the Philco laboratories when peacetime research is resumed. Practical progress in engineering and design has made the Philco name stand for *Leadership* over the years. *Watch Philco in Refrigeration after the war!*

Tune in the RADIO HALL OF FAME . . . enjoy a full hour of Top Hits from all fields of entertainment. Every Sunday, 6 to 7 P. M., EWT, Blue Network.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS . . . AND KEEP THE BONDS YOU BUY!

PHILCO

IOLA,
FREE PUBLIC LIBR.
KANSAS

Petition After Victory

LORD GOD of trajectory and blast
Whose terrible sword has laid open the serpent
So it withers in the sun for the just to see,
Sheathe now the swift avenging blade with the names of nations writ on it,
And assist in the preparation of the plowshare

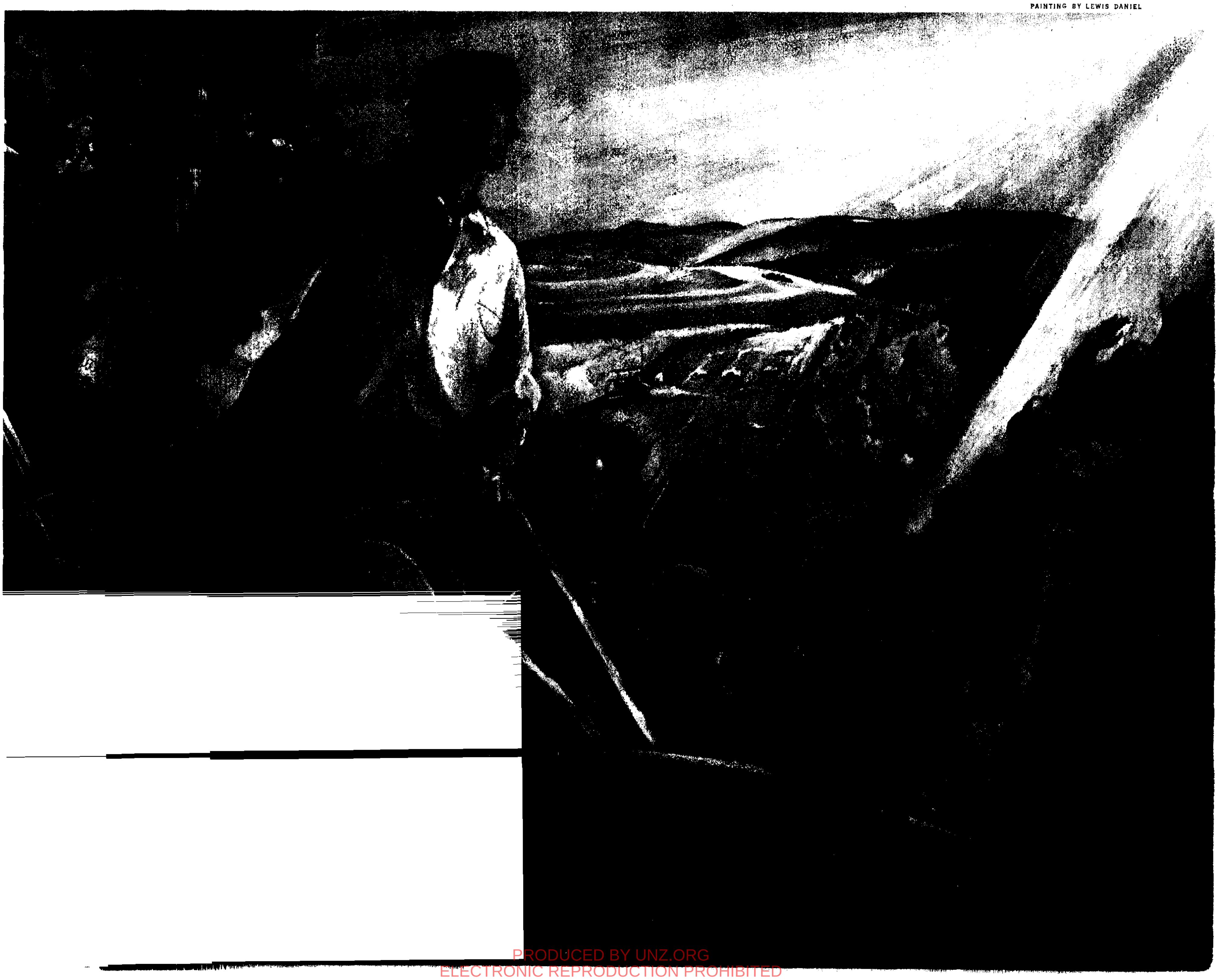
LORD GOD of fresh bread and tranquil mornings,
Who walks in the circuit of heaven among the worthy,
Deliver notice to the fallen young men
That tokens of orange juice and a whole egg appear now before the hungry children,
That night again falls cooling on the earth as quietly as when it leaves Your hand;
That Freedom has withstood the tyrant like a Malta in a hostile sea,
And that the soul of man is surely a Sevastopol which goes down hard and leaps from ruin quickly.

LORD GOD of the topcoat and the living wage,
Who has furred the fox against the time of winter
And stored provender of bees in summer's brightest places,
Do bring sweet influences to bear upon the assembly line:
Accept the smoke of the mill town among the accredited clouds of the sky:
Fend from the wind with a house and a hedge, him whom You made in Your image,
And permit him to pick of the tree and the flock
That he may eat today without fear of tomorrow
And clothe himself with dignity in December.

LORD GOD of test tube and blueprint,
Who jointed molecules of dust and shook them till their name was Adam,
Who taught worms and stars how they could live together,
Who loosed the apple over Newton's head and organized the seasons:
Appear now among the parliaments of conquerors and give instruction to their schemes:
Measure out new liberties so none shall suffer for his father's color or the credo of his choice:
Post proofs that brotherhood is not so wild a dream as those who profit by postponing it pretend:
Sit at the treaty table and convoy the hopes of little peoples through expected straits,
And press into the final seal a sign that peace will come for longer than posterities can see ahead,
That man unto his fellow man shall be a friend forever.

—NORMAN CORWIN

PAINTING BY LEWIS DANIEL



WILL RUSSIA FIGHT JAPAN?

This is how the Russians deployed on Taling Hill forty years ago in their fight against Japan. They lost that war. They haven't forgotten it. And they fight better now

This isn't a Russian. It's a Korean named Kim Yei-Gir. He's a junior commander in the Red Banner Army in the Far East. He, too, has something to repay Japan

SOVFOTO

The Red Banner Army is seldom photographed. It numbers about 1,000,000 men and it didn't leave the Manchurian border when Hitler threatened Moscow

SOVFOTO

BY HARRISON E. SALISBURY
UNITED PRESS FOREIGN EDITOR

Stalin has made clear that he considers this the time for achieving absolute security and a long peace for Russia. He is leaving no unsolved issues in the West. And it will be the same way in the East

THE other day in Moscow a new novel was published, a 700-page historical work, written by a Soviet engineer and entitled Port Arthur. It dealt with the siege of the port by the Japanese forty years ago and referred, in present tense, to Port Arthur as "a leading Russian port on the Pacific."

To anyone who has lived in the hothouse atmosphere of Moscow where every statement and event is scrutinized for hidden meanings, the appearance at this juncture of a historical novel on Port Arthur is a sensation. Russia's supplies of paper are most scarce, and few if any 700-page novels are being issued. Before such a work can be published, it is submitted as a regular routine to Stalin, and therefore the book almost certainly was read and approved by the Soviet leader before it appeared.

The reviews of the book are equally interesting. The leading Soviet critical journal, Literature and Art, devotes three columns to the book, concluding with this statement: "The Russian Army and the best representatives of the officers' corps of that period displayed great love of their fatherland and bravely rose up to repulse Japanese aggression and the Japanese military clique which treacherously attacked the Russian ships in Port Arthur bay without a declaration of war.

"Port Arthur was to the officers and the men defending it the same thing as Sevastopol has been for the Black Sea sailors—not a city or a port but more than that. It was the very symbol of the fatherland of Russian soil, as precious and holy to Russia as the soil of Tambov and Ryazan."

The identification of Port Arthur with Sevastopol carries a symbolism as patriotic and sacred as Bataan does to America, and Tambov and Ryazan are as completely Russian as Springfield, Ohio, is American. This can mean but one thing to the Russian reader: Port Arthur is Russian.

Despite occasional impressions to the contrary, events in Russia usually cast a long shadow before them, largely because of the government's habit of thoroughly conditioning the Russian people by propaganda for any change of policy. There is no lack of straws in the wind where Russia and Japan are concerned.

Unclasped Hand of Friendship

During the past year when I was in the Soviet Union, I never heard a Russian, either an official or an ordinary citizen, make a remark indicating friendship with the Japanese; and I saw and heard of a number of incidents which ranged all the way from calculated coolness to outright hostility.

Take the case of one of Russia's greatest publicists. His writings are well known in the United States for the bitterness with which he decried the lack of an Anglo-American second front. This is the man who gave international publicity to the Red Army saying: "Give me a helping of second front"—the Red soldier's way of asking for a helping of Spam.

One recent evening this publicist saw a showing of the Marine picture, The Battle of Tarawa, at Spasso House, our embassy in Moscow. Our Pacific newsreels are not generally shown in the Soviet Union.

"That is the finest thing I have ever seen," the writer said. "I have believed—and I have written—that the Russian soldier fighting through the winter on the Eastern front was fighting the toughest battle man ever fought. I was wrong. The American soldier in the jungles of the Pacific is up against conditions which we can hardly imagine in the Soviet Union. And his foe is even more implacable than the German. I salute him from the bottom of my heart."

But sentiment in Russia is one thing—and hard-boiled Soviet foreign policy is another.

Those who know the situation best in Moscow believe that Russia will join the Pacific war. Not in just a token operation. Not merely by giving us Superfortress bases. But all out.

Why?

Basically, not because the Russians think they owe us anything. The Russians are grateful for our help to them but they think they have earned this help. They are grateful in the sense that a boxer in the sixteenth round of a twenty-round bout is grateful to the handler who sticks a lemon in his mouth. And if Russia enters the Pacific war it will not be to give the United States a boost—but to give the Soviet Union a boost.

Premier Joseph Stalin has made clear in his proposals for Europe that he considers this the time for achieving absolute security and a long peace for Russia. He is leaving no unsolved issues in the West.

The Unforgettable Defeat

It is the same in the East. Americans are likely to overlook the fact that the first defeat of modern times suffered by Russia was inflicted by the Japanese in 1904. Russia has not forgotten that. The collective farmer in the Ukraine and the steel worker in Magnitogorsk who reads every day about Russia's great patriots—Kutuzov, Suvarov, Peter the Great, Catherine and all the rest—is not apt to forget 1904.

But that is not enough to make Russia fight Japan. If Russia enters the conflict, it will be for hard, realistic reasons. Russia's vast empire is the greatest in Asia, next to China, and this is the area toward which the Soviets look for the great industrial and agricultural development of the future.

The vast reaches of eastern Siberia and the Soviet Far East are part of the Pacific orbit. But since the defeat of 1904 and the occupation by Japan of Manchuria, the Soviet Far East is virtually blocked from the warm Pacific seas of world trade by Japan's position astride the single large port of Vladivostok. The huge cargoes of war supplies which Soviet freighters have brought to Vladivostok from America in wartime have to sail almost through Japanese territorial waters. That the Japanese have let these cargoes through is testimony to Japan's desire to appease the Russians in everything, to keep them out of the Pacific war.

If Russia's position in the Pacific is to be strategically secure, Japan must be eliminated as a threat to Russia's long flanking frontier with Manchuria and to the gateways of Russia's Pacific trade on the North Pacific.

In the Russo-Japanese war, Russia lost Port Arthur, the excellent warm-water port just south of Manchuria. She was also forced to yield the southern half of Sakhalin Island and to grant the Japanese vast fishing, oil and coal concessions later. And she lost her interest in the South Manchuria Railroad which she had shared with China. All this placed Japan in the position of an active barrier to Russia's ever becoming a major Pacific power.

As a matter of fact, outside of the Chinese, no nation has been in more frequent conflict with Japan than Russia. Russia fought almost continuous border wars with Japan during the thirties. The first of these outbreaks occurred in 1936 when skirmishing was reported between forces of the Mongolian People's Republic and the Japanese Manchurian army. The Mongolian People's Republic is not a member of the Soviet Union, but has always had the closest diplomatic and military support of Russia. This outbreak lasted some weeks and finally died down without anyone outside the inner circles of Moscow and Tokyo learning about it.

The biggest border battle was probably that of Changkufeng Hill which raged in the summer and early autumn of 1938. Several

(Continued on page 66)

SOVFOTO

Children everywhere admire soldiers. These said it with flowers. The tank is probably an obsolescent training model. The Red Banner Army has new, big ones

SOVFOTO

Behind the Red Banner Army is the specially built city of Komsomolsk. It is big and it has munitions factories, coal, iron, steel. Here are workers at breakfast

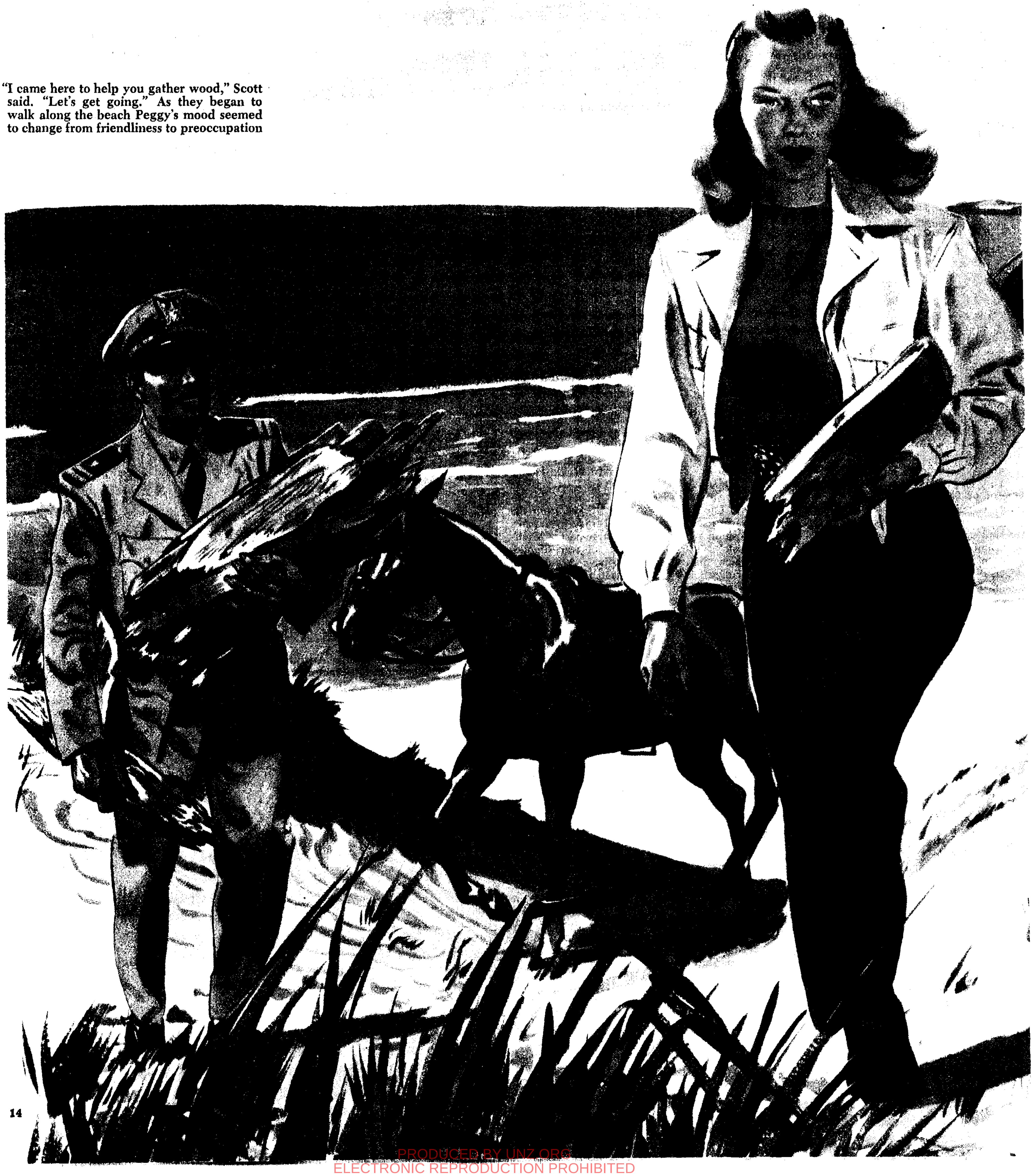
The secret Red Army must eat too. So workers like Dyadchenko (left) came from Europe to settle and prosper. Here he discusses threshing problems with T. Avdeyev

SOVFOTO

MITCHELL WILSON ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

None so blind

"I came here to help you gather wood," Scott said. "Let's get going." As they began to walk along the beach Peggy's mood seemed to change from friendliness to preoccupation



Since Lilith, since Cleopatra, since Mata-Hari there have always been women who had some strange attraction that men followed gladly to disaster. Here begins the story of such a woman—and the two men whose lives she warped

THE first time Scott saw the girl's face, he knew that he could fall in love with her. Every day around three o'clock, she gathered driftwood that had been washed up on the lonely beach. The broken pieces of wood came drifting in onto the white level sands and after a few days the sun dried the wood enough so that it would burn. The girl salvaged the pieces which were best; the others she tossed up toward the dunes, so that the ocean might not take them back.

Every day about the same hour, Scott would ride past this point at a smart trot on mounted beach patrol. The first few times he saw her only in the distance, a slim figure wearing slacks and a windbreaker. He had no immediate means of identifying her. There were no houses within sight on that part of the beach, so that it was impossible to tell where she came from. He had no right to stop her, since the beach was not posted from ten in the morning until four-thirty in the afternoon. They had never even exchanged greetings.

Finally, out of curiosity, he rode his big black gelding so that he would pass some ten yards away from her. She paused to look up at him, and he saw that although she was not pretty, she was attractive according to a very personal taste of his: Her hair was a golden copper, almost the color of rich ale, her eyes slanting and gray. He was on the point of speaking to her, but the fact that she fitted his pattern stopped him. She stood there, her arms loaded with wood, and for a frozen moment he thought he saw an appraising interest in her eyes. Then, abruptly, he kicked the gelding into a canter and left her. On the return leg, she was gone.

There was a quality about her that reminded him of some forgotten person or emotion; perhaps it was of a dream repeated many times long ago. He only knew he had experienced a sweet, exciting nostalgia that baffled him because there was no one object to which he could relate it. He repeated his silent ritual several days, always riding within a few yards of her, and still there was no word, not even a nod.

Once he thought he saw amusement in her eyes, and embarrassment took hold of him. The ridiculousness of the situation was obvious; they were the only two people for miles around. The vast ocean which flowed in from the horizon to meet the beach with a roar, the prairie of shapeless dunes crested with sparse, whispering grass, and the sky, enormous, silent and endless, bounded this world in which the only two people dwelling in it passed each other in their separate lives without even acknowledging the other's existence.

Yet he felt that there was nothing he could do about it. Having failed to speak to her on the first day when it would have been perfectly natural, there now seemed no logical excuse to do so. For some reason he could not explain, he kept her existence a secret, asking no one at his Coast Guard Station about her. He was the commanding officer, but he had been assigned to this post for only two weeks, and although Otto Wernecke, the Chief Petty Officer, had lived in the village near by for over twenty years and knew everyone for miles around, Scott could not bring himself to mention the girl.

He himself couldn't understand his behavior. Having been in love several times in his twenty-eight years, he knew all the symptoms. Since he had been at the station, he had struck up a bantering friendship with one of the girls in the village, Eve Geddes, and had even thought it might develop into something much more serious. But Eve now seemed remote, and the suddenness of the transition made Scott uneasy. He didn't know where all this might lead.

IT WAS the girl who finally released him from his paralysis. As he rode past, one day, about a week after he had first seen her closely, she shifted her bundle to one arm and waved with the other.

"Hi there!" she called, and smiled.

He was so shocked that he jerked his head around, and then, as he cantered by, grinned back at her.

"Hi there, yourself!" he shouted, and rode off, feeling free for the first time in days.

She was still on the beach when he came back. There was a sizable pile of wood at her feet, and she sat on the sand behind it, leaning against the base of a dune, smoking a cigarette.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

The girl raised her head, surprised. Then she looked at him with an expression of dry ridicule.

"I'm gathering nuts in May," she said. "What does it look like?"

Scott smiled and felt his face grow hot. "It looks like nuts in May," he admitted, examining her from behind the façade of bantering conversation. "But that was too easy."

"And just before lunch, I chop them down for firewood," she went on. "So that means I have to come back to the beach again and gather some more. And that's what I'm doing now."

She was laughing at him, but her laughter was gentle, and he felt no sharp edges.

"Okay, you win," he grinned, and pushed the gelding into a trot.

Just before the beach made a turn, he glanced back. She had risen, and was looking after him, dusting the sand off her slacks. . . .

The next day he awoke early, and sat up in bed, feeling a sense of satisfaction, the same sort of feeling he had experienced as a child when he woke to the realization that the morning of a long-promised treat had arrived. He couldn't remember that anything in particular had been scheduled; the whole day was free to him until six o'clock, and suddenly recalling the girl and their conversation the day before, he realized that if he found her on the beach again, he would be free to spend the entire afternoon with her. All the sensations of happy impatience came to him; he had never felt better; the morning had never seemed brighter.

The Coast Guard Station was a lighthouse that had been abandoned some years before by the government and put up for sale. There were no takers, and when the Navy decided to create a mounted patrol to guard the long stretches of empty beach on the Atlantic seaboard, the lighthouse was turned over to them. Scott's quarters were at the base of the tower, a huge circular room with four windows, one facing each point of the compass.

Looking east, out on the ocean, he saw that the day matched his mood. It was the first really hot day of spring. The beach was dazzlingly white, and the water was calm. A heavily salt-scented breeze from Hatteras crosshatched the surface of the ocean as it rose slowly to the horizon and disappeared into an endless yawning sky of the same color.

SCOTT listened for a moment to the familiar sounds of men moving about, their voices laughing and deep. The heavy pungency of the stables just behind the lighthouse remained, despite the breeze, and he could hear the busy stamping of hoofs on the wooden floor of the stalls. He responded by feeling perfectly co-ordinated, a man at home in the world.

But suddenly, and with the dull alarm a student feels when he finds that he has forgotten to prepare his lesson, Scott remembered an appointment he had made with Eve for this day. He liked Eve. She had a quality that reminded him of girls he had known at home, and meeting her after his long absence from New England had offered him all the warmth of a friendly handclasp. But now, somehow, it was meaningless.

He felt a sense of annoyance with the situation, and immediately realized that he disliked himself for resenting Eve's claim on him. It wasn't fair to her; she had no way of knowing what had happened. His sense of duty made him telephone her bookstore. When he heard her voice, pleasant even through the mechanical filters of the instrument, he spoke hurriedly:

"Look, Eve, I won't be able to meet you today."

"Oh!" He heard the disappointment in the falling cadence, and knew that he had been hoping without any justification that she might have passed it off. "I was planning a picnic for us," she said. "It's such a perfect day."

"Yes, I know." He glanced out of the window as a gesture of fidelity to see the day's beauty all over again from Eve's point of view. "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I can't make it."

"Oh, Scott, that's too bad! What's happened?"

He would have been flattered by her interest before; he would have been hurt if she hadn't asked. But now her question displeased him, because he knew he would have to lie to her and he disliked evasion.

"Something's come up," he said. "I just can't get away."

"Will I see you soon?"

He felt another twinge of annoyance. The question made Eve appear to be begging, and he had always thought of her as independent, almost aloof despite her friendly humor. Now she was being slightly possessive, and while he admitted that she had every right to be, he resented her for taking advantage of it. For him to break an appointment in this fashion was an entirely new experience. He would have disliked it in someone else, thinking it a small trick, but the choice was out of his hands. He had no idea why he was doing it in the first place.

"I can't say just when, Eve. Suppose I call you later?"

Regret was still in her voice. "All right, Scott. I'll be in the store all day."

He hung up quickly and pushed the instrument away from him. He was behaving idiotically, he told himself. He didn't even know this other girl. There was no way of being sure that she'd see him.

But of course he would see her. He felt an exciting certainty that he would. He rose abruptly and forgot all about Eve. . . .

ONCE out on the beach, Scott found his horse feeling as fit as he himself felt. He had to hold him to a canter, a deep rolling gait, with the horse going almost sideways, leaning hard against the bit. He rode some distance before he saw the girl.

She appeared suddenly, standing on the shadow of a dune, quiet and poised, almost as though she were waiting. At her feet lay a pile of wood. Scott turned the horse's head and raced up to her, reining suddenly, then slid off the saddle Mexican fashion. It was a flourish he had had no intention of making, but the irrepressible buoyancy within him could not be denied.

He saw that she was laughing. "Hello!" she said with a surprised inflection. "I didn't expect to see you today."

"It's my day off," he told her,

(Continued on page 27)

The Ship THAT WOULDN'T SINK

by GEORGE SESSIONS PERRY and ISABEL LEIGHTON

The Story:

WHEN war broke in the Pacific, the cruiser MARBLEHEAD spearheaded a pitifully small "fleet." It fled south to the Java Sea where, with the aid of the cruiser HOUSTON, the newer BOISE, and a handful of destroyers and submarines, it joined the Dutch and made a college try to stop Japanese expansion. Thus the MARBLEHEAD became the original expendable. Aboard her were steady hands like CAPTAIN ROBINSON and COMMANDER GOGGINS and COMMANDER VAN BERGEN. And incredible gentlemen like BULL ASCHENBRENNER, who was five and a half feet tall, just as broad, and loved to fight whole saloons full of people, and JOE DELUDE, the ship's tailor, who never had fun and who had saved almost $1,000 for his kid sister's trousseau, and SHIPFITTER "SKI" WARDZINSKI, who was tremendously afraid of dying, and JOHN WOHLSCHLAEGER, who fell in love with a picture of JOE DELUDE'S kid sister, and all the other 600 men aboard.

The MARBLEHEAD and her accompanying warships are, at the moment, under wave attack by Jap bombers. The MARBLEHEAD has just disappeared in a gigantic cloud of spray as the HOUSTON'S quartermaster murmurs: "There goes the MARBLEHEAD."

II

AT THE moment of impact, the Marblehead had leaped out of the sea like a wild horse. By clinging desperately to the wheel, Helmsman Kelly, alone among those on the bridge, managed not to be thrown on the deck. By the time Captain Robinson (now Admiral) got to his feet he saw that his ship was afire aft and amidships, that she was burning furiously and that heavy columns of black smoke, such as emanate from oil or paint fires, were pouring out of her. He could also sense a peculiar and sickening kind of deadness and shocking loss of vitality that was coming over the ship. Actually his whole consciousness was being bludgeoned with the realization of it. He knew what was causing it. She was, with terrifying swiftness, losing buoyancy. The sea was pouring into her and flooding her.

"Find out how bad the engines have been hurt," Captain Robinson called to his engine-room talker. The engine rooms were her heart.

"Out of communication with the engine room, sir."

All other talkers were likewise out of communication.

"Captain!" It was Quartermaster Kelly. "We've lost steering control, sir. Rudder jammed hard left."

The ship was circling madly to the left. Yet as men pulled themselves upright, the guns began to fire again.

The captain turned to Commander (now Captain) Van Bergen. "Find out what's happened, Nick—how badly hurt we are; what can be done."

"Aye, aye, sir." Van Bergen left the bridge at a run.

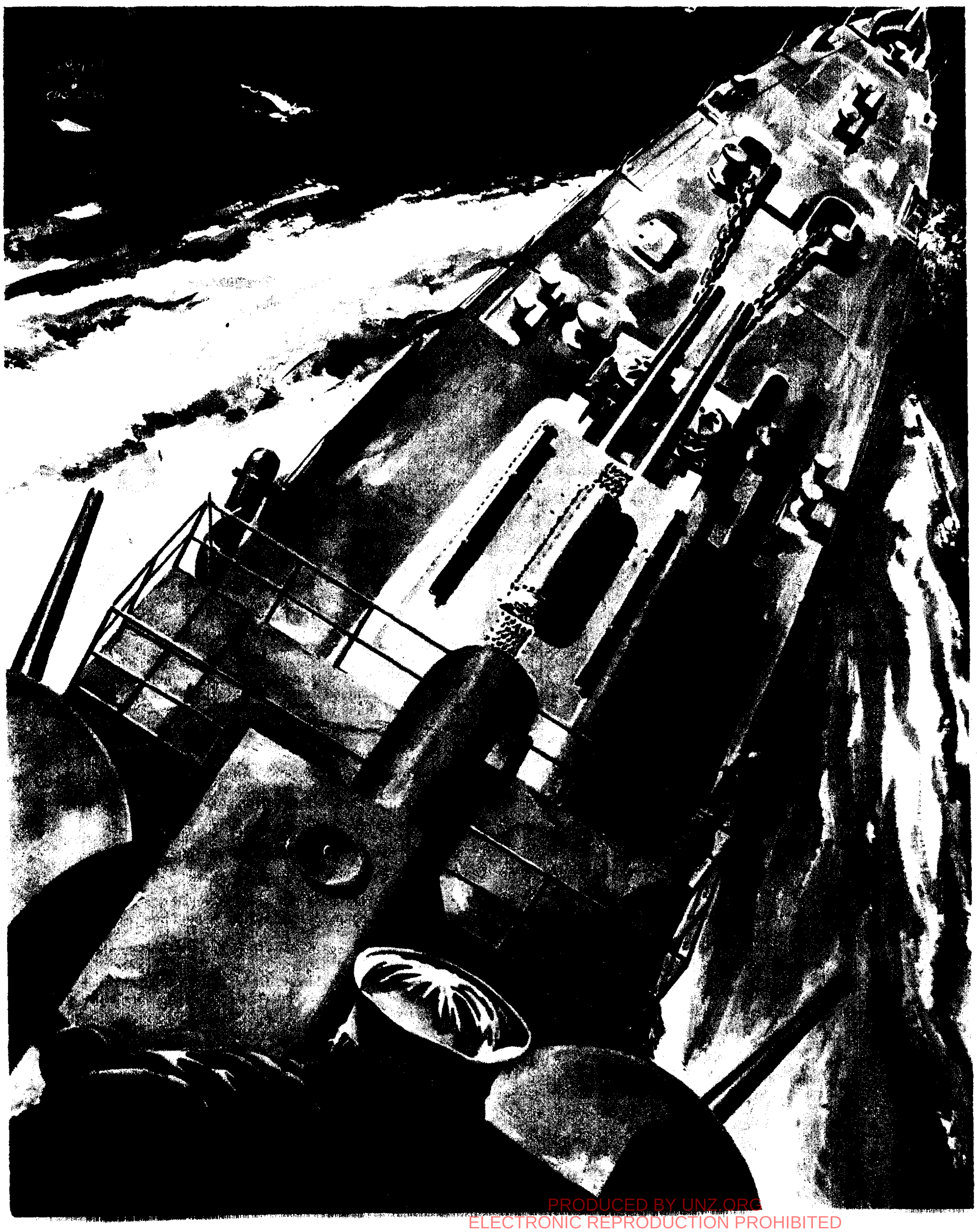
The only man who'd been in the Interior Communications room was an electrician named Sevey. The I.C. room was on the port side near the bottom of the ship because, electrically speaking, it was the ship's spinal cord, and because this presumably would be one of the best protected spots on the ship.

Sevey had been working at the Interior Communications board when the ship was hit. The big switchboard left the bulkhead, struck him, and knocked him eighteen feet where he fetched up violently against the after bulkhead. The lights had gone out. Sevey was entangled in the wire of his battle phones. Water was rushing into the ink-black room and covering him.

As fast as he could move, he climbed to the overhead hatch, began undogging it, and climbed out. But the water was rising so fast that, as he tried to close the hatch, the rising flood, driving out the air which had previously occupied the room, would not permit the hatch to close. Suddenly the horrifying realization came upon Sevey that his own small strength was now directly matched against the plangent power of the sea. Unless the hatch could be closed and dogged down, the water would continue to run into the ship and perhaps sink her. He raised the hatch, took a firm grip on the locking wheel, gathered all his strength, put his body close against the hatch, ready to spin the wheel the instant the slamming hatch might touch the deck, and threw his body and the hatch downward. Their combined weight, force and momentum drove the hatch momentarily to the deck, and before it could bounce back from this rubbery cushion of compressing air, the wheel spun, the dogs reached out and caught. Sevey hurried off to report that the I.C. room was wrecked and flooded.

In Central Station, which was adjacent to the I.C. room, and which was the headquarters and central directing point for co-ordinating damage control, the officer in charge was twenty-six-year-old Frank Blasdel. There was also a repair party of several enlisted men present.

Blasdel ordered the men to stand back from the gyrocompass, which had been thrown out of its gimbals. Inside that compass was a twenty-pound balance wheel



"Overhead, Japanese planes were still attacking. The Marblehead, her rudder jammed, was still dashing in the same helpless circle, still scooping up the sea with her broken bottom, still listing"

turning at 9,000 revolutions a minute. If its bearings were damaged, it might at any second now tear itself free and go wild in the room.

When Blasdel tried to get in touch with his boss, Lieutenant Commander Mike Drury, he found that the phones were out.

Blasdel decided to try to find some means of egress through the fire raging overhead. If he could get through it, he would (1) find a way to get his men out, and (2) get permission from Mr. Drury to abandon station. He began to wet down his clothes—a sweat shirt and a pair of dungarees in which he'd been doing calisthenics when the engagement began—and started up through the fire. By this time, water was already knee-deep in the Central Station.

On the deck above, he crawled as far as he could through the smoke, but found, at the end of every path, fire through which no man could pass and live. Frank turned back, went into the Central Station and dogged down the hatch behind him.

The report he gave to his men was simply, "No soap."

Only One Possible Avenue of Escape

He looked up at the cable- and voice-tube-cluttered hollow leg of the tripod mainmast, the lower end of which began in the overhead of this station. It was a 40-foot climb up to the first outlet. It had originally been designed as an escape tube, but had subsequently come to contain many cables and voice tubes. Perhaps a small man could wriggle through it. And then Blasdel turned and looked at Joe DeLude, the tailor. Joe was bigger than the hole. A decision had to be reached at once.

"We'll abandon station," Frank Blasdel said, looking just to the left of Joe DeLude, "by means of the tripod leg. It'll be a tight fit. We'll leave in order of size. The smallest man first. You there, start up. Somebody give him a boost."

The smallest man hunched his shoulders, was jammed up the narrow opening, caught hold of the rungs inside and, like a large ant in a cluttered drinking straw, started squirming his way up.

A tall, skinny man was next. And while his body would fit into the tube, his legs were so long that he could not bend his knees sufficiently to raise his feet to the succeeding rung. Frank Blasdel, who went in just under him, caught his feet and thrust them, knowing the man's knees were being battered to pieces, up to the next rung.

And finally they were all gone except Joe DeLude, who was waist-deep in the rising water. He piled up furniture under the opening in the overhead. By exhaling and holding both arms straight above his head and jammed hard against his ears, he was finally able to work his shoulders into the mast leg.

When Joe grabbed the next rung and dragged himself a few inches upward, his feet were dangling and the bottom of the mast leg closed around the upper part of his hips and held him.

Joe was all alone now. Nobody could help him. The ship was afire and sinking. He was out of touch with all his fellows. This 40-foot tube was the only path that led to survival—and it was too small. He was desperate. Inside his body, the adrenal glands were secreting that fluid which gives all animals a last spurt of illogically great strength. And he clawed with such violence that his fat buttocks were finally mashed inside the tripod leg. By the most superhuman effort, he was able to drag himself six or seven feet before the junction of a great number of cables closed in upon him and wedged him fast. . . .

Meanwhile, Machinist's Mate Dale Johnson was at the midships repair station, on the starboard side of the main deck. The first sound he heard after the explosion was someone screaming, "I'm dying!" over and over again. By this time he was on his feet, and several men were rushing to the sound of the screams. But he got in front of them and told them to start fighting the fire with extinguishers and hoses, and to help the wounded later.

One man who'd been lying on the deck near Johnson had been blown fifty feet to the end of the passageway. Another man, forward of Johnson, had been leaning over drinking from a water fountain. The fountain, about the size of an ordinary gas range, had been blown out from under his drinking mouth across an areaway and through the wall of the post office.

When the man stood up, his arm was singed and his right ear burned off by the sharply stratified flash. Chief Bos'n Harvey Andersen was almost out of action. When the ship was hit, the shock had thrown a 6-inch shell out of its rack and sent it crashing against his ankle. Ski Wardzinski, to his own great amazement, was still alive and unhurt. He ran below to find a job to do.

Yeoman Beauford Gabriel was looking through the ship to see whether his brother Ralph was dead or alive. At this time he was coming into the forward citadel, the area between the two upper 6-inch guns, where many of the wounded were laid out, and was looking from face to face to see whether Ralph was among them. Then he heard someone call his name and looked around. It was Ralph, and he was uninjured.

But hardly had Beauford been swept by the great surge of relief he felt on seeing Ralph, when Ralph knelt down beside one of the injured men. As Beauford got over to them, he found that the man was their old friend Dave Hodges.

A Hospital Corps man was pumping morphine into Dave's charred body.

"Gee," Ralph said, doing his best to control his voice, "it's too bad you got singed like that, Dave. You better lie there and take it easy for an hour or two. We got some things to do, but we'll drop back after a while. Just take it easy, kid. You'll be okay."

And both of the Gabriel boys went off to fight the fires, knowing their friend was dying. . . .

The midships blast had caught Lieutenant Blessman in the wardroom where Commander Goggins was watching the ammunition party to see that they kept in order. Blood ran from an egg-sized hole in the back of Goggins' neck, and flash burns had seared his flesh wherever it was exposed. Picking himself up, he started on the first lap of an inspection that was to cover the whole ship before he reported the extent of the damage to the bridge. As he walked, his skin began turning from a pale tan to a bright lobster red and then began to drop off in patches. He was in a state of profound shock, but when he reached the bridge he found to his vast relief that the captain was unharmed.

Captain Robinson looked with horror upon his old friend. "Go into the conning tower, Bill, and lie down," he said. Turning to Hawkins, whose battle duty was to act as talker on one of the J.V. phones, all of which were now out of commission, he added, "Go and look after him, Hawkins, till we can get a doctor there."

A messenger was sent to fetch Doctor Wildebush. By the time the doctor reached the conning tower, Hawkins had already managed to get the commander to lie down and had rigged two lines from the overhead which he'd attached to Goggins' hands. These lines served to hold his seared arms aloft and to prevent them from touching his body. It was only now, relieved for a moment from his driving sense of duty, that Commander Goggins became fully aware of the torment of his own body. Doctor Wildebush administered morphine, but the pain was still so unbearable that Commander Goggins asked for more.

The doctor looked sorrowfully at his shipmate, of whose agony he was so acutely aware. "I'm afraid to, Bill," he said. "Any more might pass you out. We may have to abandon ship. If you were unconscious, you wouldn't have any chance at all."

Back in the wardroom where Commander Goggins had been injured, Lieutenant Blessman still remained. There was not a scratch on him. He was dead. He'd been killed instantly by the blast.

The sick bay, just under the wardroom, was now nonexistent. Its deck, which covered one of the 50,000-gallon oil tanks, had been partially blown away. Burning clothing and debris were falling into the oil tank unimpeded. Also in this section, steam was shrieking out of a broken line, scalding everyone who came near it.

Up forward, a strange and powerful and almost mystic phenomenon had come into being. What the men there were seeing—and yet felt they could not be seeing—was that fire wouldn't burn Bull Aschenbrenner and that tons of mangled metal could not shut off his way. Wherever the fire raged hottest, there was this now demoniac shipfitter who had suddenly, in the ship's dark hour, become a person of unlimited power.

Nobody knew how the Bull managed to move about at such incredible speed in the dark, smoke-filled compartments, where decks were waist-deep in rising oil and water, and where the broken, twisted overhead thrust down through the dark like bladed stalactites in an inky cave. At one moment the spreading flames would illuminate him on one side of a debris-built impasse, beating out a fire.

The next resurgence of the flames a few seconds later would show his broad, sweating back on the other side of the impasse wedging mattresses into a broken bulkhead.

Taking in Water from All Sides

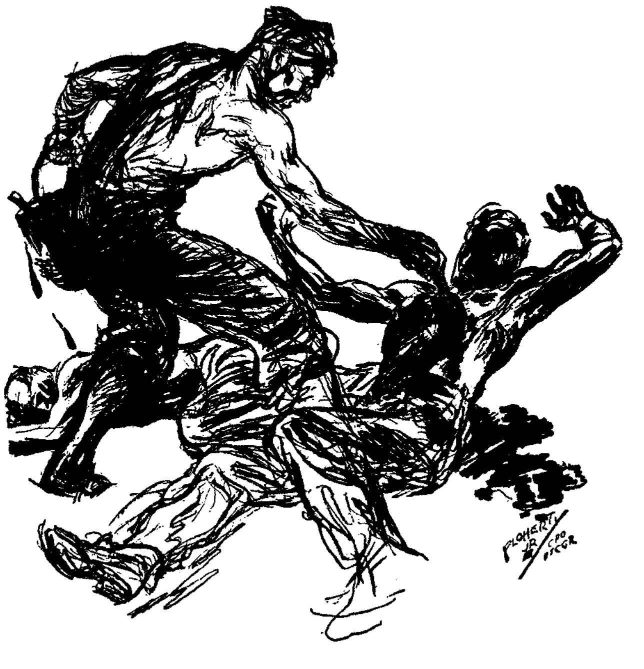
When Van Bergen left the bridge he went below to what was known as "warrant officers' country" on the first platform deck where he found himself knee-deep in oil and water. Here the most disquieting thing that he found was that water and oil were coming into the ship not only from below but from various vents overhead, which could only mean that the Marblehead, still running and fighting at high speed, must have some scoop-shaped hole in her bottom that was forcing the water in under high pressure. Yet to slow her would only make her a better target for the still attacking Japanese.

Lieutenants Pierce and Blasdel were in charge of the party struggling here against fire and flood and were doing the best that could be done under the circumstances. Van Bergen, whose aim was to locate the most serious damage and then to concentrate on that, started aft.

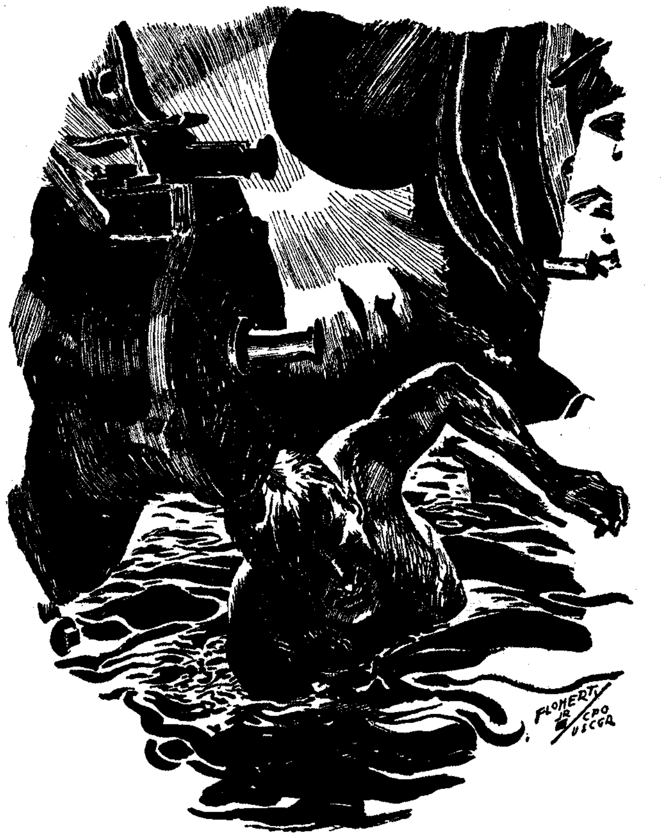
Once outside, he could see how really acute was the ship's list to starboard and how badly she was down by the head. Already at the bow, her normal water line had dropped fifteen feet below the surface. As he reached the auxiliary control station aft, he was astonished to find that it was not damaged.

"We ain't had any trouble at all," a fire-control man said. Then, pointing aft, he said,

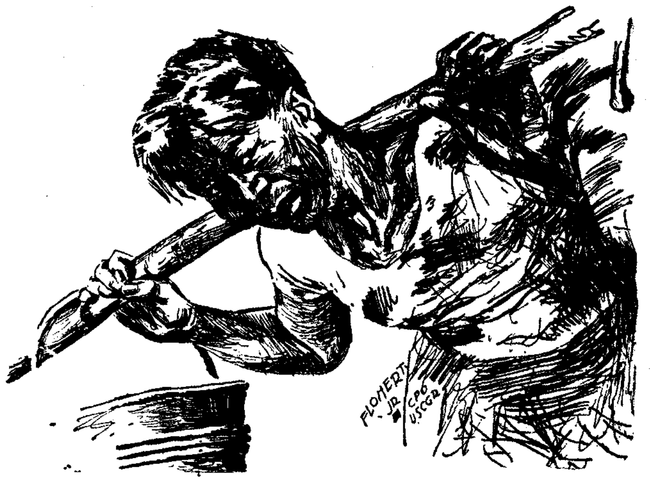
(Continued on page 60)



"The Hospital Corps men were injecting morphine and cutting away still smoldering clothing and smearing charred bodies with tannic acid and whatever grease was available which would serve in some measure to shut out the air and seal in body moisture"



"The word was passed around that another bombing run on the ship was beginning. At this point, Johnson, pushing away the floating bodies, was about to pull himself beneath the water to get at the drainage plugs"



"Fook Liang brought fresh water for the patients, but it was hot. He vanished. This time, amazingly enough, he returned with buckets of ice. Again he went off, returned with a caldron of hot soup. Nobody knew where he was getting these things. They watched in wonder"

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN J. FLOHERTY, JR., C.P.O. (USCGR)

WAR IN THE SIEGFRIED LINE

BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

BY RADIO VIA PARIS

Perhaps it seemed that we easily broke into Germany's strong defenses, but here is the story of conflict in the Schnee Eifel range—and how the Wump gun did its part

INP SOUNDPHOTO BY FRED RAMAGE VIA SIGNAL CORPS

The chairborne commanders said the Siegfried Line was an outmoded pushover. Then the infantry went in, supported by tank destroyers (above) and had to fight for every room, every roadside ditch

The Germans knew every knoll that might conceal a gun, every thicket to hide a tank. The Americans had to find them the hard way, by drawing their fire as this tank (rear) and machine-gun crew are doing

OFFICIAL U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS PHOTOGRAPH FROM INP

A LOT of people will tell you how it was to be first into Germany and how it was to break the Siegfried Line and a lot of people will be wrong. So this will not be held up by the censor while all the claims are threshed out. We do not claim anything. No claims, see? You get it? No claims at all. Let them decide and then we will see who was in there first. I mean which outfit. Not which people.

The infantry cracked the Siegfried Line. They cracked it on a cold rainy morning when even the crows weren't flying, much less the Air Force. Two days before, on the last day before the weather broke for the bad, we had come to the end of the rat race. It had been a fine rat race from Paris up as far as Le Cateau, with bitter fighting at Landrecies that few saw and fewer still are left to remember. Then there had been the forcing of the passes of the Ardennes Forest in country like the illustrations for Grimm's Fairy Tales only a lot grimmer.

Then the rat race went on again through rolling, forested country. Sometimes we would be half an hour behind the retreating enemy's mechanized force. Sometimes we would get up to within five minutes of them. Sometimes we would overrun them and, from the point of the recon, you would hear the fifties hammering behind you and the 105-millimeter Wump guns going on the tank destroyers and the merging roar and rattle of enemy fire, and the word would come along: "Enemy tanks and half-tracks in the rear of the column. Pass the word along."

Then, suddenly the rat race was over, and we were on a high hill, out of the forest, and all the rolling hills and forests that you saw ahead of you were Germany. There was a heavy, familiar roar from the creek valley below as the bridge was blown, and beyond the black cloud of smoke and debris that rose, you saw two enemy half-tracks tearing up the white road that led into the German hills.

Our artillery was blasting yellow-white clouds of smoke and road dust ahead of them. You watched one half-track slither sideways across the road. The other stopped on the turn of the road after trying twice to move like a wounded animal. Another shell pounded up a fountain of dust and smoke alongside the crippled half-track and when the smoke cleared, you could see the bodies on the road. That was the end of the rat race, and we came down a trail in the woods and into the ford over the river and across the slab-stoned river bed and up the far bank into Germany.

We passed the unmanned old-fashioned pillboxes that many unfortunate people were to think constituted the Siegfried Line, and got up into good high ground that night. The next day we were past the second line of concrete fortified strong points that guarded road junctions and approaches to the main Westwall, and that same night we were up on the highest of the high ground before the Westwall ready to assault in the morning.

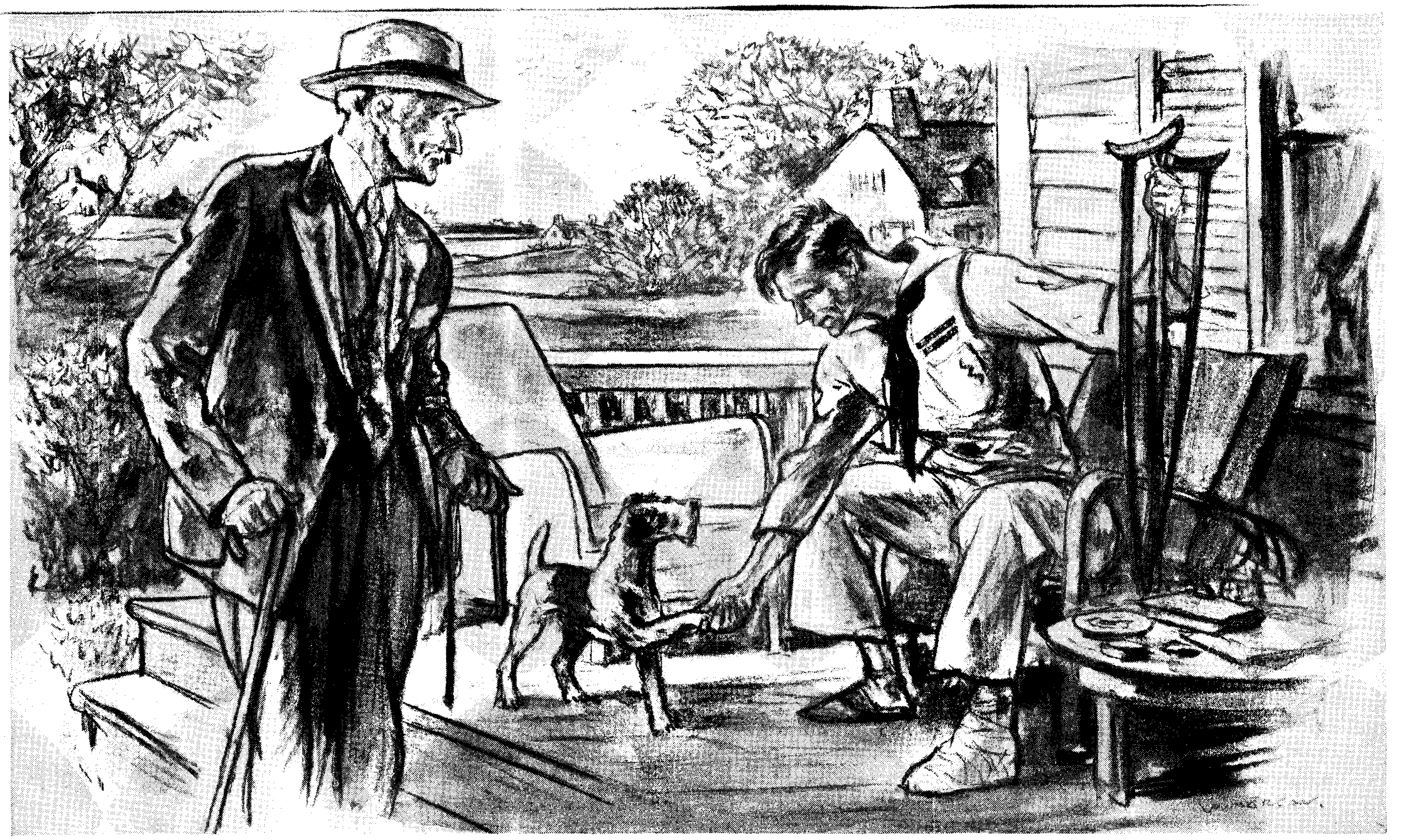
The weather had broken. It was cold and raining and blowing half a gale, and ahead of us was the dark forest wall of the Schnee Eifel range where the dragon lived, and behind us on the first hill behind was a German reviewing stand that had been built for high officers to occupy when they watched the maneuvers that proved that the Westwall never could be broken. We were hitting it on the point that the Germans had chosen to prove, in sham battles, that it was impregnable.

A Fighter's Report of the Assault

The rest of this story is told in the words of Captain Howard Blazzard of Arizona. It may give you a little idea of what happens in combat.

"That night we got L Company into that town to hold it. It was practically unoccupied. Six Jerries, and we shot them. *(This was the town, or small village rather, from which the attack started in the morning up the hill and across the level field of fire over a cropped wheatfield, the wheat shocks stacked, to assault the main fortifications of the Westwall which were in the thick pine forest of the dark hill beyond.)*

"The Colonel, of Washington, D. C., got the three battalion commanders together and the S-2 and the S-3 and planned the break-through for in the morning. Where this break was going to be made *(you notice the phrasing 'Going to be made,' not 'Going to be attempted')* we were supposed to have one company of tanks and one company of T.D.s (Tank Destroyers) but they only gave us one platoon of tanks (five). We were *(Continued on page 70)*



"Gretchen," the old man said, "will you shake hands with this young man?" Donny's shoulders stiffened but he took the dog's paw

MEN DON'T CRY

BY OWEN CAMERON

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

HE WAS very old and frail, neat as only proud old men can be, and every morning about nine o'clock he walked slowly past Mrs. Harris' house. A brisk wire-haired terrier came with him, and they always stopped at the gate to salute Murphy, Donny's dog, who spent his days curled on the door mat. When Mrs. Harris was outdoors, the old man nodded and smiled. Because he passed so regularly, Mrs. Harris came to feel that she knew him well, and she guessed that he had a similarly friendly feeling for her.

One morning when she was trying to discover what made the gate squeak so, the old man stopped and helped her.

"Your dog likes to sleep in the sun," he said, nodding at Murphy. "A little dog is great comfort when you are alone."

"Murphy belongs to my son," Mrs. Harris said. And she added proudly, "Murphy is almost a year older than Donny."

"I could see he was a very old dog. My little dog is only three, and I am the one who is old. Your boy is not home?"

"He's in the Navy," said Mrs. Harris. "He was only seventeen, but big for his age, and he wanted to go." She sighed. "They can't wait to grow up, and I suppose he thought being in the war would make him a man at once."

The old man listened sympathetically. After that he stopped to pass the time of day whenever he saw Mrs. Harris. He learned all about Donny, and Mrs. Harris let him read Donny's letters. The old man seldom spoke of his own life, but Mrs. Harris understood that he lived alone in a hotel not far from the beach. His little dog liked the water, he explained.

It was the old man who found Murphy curled on the door mat one morning—not sleeping, this time, but dead. He rang the bell and summoned Mrs. Harris.

"He died in his sleep," the old man said comfortingly. "It is best that way. He was a very old dog, and old dogs and old men must expect to die."

Mrs. Harris could not keep from crying, and he looked at her helplessly. Perhaps hoping to cheer her he made his own little dog sit up and roll over and speak, and at last—happily absorbed in her tricks—he ordered her to play dead. Too late, he tried to recall the words, and after some stammering excuses and apologies, he went away.

After that for the next few days, he looked guiltily in the opposite direction when he walked past the house, until Mrs. Harris made it a point to be at the gate and speak to him. Then everything was as it had been, except that Murphy was no longer on the door mat, and when she was outside, the old man stopped and inquired about Donny.

Mrs. Harris had put off telling Donny that Murphy was dead, and of course when he was wounded, she did not dare tell him. The old man agreed with her politely when she made this confession, and they fell into an awkward silence, both looking down at his small dog, who was embarrassed by this attention and rolled over, sat up, and sneezed.

WHEN Donny came home, Mrs. Harris had to tell him, in the taxi, about Murphy's death. She had dreaded the moment—Donny was so thin and pale—but he merely looked at her without any emotion whatever and said, "Well, Murph was a pretty old dog. Some of the fellows didn't believe I had a dog nineteen years old."

The next morning Donny was sitting on the porch in the sun, and she was upstairs making the beds when the old man came by. He nodded and smiled at Donny and then made his little dog sit up, roll over, and dance. He went on without looking again at the house.

He did that every morning for a week, and then Mrs. Harris could stand it no longer. She managed to meet the old man on her way from the grocery store.

"How is your boy?" he asked. "He looks so pale."

"Not very well," said Mrs. Harris.

"He misses his dog?"

Mrs. Harris told him how Donny had said only that Murphy was pretty old. "I thought he meant it," she added. "He's not my baby any more, and I thought—well, I thought—I mean, I knew he had been through something very bad, from his eyes, though he wouldn't talk to me about any of it, and I thought perhaps a dog's death wasn't important to him, because he had seen men die—men who had been his friends."

"Most of my friends have died. And my people," the old man said. "Well, I will be ninety, next spring."

"This is different," Mrs. Harris said impatiently. "The day after he got home I just happened to look into his room. He was asleep, but he had been crying. Murphy's collar was in his hand. And then yesterday when you stopped and your little dog did her tricks—I mean nothing against the dog; she is a sweet little thing. But you saw Donny get up and go in the house. I was in the kitchen and I happened to look out, though he didn't see me. He was crying. He went to his room and locked the door."

"Oh, my," the old man said. "Please don't you cry, now."

"It's all right if I do. But he locked himself in his room. You see, men don't cry."

"Because my Gretchen looks like his little dog?"

"I knew you would understand," Mrs. Harris said. "It's nothing against the dog. She's nice and obedient and clever, but . . ."

She did not want to talk any more and hurried away from the old man. After what had been said, she was sure he would turn back and not pass the house any more, but she watched from an upstairs window and in a few minutes was horrified to see him slowly approaching, halting now and then to talk to his dog. It was too late to coax Donny indoors, and all she could do was pray that the old man would die or that his dog would die.

The old man stopped at the gate and smiled at Donny. After a moment of hesitation he unlatched the gate and walked toward the porch. Mrs. Harris could see the tops of his head and Donny's, but not her son's face.

"This is Gretchen," the old man said. "Gretchen, will you shake hands with this young man?"

MRS. HARRIS could see Donny's shoulders stiffen—that had been Murphy's one trick—but he took the dog's paw.

"Gretchen is only three, but very smart. Sit up, Gretchen." The old man went on to Donny: "I have never been in war, like you. Still, there are other battles. And I have been cold and hungry, and I have seen all those I loved die. Well, I am almost ninety. I might die myself one night—like your little dog that died in his sleep. Now, Gretchen, can you lie down?"

"I guess I better go inside," Donny said.

The little tremor in his voice made Mrs. Harris groan and whisper aloud, "Oh, Lord, take him away! Please make that terrible old man go away!"

"Just a minute—another trick. Stay one moment," the old man begged, backing toward the gate. The little dog looked around and he said sharply, "Down, Gretch! . . . You must not feel too bad, young man. Sometimes dogs die, sometimes men. For my part, I am almost ninety. Shake hands, Gretchen."

The little dog got to her feet. For a moment neither she nor Donny moved, and then Donny said, "Well?" and held out his hand. The dog put her paw in it, and Donny said in a warm voice, "You little monkey!"

The old man went through the gate, walking very fast for such an old man. He called over his shoulder, "Look after her, now. Goodby—goodby, Gretchen."

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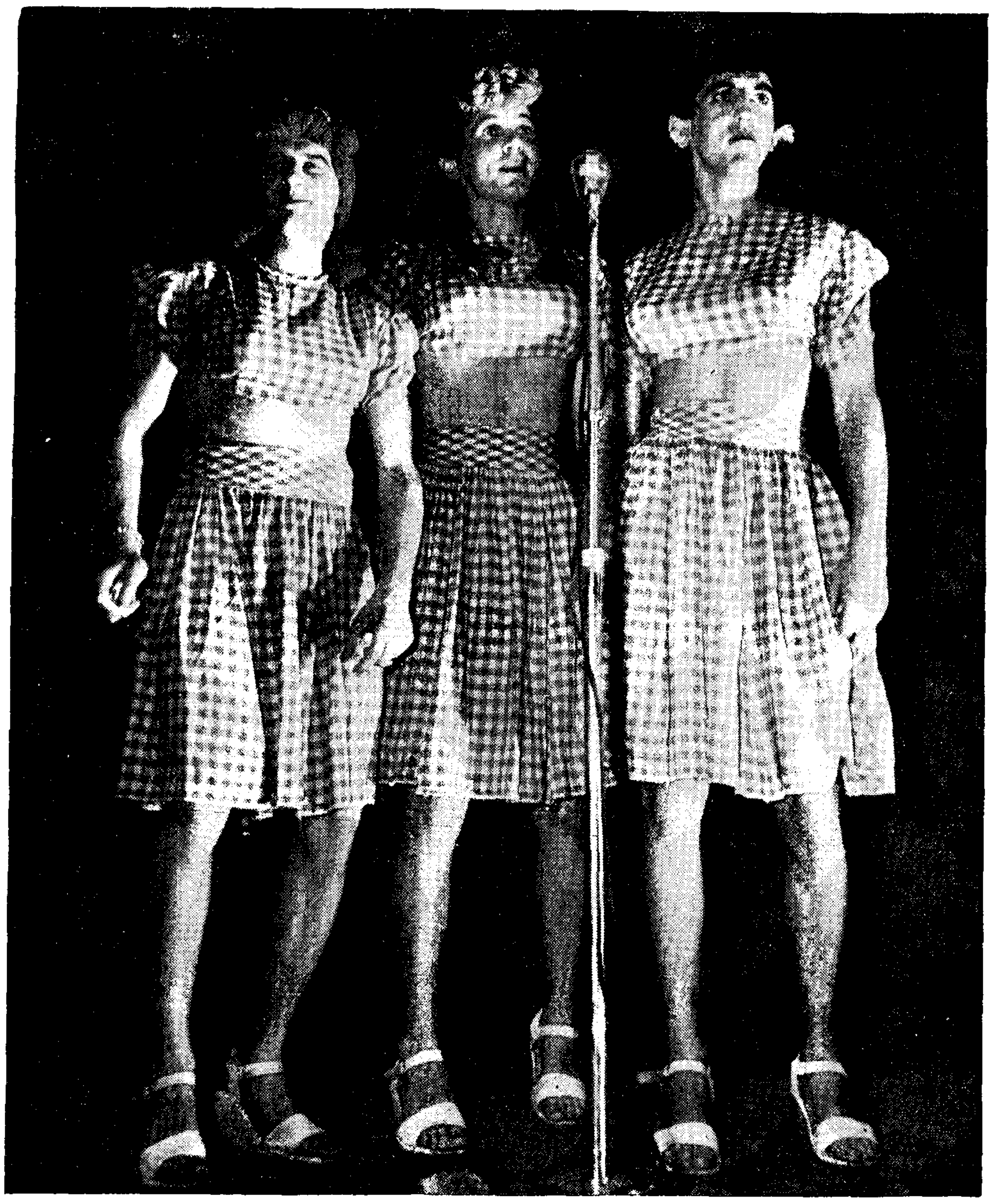


G.I. jive rocks the rain-drenched jungle as the "Andrews Sisters" trio (l. to r., Sgts. Hupfel, Cobb and Sydow) render the Pennsylvania Polka at a lonely ATC base in the very shadow of the Himalaya Mountains

FLYING STRIP TEASE

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

The flyingest G.I. show on record has a reputation that reaches around the world, into the front lines and across the mighty Himalayas—and there's not a girl in a planeload

THERE was the night the whole troupe flew down and put on a show for Merrill's Marauders in Burma. The kid in the Chabua hospital had been with the Marauders and he had been in the audience that night, and he said he would never forget it, because it was the first show of any kind the Marauders had seen in a year. There isn't much entertainment down there in the jungle, the kid said: poker, or rereading some letter you got six months ago, or getting up a bet about the rain. How many more inches will fall tonight, or whether the roof of the basha will leak again, or when the monsoon will be over. . . .

It was raining that night of the show—a drenching monsoon rain that soaked the bamboo thickets and the sodden straw-thatched huts and the group of men in mottled jungle coveralls standing in the center of a marshy clearing. The rain ran off their net-covered steel helmets and down their clinging shirts, and their heavy-shod feet sank deeper and deeper into the yielding mud.

But no one moved. A pair of tractor trailers had been parked back to back at one end of the clearing, and on this rain-swept stage a soldier in a soggy blond wig was doing a strip tease. The tilted headlights of a jeep were the footlights; an upright piano, flown in by transport plane that afternoon, banged out a jive accompaniment as the peel artist gave with the bumps and grinds, his sagging evening gown revealing a hairy and tattooed chest. With elaborate modesty he dangled a brassière before the upturned grinning faces; they grabbed for it, their wolf calls drowned the barking of jackals back in the jungle. For a moment they had forgotten the rain, the loneliness, the heat and malaria and Japs.

It's strictly a G.I. show. The jokes are in the best barracks-room tradition, the sketches are from Minsky, there's the ten-lovers-in-a-closet and the fresh-paint-on-the-park-bench and the one about the shipwrecked-sailor-on-the-desert-island. But it makes them forget; it makes them laugh. It has made them laugh in India, in Burma, in Arabia and Egypt and Africa; it has traveled over 30,000 miles in its headlong career, played to half a million men, totaled over 300 hours in the air. It is probably the farthest-flown soldier show in history. You hear of it at every ATC station on your way around the globe. You heard of it way back in Miami, before you ever started for India; returning pilots from the Far East would buttonhole you, insist: "Don't miss Hump Happy. Funniest show you ever saw. That Andrews Sisters burlesque . . ."

It was born in remotest India, at a front-line air base in Assam from which the cargo planes of the Air Transport Command take off daily to fly the perilous Hump route to China. They call it Hump Happy because it was written, directed and acted by a group of ATC enlisted men, radio operators and mechanics and crew chiefs who had battled fog and ice and Japs over the Himalayan Hump. Their scenery was made from the canvas wing fabric of a wrecked plane; their footlight reflectors were powdered-egg tins. Originally the show was put on to entertain their fellow fliers at their own base; but a visiting general caught the opening performance and realized the value of belly laughs in this far-off and forgotten theater of war, and next day the startled performers were yanked off their regular Army duties and the show was ordered on the road.

They started a whirlwind tour, sometimes giving two shows a night at air bases miles apart. They caught occasional winks of sleep when they could, bedding down backstage on trunks and crates between shows. At night after the performance they would load a waiting plane with their precious piano, their improvised scenery, their cowboy boots and mandolins and wigs and ostrich-plume fans, their loud-speaker and mike, and take off for another jungle outpost a couple of hundred miles away.

They traveled from the top of India to the bottom, over a territory half the size of the United States. They flew over trackless desert and dense jungle, where a faltering motor would have meant certain disaster. Often they were within range of the Jap lines, and they kept their helmets and carbines and gas masks handy in the wings. Air-raid alerts frequently interrupted their performances; once in the foothills of the Himalayas an earthquake nearly brought their flimsy props down on their heads. They gave shows in crude outposts where the only shower bath was a stream of water running from a split bamboo pole, and the medics stood backstage spraying to keep away the swarms of malarial mosquitoes.

G.I. Gentlemen Prefer the Blonde

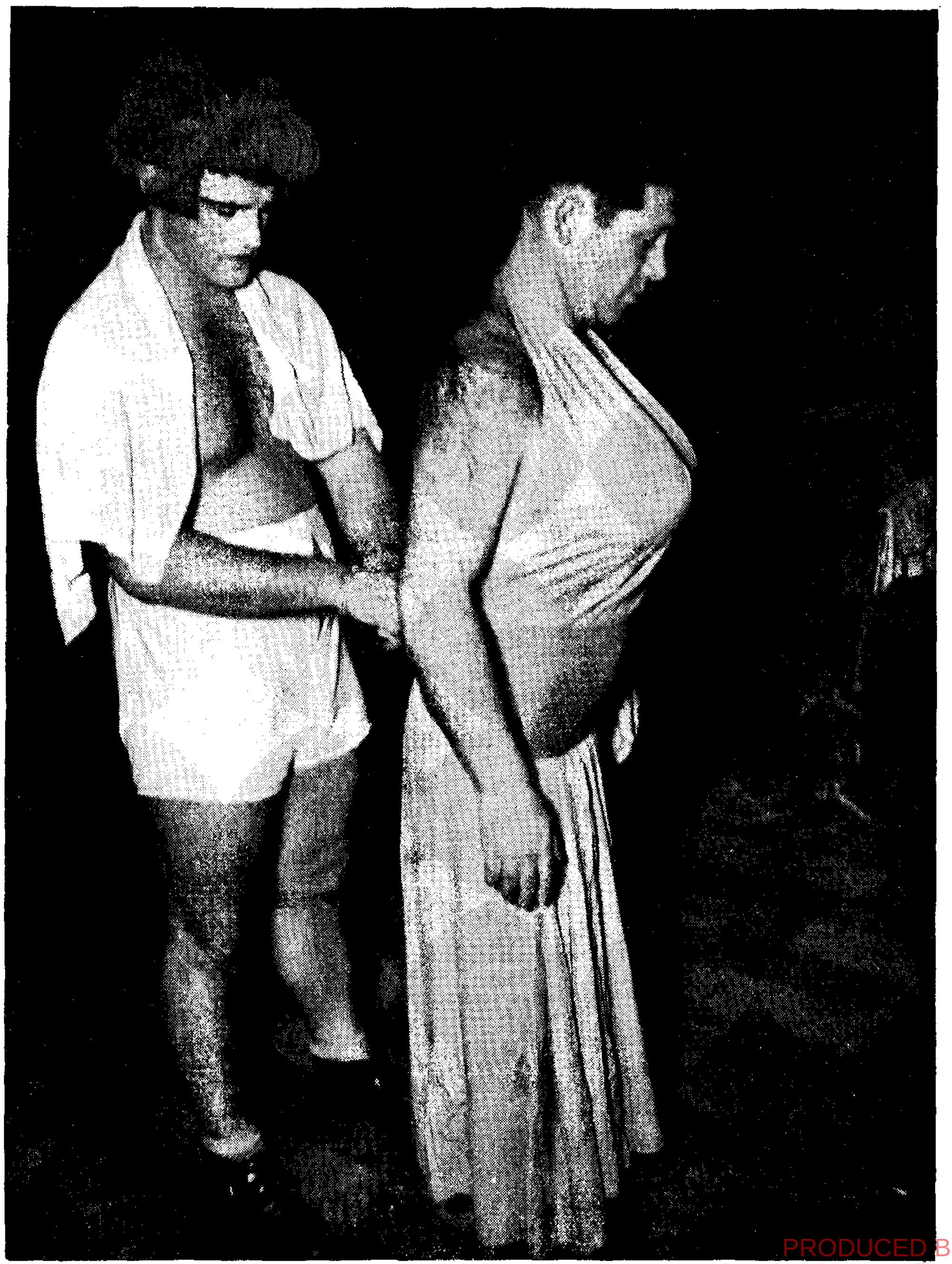
They gave one show at the terminus of the Lido Road, where Sergeant Cobb's convincing impersonation of a beautiful blonde nearly caused a riot. The troops, who had not seen a female for a year, refused to leave the theater after the performance, demanding loudly, "Where's that blonde? Bring her out and make her prove she *ain't* a woman."

Their reputation traveled ahead of them. Following their tour of India, they were ordered to make a series of one-night stands across the Air Transport Command's Central Africa Wing—the first soldier show from one combat area ever to visit another. It was bitter cold in the desert, after the steamy heat of India; they nearly froze that first night in Casablanca, they said. They played their way across Africa: Khartoum, El Fasher, El Geneina, Maiduguri, Kano, Lagos, Accra. In Salala the sultan and his entire entourage attended the show; the sultan had been educated at the best English universities, but seemed a little baffled by the G.I. double talk.

They were back in India after their triumphal tour when we saw them, readying a show to put on that night for the patients in the Army hospital in Chabua. The dressing room at one end of the hospital rec hall was littered with homemade wigs, silk stockings, discarded Army uniforms, husky soldiers struggling into dainty feminine undergarments. Big G.I. shoes and high-heeled evening slippers were scattered over the floor; a webbed cartridge belt dangled incongruously beside a filmy lavender evening scarf.

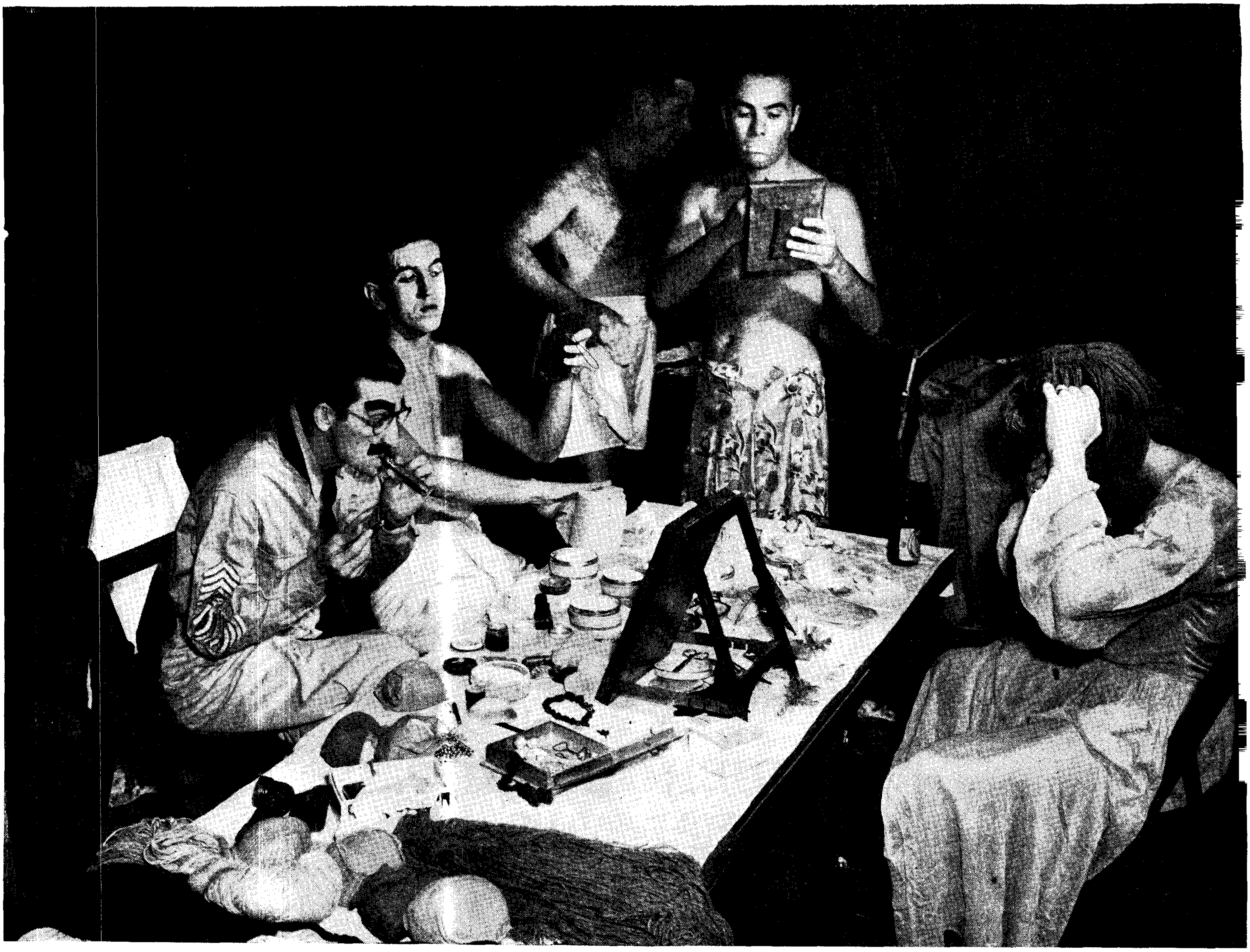
In one corner Pfc. Bob McCullum of San Antonio, Tex., Sgt. Dalton Savage of Frederick, Okla., and Sgt. George Winston of St. Louis, Mo., were tuning up guitars and bass viols for their Melody Cowboy number. The three Andrews Sisters were making up at a

(Continued on page 84)



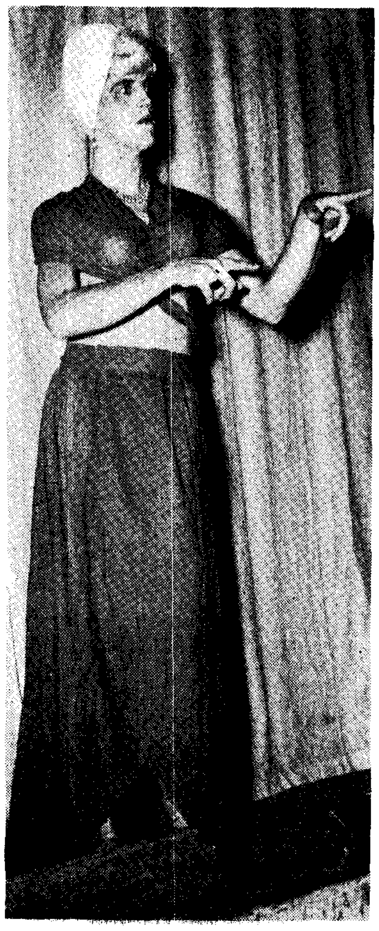
Backstage, Sgt. Jack Newman, disguised in floor-mop wig and grease-paint, zips the girdle of Pvt. George Davis, who is just another member of the pulchritudinous beef trust

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARMY AIR FORCES



Between acts, a sleeve-heavy sergeant applies a Groucho Marx mustache at the improvised dressing table, littered with wigs, lipsticks, garters and assorted pairs of rolled-up G.I. socks which are used to form the ample bosoms of the chorines

Strip-teaser Sgt. Jack Sydow begins his show-stopping peel



"Take it off!" the crowd chants as he gives with the bumps and grinds

Madame Zuzu (Pvt. Davis to you) tosses a dainty show girl to the G.I. wolves

Curtain descends on the big Air Corps tableau, ready to hit the road again. Next stop: Burma

DANGEROUS MAGIC

BY J. D. RATCLIFF

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

In skilled hands, the sulfa drugs perform near-miracles. In unskilled hands, they're extremely dangerous. Don't take them unless the doctor tells you to, and never more than the doctor prescribes

THE man sidles up to the drugstore's prescription clerk. He speaks in a low, confiding tone. "I'm in trouble, Doc," he starts. Then he tells a seamy little story of human indiscretion. He has contracted a venereal disease and wants help. "I'd like to take this new pill treatment," he continues. "Could I get some of these sulfa tablets?"

The druggist has heard stories exactly like this one enough times to mumble the ritual in his sleep. If he is strictly ethical, he refuses to make the sale and refers the man to a venereal-disease clinic. But if he is one of the ragtag and bobtail of his profession, a sale takes place.

Enough of these shady transactions are made each day to present the country with a new public-health problem. Sulfa drugs don't belong in the same class with the liver pills which people munch so casually, or the patent tonics they drink in carload lots. They are packed with some very unpleasant dynamite.

The average man has the impression that sulfa drugs will cure anything from cholera morbus to sprue. Furthermore, he thinks they will cure quickly, safely, painlessly. Miracle drugs, in a word. You've heard your neighbor boast that he takes sulfadiazine or sulfapyridine for colds—and that they will knock a cold over night. And you've heard women state proudly that they give small doses of these drugs to their children every time the children have a fever.

These people are about as well qualified to prescribe sulfa drugs as they are to remove brain tumors. Their efforts are not only extremely foolish but are highly dangerous as well.

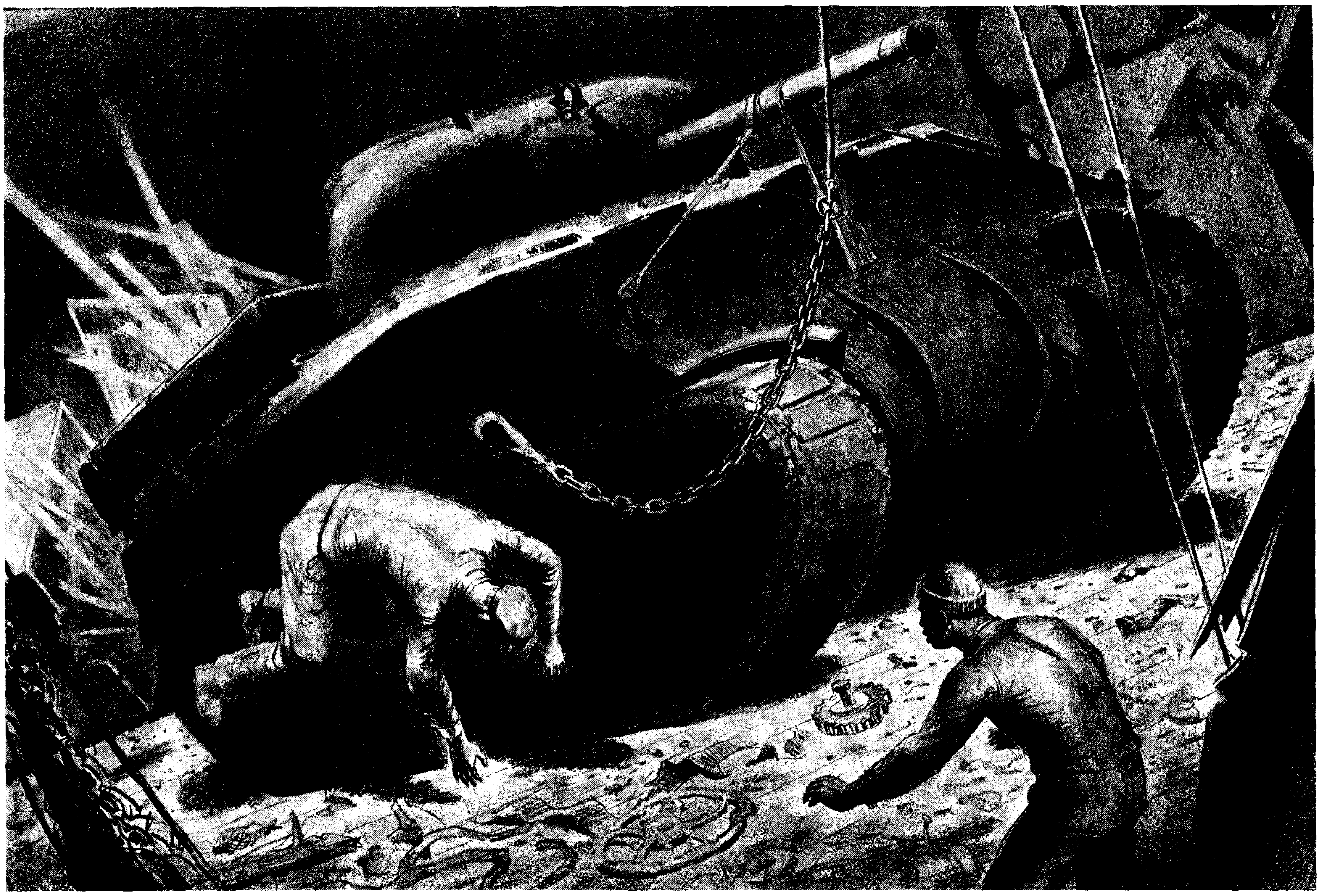
Sulfa drugs can—and do—cause an enormous amount of sickness and death. Being highly toxic, they can damage such organs as heart, kidneys and liver. In rare cases they even attack the central nervous system to cause insanity and paralysis. They render patients sensitive to other drugs. In some cases they have made people sensitive to actinic rays—so that they can no longer tolerate strong sunlight.

Listen to the warning given in The Lancet, the British medical magazine, and remember that this warning is given to physicians, who are apt to know more about sulfa drugs in a minute than the average layman will know in a lifetime.

"These drugs should be given only where there is a definite indication for them and not haphazard to every feverish patient. The period of administration should be as short as possible; and, although the aim should be to reach an effective concentration in the blood by high initial dosage, the total amount should not exceed what is strictly necessary. Only under exceptional circumstances should treatment last longer than seven days or the total dose be more than 30 grams."

The greatest danger in sulfa drugs lies in self-treatment for venereal diseases. Laymen have heard that the drugs cure gonorrhea 80 to 90 per cent of the time in well-run clinics. This is an important message to a large number of people. Figures indicate that there are a million new cases of gonorrhea

(Continued on page 65)



"I'll get her this time," the bos'n yelled to Chips. This time the tank slid forward, its steel treads screeching deafeningly as it sideswiped him

Blitz ON THE ANTHONY J.

BY SI PODOLIN

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

Some men go to vast lengths to deny their dependence on faith. But when a killer is loose—whether man or machine—there are few men who dare to meet their fate alone

THE seas were running high with overcast skies and a rapidly falling barometer. A head-on wind of gale strength swept spray over the bridge each time the Anthony J. took a green one over her bow. Occasionally a squall came down from the north—a biting, fine drizzle that made its way through a man's gear, seeping down his neck, creating a dampness that penetrated into his bones and joints.

When the first deep boom sounded, the ship trembled with the concussion of the blow, but no one thought it was anything more than a good-sized sea hitting the vessel amidships. She had been laboring hard ever since the seas kicked up, and it was difficult to distinguish one noise from another. The Anthony J. rolled hard to port and the boom sounded again; it was like the thud of a giant bass drum. Every plate in the ship groaned under the pressure. As she rolled starboard there was no sound. She came up on an even keel rather sluggishly, but there was still no sound. Then she rolled heavily to port again and the boom rang out, as though the ship's thin, steel skin were being bludgeoned by a giant fist.

Down in the messroom the bos'n winced each time the report rang out. He said, "I hope to God that's not cargo shifting." The bos'n was a stocky, big-boned Midwesterner with a serious, windburned face and the blue eyes of a man who has spent many long hours looking out over endless horizons.

"Better go take a look," said Chips. "It'll pay off better than asking God." He dealt out another hand of cribbage.

Chips, the ship's carpenter, was the only Negro in the entire crew. As he played cribbage with the bos'n he carried on a running argument. "Religion," he was saying, "is the sweetest racket in the world. You get under the wing of the church and ride on Easy Street the rest of your life—like crawling into a shell."

"An atheist," countered the bos'n, "is as fanatical as a Holy Roller. You cram your atheism down people's throats; and they, their religion. Half dozen of one and a dozen of the other."

"That does not alter the fact that religion is used as a club over our heads."

"If anything holds us down it's ourselves," said the bos'n, moving the pegs on the scoreboard. "When it's time for us to let go there ain't nothing this side of hell that'll stop us—religion, atheism or what-have-you."

"For a guy who's got so much faith in people," said Chips, "I can't see how you can have religion."

"Maybe that is my religion."

AGAIN the ship rolled to port and the deep boom rang out. The bos'n hunched his shoulders together as though he were getting ready to take a blow on the back.

"What the devil ails you?" asked Chips.

"Common sense'll tell you," said the bos'n, "that something's broke loose; maybe one of those thirty-ton tanks in 'tween decks. All the heavy lifts are in there. They've got them winged out."

"On a night like this," said Chips, "I'd just pull the covers over my head and let her sink."

"Those stevedores don't give a damn how they load a ship. And a mate can't watch them all the time. Ought to make them go to sea, they should. But they're home in a warm bunk with the old lady while we're out here getting knocked off."

Chips said, "Strange how the world's got just two real kinds of religion: one for you whites and another for us Negroes. That's how come I split with God, see? First time I tried to go into a big church it was in Washington, D. C. The minister tells me to go around to some dirty side street. I says to myself, 'My God lives on one side of the tracks and the white man's God lives on the other.' "

"Boom!" rang the report, seeming to come out of the most inward part of the vessel. The Anthony J. labored heavily.

Jumping to his feet the bos'n said, "I got to have a look-see. She don't come back right to me; too damn' sluggish."

"She's stiff," said Chips, "that's all. We don't carry the cargo we did early in the war. Sit down before you work yourself into a case of steamboat stomach."

"It's more than just a stiff ship."

With only his head in the doorway the chief mate asked for the bos'n. Then he saw him and came into the messroom. His long, thin face looked drawn and worried. "Break out your gang," he said. "Something's loose in 'tween decks over number two."

"What'd I say?" remarked the bos'n triumphantly.

"No lights on deck," warned the mate.

"How are we going to see?" asked the bos'n. "It'll be darker than hell."

"No lights," repeated the mate, as he walked out of the messroom.

THE old man was standing by the hatch coaming when the bos'n and his gang came forward. He said, in a dull, lifeless voice, "Open her up."

With a long swish the tarpaulins came off, and the hatch covers hit the deck one at a time as the crew removed them. As the last hatch covers came off, the ship rolled to port again and the report rang out, sounding twice as loud and ominous with the hold open. At that instant the center iron beam popped ten feet into the air. It went flying end over end like one of those double-pointed wooden pegs the kids in the street bat around with broomsticks.

"Stand clear," yelled the bos'n, ducking low.

The beam crashed down on deck, forward of number-two hatch, landing against the masthouse. The shifting cargo had hit the ship's side so hard that it had sprung the entire line of the ship, sending the two-ton crossbeam bursting out of its sockets.

Below in 'tween decks, even with the hatch covers off, it was extremely dark. All hands peered over the hatch coaming in an effort to make out what it was that was shifting back and forth with the ship's roll.

Suddenly the bos'n yelled, "There she goes. It's one of the tanks. It must have slipped a mooring somehow, been clearing a space for itself with each roll of the ship." As the ship rolled starboard there was a crashing of wood and steel. "She's smashing everything in her path," shouted the bos'n, above the noise. "All those beautiful Army trucks and jeeps." He swung his leg over the hatch coaming.

"Where are you going?" asked the old man.

"Down below to secure the tank."

"You'll get chewed up like that cargo. A tank was made to smash men, you understand?"

"I'm going down," insisted the bos'n.

"Me, too," said Chips.

Turning to the chief mate the old man said, "Turn in the general alarm, Mr. Mate, and have all hands not working up here stand by the lifeboats."

"Yes, sir." The mate disappeared into the darkness, and a few moments later the startling ringing of the general alarm added to the fear that had already made its way into the stomachs of the crew.

"NOW," said the old man, "get all the coils of line we got in the forepeak—anything that might chock off the tank. We'll throw the stuff down in its path."

"Won't work," said the bos'n.

"Got a better idea?" asked the old man, irritably.

"Sure, I have. Rig up a good strong purchase with a wire runner, lead it over the rails to the jumbo winch."

"Then what?"

"We heave her to with the winch until she's two-block with the rest of the cargo, or a stanchion down below."

"And who goes down there to make the tackle fast?"

"Me."

"I'm going, too," added Chips.

"I don't need you," said the bos'n.

"Trying to hog all the glory?"

"I'll have no one on my ship killed," yelled the old man, excitedly. "Why, it's nothing short of suicide."

"How much pounding do you think the ship's sides will take?" the bos'n said.

"I'll abandon ship first."

"In these seas?"

"Do as I say," commanded the old man. "I'm still skipper aboard this vessel."

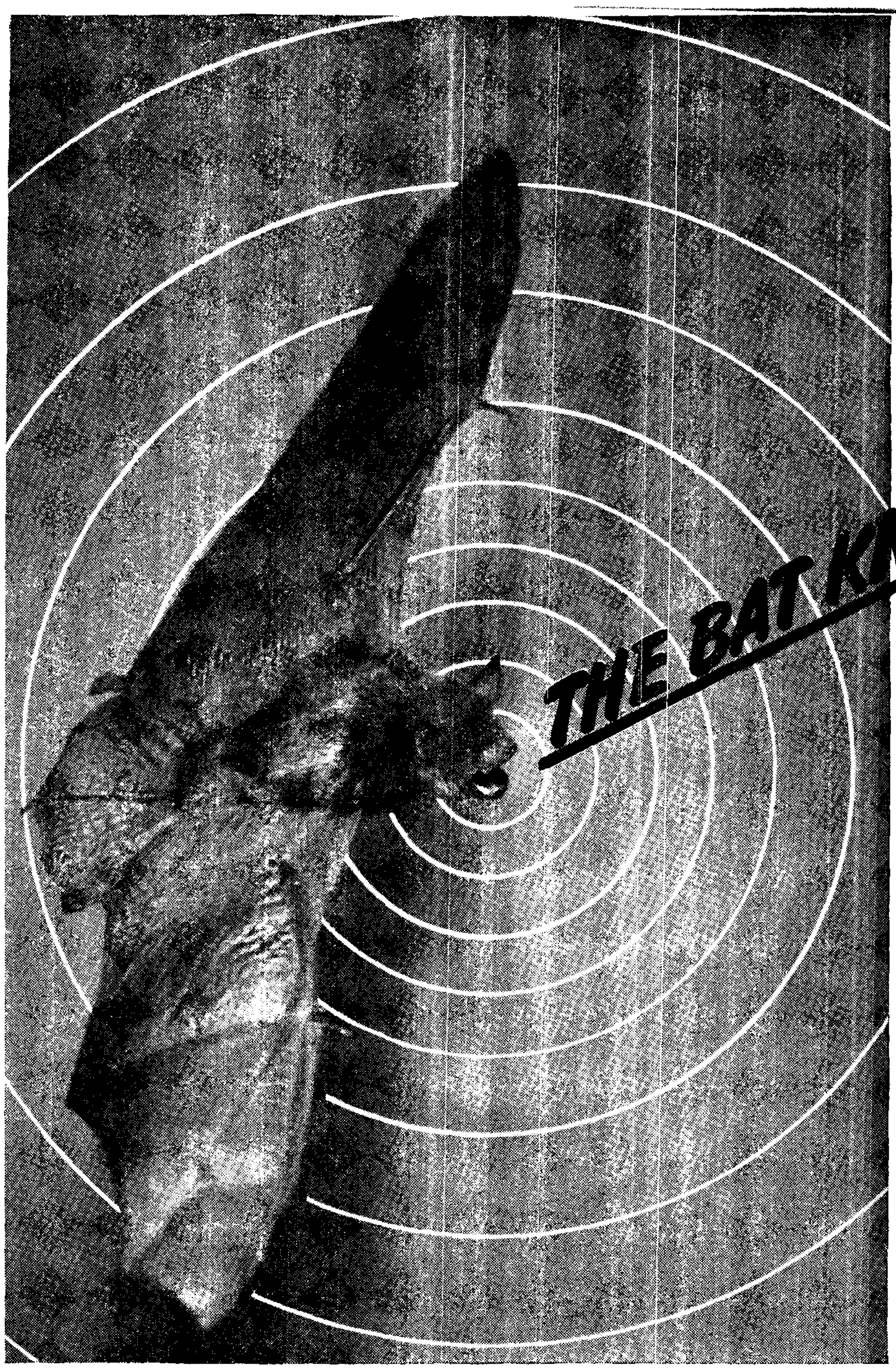
Both the deck gang and the black gang started hauling coils of mooring line out of the forepeak; bags of cement, bales of waste, old line, used tarpaulins, anything they could lay hands on.

However, the tank down below, ground up

(Continued on page 50)

For some 60,000,000 years a little winged mammal has used one of man's most recent discoveries, radar, to find his way in the dark

THE BAT KNEW IT FIRST



PHOTOGRAPH FROM PROFESSOR HAROLD E. EDGERTON

RADAR, with its power to safeguard night-flying planes against crashes into mountainsides or collisions with other aircraft, is an old story in the world of nature. Its advantages were discovered by that odd creature, the bat, at least sixty million years ago. Ever since the day when a small, mouselike animal spread leathery wings and became the first mammal—and to date, the only one—to acquire the power of flight, the bat has been flying about the dark places of the earth and doing remarkably well about avoiding the trees, cliffs and buildings in his path. He escapes mishap by using a system that bears an uncanny resemblance to radar.

As everyone knows, radar detects approaching planes or other objects in the sky by filling the air with a series of high-frequency radio waves, then receiving the echo that bounces back from anything in the path of the signals. The bat's method is very similar. Instead of radio waves, he sends out a staccato series of high-pitched cries.

These are not the squeaks you hear as he flies overhead on a summer evening; the bat's radar signals are pitched too high for human ears to hear—too high, perhaps, for the ears of any creature except himself. These supersonic cries fill the space into which he is flying. They strike some object in his path. No matter whether it is as large as the side of a hill or as small as a single strand of wire, the signals are reflected or echoed back to his keen ears. The echo warns him to change his course and avoid collision.

This amazing system, antedating modern electronics by millions of years, has been revealed by two scientists working in the laboratories of Harvard University, Doctors Robert Galambos, now of the University of Rochester Medical School, and Donald Griffin. Ever since 1794, when Spallanzani performed the first experiments on the flight of bats, researchers have been trying to explain the bat's ability to fly in complete darkness without accident.

After proving that bats do not depend on sight to dodge obstacles—blindfolded bats flew just as well as those that could see—Galambos and Griffin made an important discovery: The bats blundered about helplessly if their ears were plugged or if their mouths were taped shut. To detect objects in their path, apparently they had to hear something. But what? Since they also required freedom to open their mouths, evidently they heard sounds they uttered themselves.

To discover whether the bats might be producing sound inaudible to human ears, Galambos and Griffin borrowed elaborate sound-detection apparatus from Harvard's Professor G. W. Pierce, a specialist in supersonics. When the instrument, capable of translating supersonic sound waves into audible sound, was set up in the laboratory, the bats were again released. Instantly the apparatus gave out a tremendous, chattering clamor. The din continued as long as there was a bat in the air, ceased as soon as the last bat had tired of fluttering about the room.

When their tests were finished, the Harvard scientists had a complete picture of the bat's method of blind flying. This is what happens: When a bat is about to take off—from his perch on the wall of a cave, in a hollow tree, or on the inside of your window shutters—he begins to send out his signals, a series of supersonic cries. At first, the cries are uttered at a comparatively slow rate, less than ten per second. Then, as the bat launches out into the air, they come faster, at a steady rate of thirty per second.

Now something happens. The bat hears a faint echo of his cries coming back to him—trouble ahead! Instantly he speeds up his cries, uttering up to fifty a second. The increased burst of sound apparently gives a stronger echo, telling his alert brain just where the obstacle is. He changes his course until the echo becomes fainter, dies away. Then, as he speeds safely past the tree or post or church steeple, his cries drop back to the cruising level of thirty per second.

Why don't we hear the clamor of the bat's incessant cries as he flits about overhead? It's a matter of the frequency of the sound wave. The bat's signaling voice lies in the wave band of about 50,000 cycles or vibrations per second. Human ears detect sound anywhere in the band from 20 to 20,000 cycles. The limit of hearing for dogs and cats is about 35,000 cycles, and for rats about 40,000. These figures are higher than those for any other mammals tested, except bats, which appear to hear sounds up to at least 98,000 cycles, perhaps higher.

Not only are they equipped to hear their own signals; bats have extraordinarily well-developed vocal apparatus for uttering these high-frequency sounds. For years, anatomists have marveled at the great development of the bat larynx. In one species, the African hammerheaded bat, this organ is so enormous that it is one third as large as the entire body cavity. In all bats, the vocal cords are short and tough. Large muscles are attached to the voice box in such a way as to put great tension on the cords.

How bats developed their sonic detection apparatus is not known, but of all animals they are most in need of some such device. Practically all bats are night feeders and most live on insects which they capture on the wing, dodging, twisting and turning in intricate aerial maneuvers. Some live in dense forests, where they hunt among the trees. Others use deep limestone caverns as sleeping quarters. Entering and leaving the caverns, the bats must fly long distances through the pitch-black corridors.

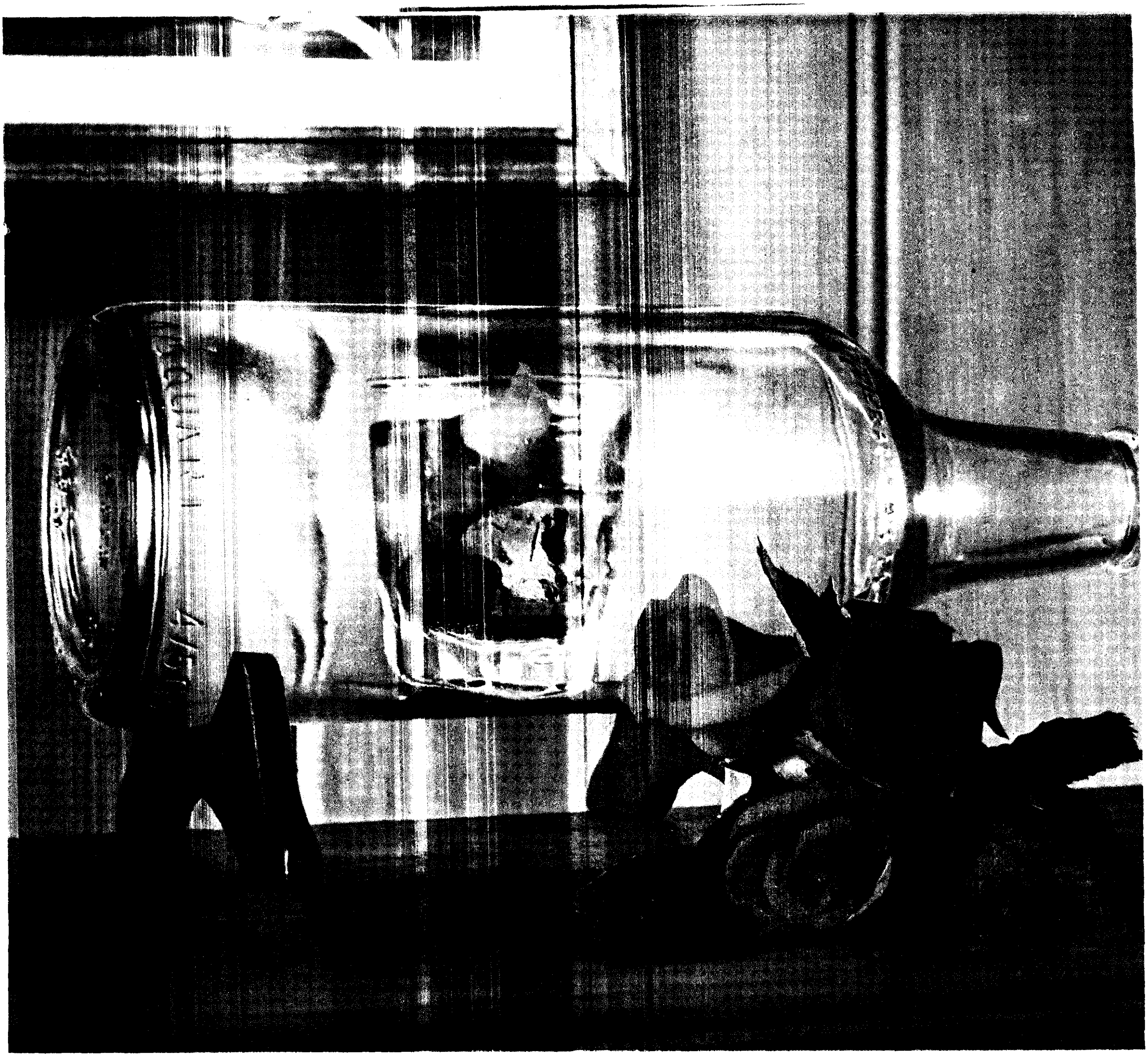
Mother Bat Knows Best

The bat's radar system sometimes means more than individual safety. Mother bats carry their newborn young with them during the first days of life. The youngster clings to its mother's fur with claws and teeth, and rides with her far into the night skies as she searches for food. After a few days, however—perhaps when the young bat becomes too heavy to maintain his perilous hold—Mother leaves him at home, hanging him up in good bat fashion by his hind claws on the wall of their cave while she goes ahunting.

Fossil records, which often tell much about the beginnings of animals, are incomplete in the case of the bat. The earlies known fossil is quite a good replica of present-day models and helps not at all in revealing what the first bats were like or wh were their ancestors. This first known ba lived in Eocene days, that curious perio some sixty million years ago when tropica plants grew in Alaska.

But long before the first fossil record, th ancestor of the bat, scientists believe, was shrewlike creature, tree-climbing, flightles When these forerunners of bats were learning, first to leap from tree to tree, then t make long glides from the treetops to th ground, and finally to launch out into aeri space, they must have developed, along wit leathery wings, the special faculties th probe the darkness and make night flyin safe. There must have been failures ar fatal crashes in those early trials. We kno only that those pioneering bats finally su ceeded, that they perfected and used th counterpart of radar millions of years befo man laboriously developed it. . . .

Rachel L. Carson



An old-fashioned trick worth knowing

Our photographer, a very skillful man, somehow managed to get this Old Fashioned *into* a bottle. It was highly difficult, and we're still not quite sure how he did it.

But a much more practical trick is knowing how to get the finest possible Old Fashioned *out* of a bottle. And to do that you need remember just one thing: always use Four Roses—the most gloriously smooth and mellow whiskey man ever made! And also remember, Four Roses is still the *same* magnificent whiskey it was before the war.

Recipe for a
Four Roses Old Fashioned

½ lump sugar 1½ oz. Four Roses Whiskey
2 dashes Bitters 1 twist of lemon peel

Muddle sugar, bitters, and lemon peel with a little water in Old Fashioned cocktail glass. Add ice cubes, then pour in whiskey and stir.

FOUR ROSES

A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY
—the same today as before the war

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.
Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City

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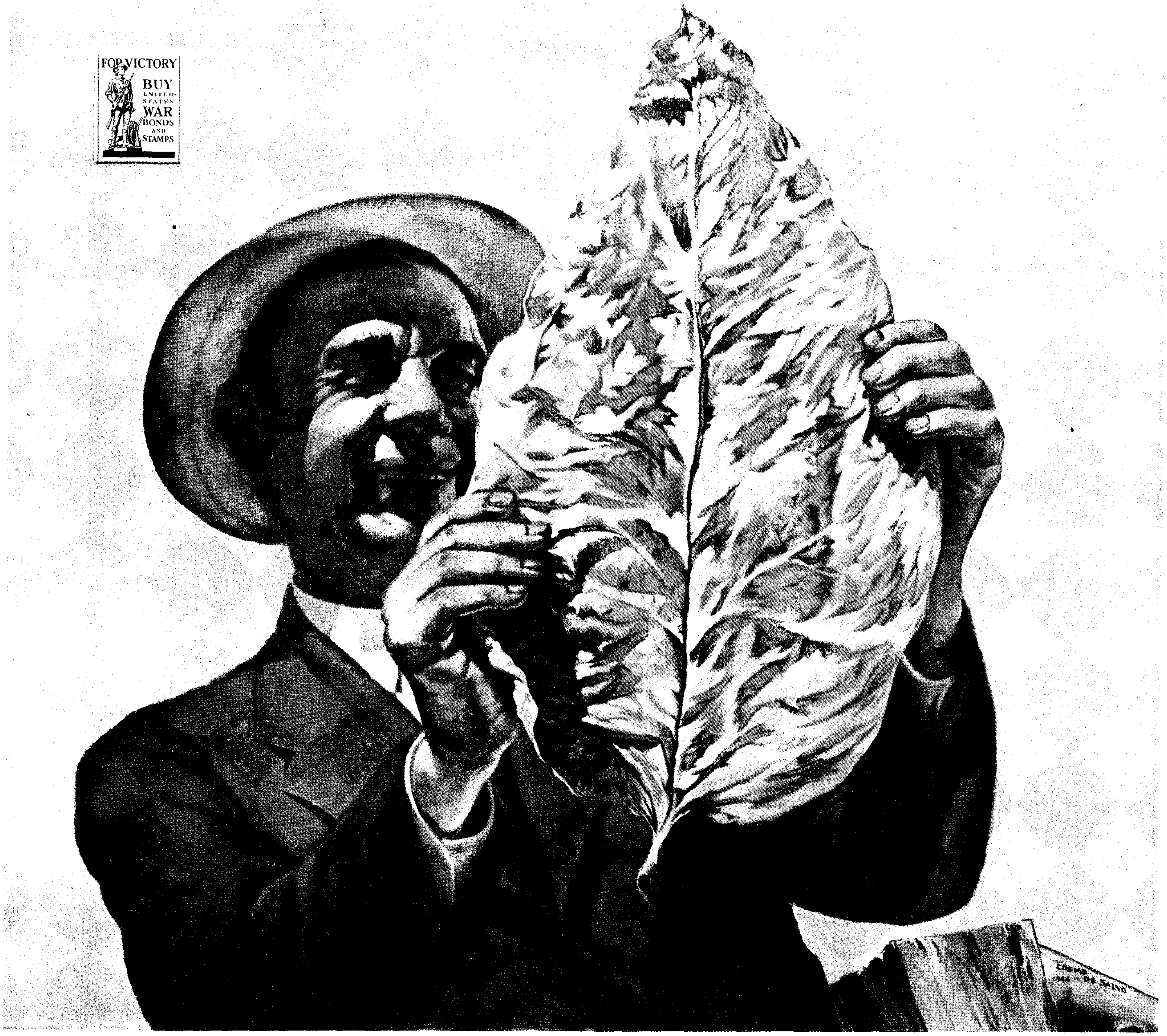


"Yes, sir, ***that's fine tobacco-***"

LUCKY STRIKE

means fine tobacco

Yes, sir! L.S./M.F.T.

Copyright 1944, The American Tobacco Company

None so blind

Continued from page 15

then smiled because he could tell she was glad he had come.

"And so?"

"And so I decided to come down here, and help you gather firewood."

She nodded, smiling, and he glanced down at the pile.

"That's not very much, is it?" he said.

"I've just begun," she answered, picking it up with both arms. "You're a peculiar neighbor!" she went on. "The first few times you rode past me, you didn't even bat an eyelash. It was ridiculous. You pretended that I was just another stick of wood."

"I didn't know you then."

They were standing rather close together, much closer than people do for ordinary conversation. It created a sense of intimacy that permitted neither of them to take a step back to break the mood. The feeling persisted and grew, having no relation to what they were saying.

"What's your name?" she was asking.

"Scott. Scott Burnett."

"You're the new commanding officer then." She glanced at his shoulder boards. "Lieutenant Burnett."

"And your name?"

She seemed surprised. "Don't you know who I am?" she asked. "Everybody around here does." Then she smiled again. "I'm Peggy Butler."

He felt suddenly reserved, and then to cover his embarrassment, he took the wood away from her.

"Well," he said, "I came here to help you gather wood. Let's get going."

She looked up at him, then back at his horse. "But what about him?"

"Don't worry," Scott answered. "He'll follow along."

They began to walk along the beach, treading on their rumpled shadows. Occasionally, they would come upon huge hulks of wood and metal, jagged structures bearing a door hinge or a water-soaked slab of linoleum to remind them where the driftwood came from.

In some indefinable way, Peggy's mood seemed to change from friendliness to preoccupation. She became absorbed in the routine business of selecting driftwood of an appropriate size, and Scott could find no way to draw her out, to get her to tell him who she was and where she came from. His earlier satisfaction at being with her changed into frustration. Glancing up at the sky, he saw long smoky lines of mare's tails combed across the top of the sky.

She moved away from him, avoiding every attempt he made to decrease the distance between them. He couldn't understand the reason for her sudden reserve, and a childish feeling of resentment forced him to pretend that he ignored her behavior. He plodded along the beach, his head down, until he realized that she was several hundred yards distant up on the dunes, and he had a premonition that she intended to slip away the next time he turned around.

His first reaction was anger, but then he walked across the sand to her. She waited for him until he was just below her.

"I'm coming down," she said.

The sand was soft and gave way beneath her. She lost her footing and slid down toward him, the wood scattering all about her as she fell. He helped her to her feet, feeling her arm tense in his grasp as though she wanted to pull away. They were standing very close again, and the warm sense of intimacy leaped back to life. The scent of her hair was blown into his face, the resentment in her eyes was gone, and he knew that all he had to do to kiss her relaxed mouth was to incline his head.

HE HESITATED too long, and she stepped back to gather the fallen load. He had thrown the moment away, but he understood now why the strange transition had taken place before. She was experiencing every emotion that he was; she, too, sensed what must inevitably happen, but something bothered her; there must be reasons why she had to resist.

"That's enough wood," she said over her shoulder. "I'll take it up to the house."

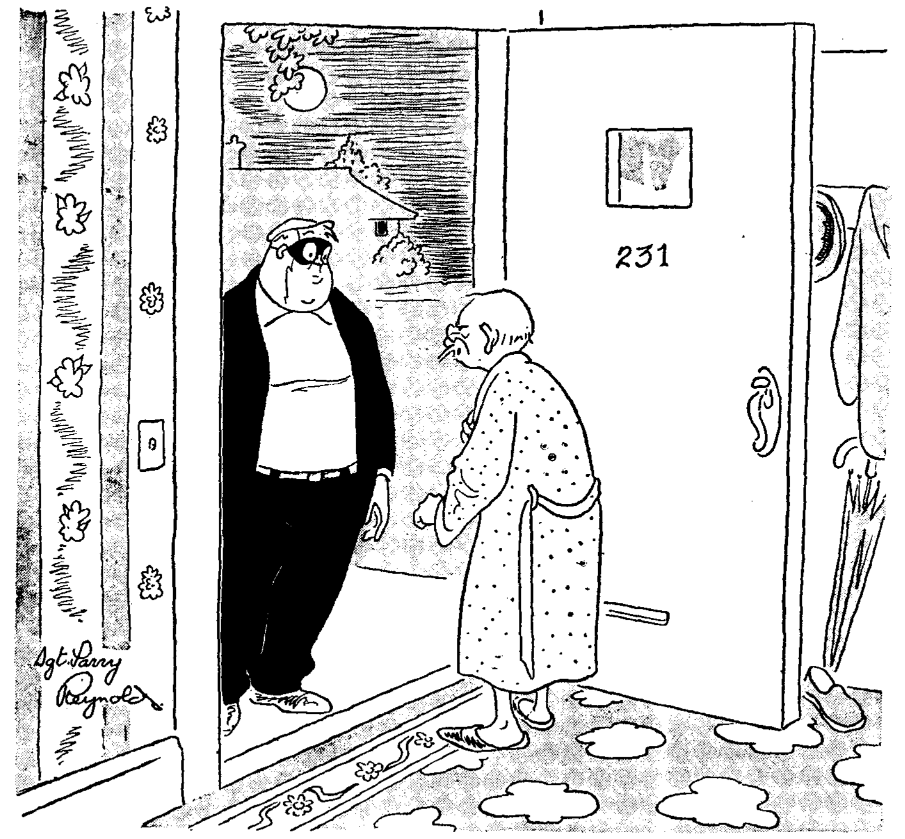
"Let me carry it for you."

She shrugged. "If you like."

They walked in their separate silences away from the beach, Scott trudging along several yards behind Peggy, his horse still plodding quietly after him. The dunes grew larger and higher, and then the house came into view abruptly—a long, low cottage covered with trim weather-beaten shingles, and brightened only by vivid blue shutters. It was situated squarely on the crest of a sandy plateau, but the dunes near by cut off the beach, so that it was no wonder Scott had never seen it before.

"I'd better tie up the horse if I'm going

BUTCH by SGT. LARRY REYNOLDS



"You've got a nerve ringing the bell! Why didn't you pry a window?"

COLLIER'S

Now available
New automatic

G-E Irons!

Fully Automatic G-E "Dial the Fabric" iron at the old price. This model—$8.55

To meet an urgent civilian need:

Because of a severe consumer shortage of electric irons, General Electric is manufacturing a limited quantity of standard G-E automatic irons. The manufacture of these irons has not interfered with General Electric's war production in any way.

Look for these special features:

- **Temperature selector—set it for *any* fabric**
- **Moulded handle—fits your grip**
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At last automatic General Electric irons are on sale again!

They're the same top-quality G-E irons that established a nationwide reputation for fine performance before the war. You'll find ironing a lot easier—and you'll turn out a better-looking wash with one of these G-E beauties.

Since there still aren't enough G-E irons to go around, we suggest that you buy one now only if you need an iron badly. We hope to be able to manufacture more in the near future.

FOR VICTORY—BUY WAR BONDS NOW!

TUNE IN: "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra" Sunday 10 P.M., E.W.T., NBC—"The World Today" news, every weekday, 6:45 P.M.—E.W.T., CBS.

Everything Electrical for After-Victory Homes

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Are you a little Scorpio?

If you were born under the sign of Scorpio*, according to the Zodiac you are dignified, reserved, emotionally undemonstrative, and the proud possessor of an analytical mind.

And if such is the case, it's a foregone conclusion that you wear Arrow Shirts. For after analyzing the shirt situation, you easily discover that only one shirt gives you: the Mitoga figure-fit, the perfect-fitting Arrow Collar, the Sanforized label (shrinkage less than 1%), and anchored buttons. Arrow, naturally. $2.24 up. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Don't blame your Arrow dealer if he's out of your favorite Arrow. Considering war restrictions, he's doing a swell job! Try him again. Arrows are worth waiting for!

*The Scorpio period—Oct. 23 to Nov. 23. (A perfectly swell time to buy War Bonds! Buy an extra one today!)

Arrow Shirts

inside," he said. "He'll wander off if he doesn't see me."

Peggy did it for him without answering. So far, she hadn't invited him in, yet she seemed to take it for granted that he would come with her to the house. She took the reins and passed them over a pole in a timber hitch, then began to climb the slope. Scott followed her, burdened with the wood.

She led him into the living room, and the transition from the bright sand-reflected sunlight to the shade blinded him for a moment. A faint odor of food being cooked came from the kitchen, and a scent of tobacco told him that someone had smoked in the room recently.

The first thing he noticed when he could see again was that the walls were covered with large unframed oil paintings, some seascapes, others portraits of faces that were vaguely familiar. He glanced at them, but, having no knowledge of painting, could not tell whether they were well done or merely mediocre.

The room was furnished simply and he sensed immediately that it had been arranged by someone with cosmopolitan taste who wanted comfort and didn't worry about effects. The furniture was large and sturdy, and near the fireplace was a drawing board. Tacked to it was a half-finished water color of what appeared to be a dancing tabby cat.

Scott looked up to find the girl watching him appraisingly. She pointed to a basket near the hearth.

"Put the wood down here," she said.

Scott crossed the room to her and did as he was told. When he straightened up, Peggy was standing very near, and he could tell that there would be no more resistance; there was no need for any further postponement. He took her in his arms and kissed her. For a moment she clung to him, pressing his head down with her hand, eager and responsive. Then, as suddenly as she had come to him, she thrust him away.

Scott looked down at her, but she was staring past him, her face white. He saw terror and shock growing in her eyes, and turned quickly. A tall man was standing in the doorway behind him, a man in his fifties, well over six feet tall, with broad, sloping shoulders that seemed too large even for his height. A fringe of short gray hair surrounded his bald pate. A questioning smile twisted his mouth, but his blue eyes were fixed vacantly on a point just over Scott's head. A pair of black glasses was in his hand. The man was blind.

"This is my husband," Peggy said. Her voice was cool and polite to a point of colorlessness. She turned to the big man who stood waiting, the uncertain smile frozen on his mouth. "Tod, this is Lieutenant Burnett, the new CO of the Coast Guard Station."

The man put on his dark glasses and walked forward without hesitation, his head cocked slightly to the side, his hand outstretched. Scott stepped away from Peggy and stood perfectly still, conscious of the increased tempo of his breathing.

The situation was a dazzling pinwheel that had gone off within a few inches of his face. Peggy belonged to another man, and this was the man, this great hulking figure coming toward him.

Scott glanced at Peggy and noticed that her hands were trembling, that her face was averted as though in shame. He moved a step to be able to take the man's hand, but Tod caught the slight sound and immediately changed direction.

He was wearing a navy-blue flannel shirt, open at the collar, and light blue corduroy slacks, which added a curiously foppish note to the sense of overbearing physical power. The man's presence completely dominated the room; by merely walking toward the two of them he seemed to reach out and grasp the gossamer fabric of emotional ties between Peggy and Scott, and now stood with complete knowledge and control of their relationship in his hands.

The blind man murmured something and clasped Scott's hand in a vise of flesh. The fixed smile persisted. It had no meaning, it seemed to be no more than habit.

"You must sit down," he said quietly. "Visitors are rare."

He walked to a chair, hesitated just long enough to run his hands over the back to find the exact position, and then sat down. He paused for a moment, testing the unrelieved tautness in the room for proper pitch, and then said slowly to Scott, "A young man like you must find this beach a very unromantic place." His quiet tone was set for the most conventional meaning of what he said, yet the insinuation was obvious.

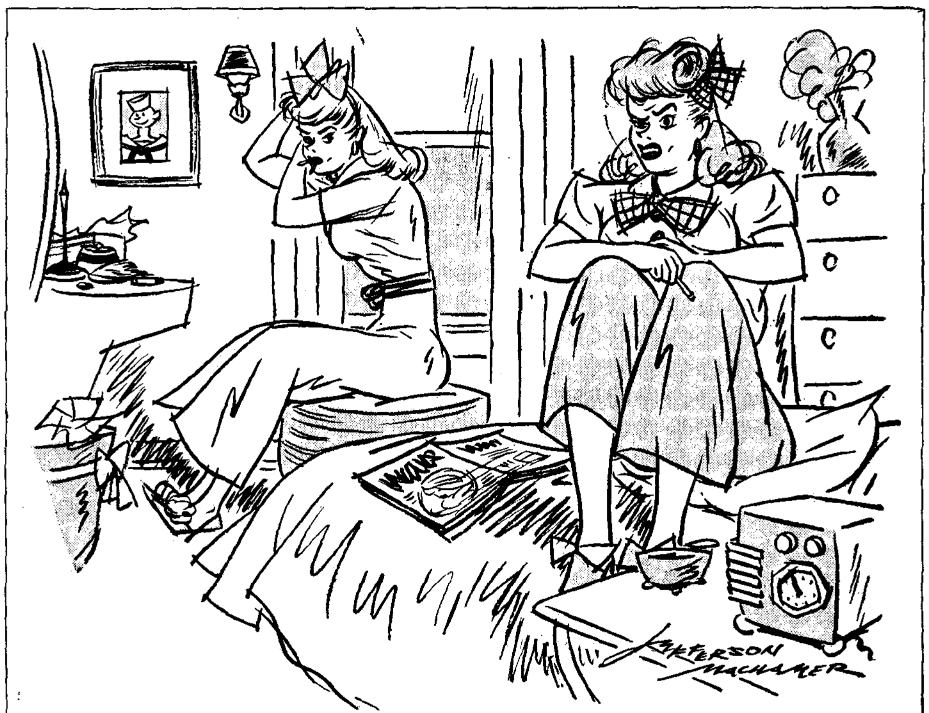
Scott glanced at Peggy. Her face was turned, she stood in a waiting attitude, submissive and yet not fully resigned to submission.

"I didn't expect it to be romantic," Scott replied. "There's nothing romantic in war."

Tod accepted this with a nod. "I can assure you," he continued, "that you will go on finding it unromantic." He turned his head slightly so that his black glasses glistened with a reflected light. When he spoke again, his tone of voice was level, yet the note of command was implicit. "Won't he, Peg?" he asked.

Peggy stood stiffly with her back to them. "Yes," she replied. Her voice was colorless in its obedience. "I'm afraid he will."

Tod relaxed; his dominance of the moment lost its immediacy, remaining the barest connection, a frightened memory. Released, Peggy went slowly to her drawing board and prepared her water colors as though Scott were no longer there. The wide, soft mouth



"I can hardly wait for dates who will talk about their experiences in this war!"

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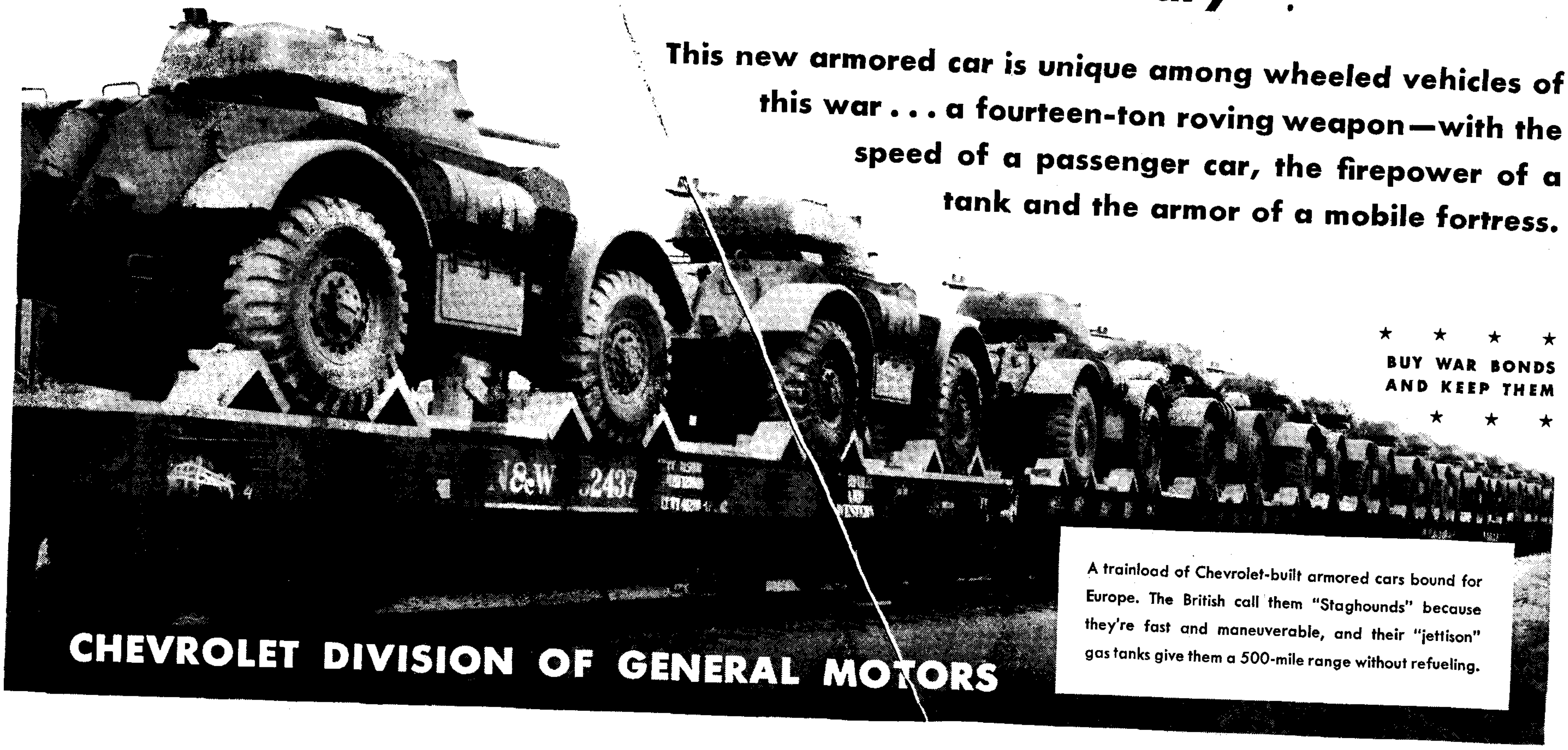

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that had kissed him a few minutes before was now a weary line in her face.

"You're still standing, Burnett," said Tod. Evidently he could sense that Scott was looking at Peggy, and even that was not permitted. "Won't you sit down?"

"I'm afraid I can't stay," Scott answered. "I have to get back to the station."

The small smile on the blind man's face lost its fixed rigidity and became a conscious gesture. "Surely you can spare a few minutes." Tod was being polite. He had said all that needed saying, and now he didn't care whether Scott stayed or went.

They spoke for a few minutes about inconsequential things. Scott mentioned his assistant professorship in English Literature just before the war, his service on the destroyer, and the wounds he had sustained from shell splinters which left him unfit for anything except shore patrol. Soon he realized that he was the only one who was talking. Peggy was almost hidden behind her board, and every time Scott looked at her, hoping to revive the murdered bond, Tod quietly asked a question that pushed the conversation another few stumbling steps.

Scott felt completely unrelaxed. He sat on the edge of his chair, every muscle set for him to spring up again. It was obvious to him that the blind man must have some idea of what had happened between him and Peggy. But since the man couldn't see, he could do no more than suspect. Scott had heard that the blind developed another sense that made them aware of moods, and it put him at a disadvantage. One knew how to dissemble against the familiar powers of sight and sound. But what was the defense against a sense that perceives unspoken thoughts?

He could stand it no longer and rose abruptly. Peggy got up from the drawing board at the same moment, as though she had been waiting.

"I must go now," he said. "My watch is coming up."

"We'll be expecting you again," the blind man said, still smiling.

Peggy crossed the room without looking at either of them.

"I'll go down the slope with you," she said. She threw a coat over her shoulders, hussar fashion and went outside.

He followed a few steps behind her. On the terrace she stood for a moment, facing the sea. The sharpening breeze seemed to bring her back to life, or perhaps it was merely leaving the house that did it. She was vital again, she was the girl he had fallen in love with on the beach. Silence grew between them, and Scott didn't know how to break it. He felt lonely and cut off from her as they went down the slope.

But when he untied the reins, she spoke with a jerky hesitancy. "I don't know how to explain what happened before," she said. "I swear I didn't want you to have to go through this, but please forget it." For the first time since she left the house, she raised her head to face him.

"Look, Peggy—" he said, but she interrupted him.

"There's nothing to say. And please—don't come back again!" Her voice was concerned. "It was only a polite invitation that he gave you; he didn't really mean it. If I should see you on the street . . ." Her hand unfolded in a delicate gesture of dismissal. "That's one thing, but don't even look for me on the beach any more. If I see you coming, I'll do everything I can to avoid you."

He felt a premonition of loss and, in spite of himself, he reached out his hands to touch her, to establish a contact once more. Peggy stepped back quickly.

"I really don't know what to say to you," Scott said unhappily. There was a drawing sensation in his throat. "I . . . I've never been in this position before."

She looked as though he had just slapped her face.

"And do you think *I* have?" she asked. Walking away angrily, she disappeared around a corner of the house. A few seconds later the door slammed.

HE RODE slowly back to the station. The sun was on his face now, and he kept his head averted. The day was as brilliant as ever, but he felt emotionally depleted. The only thing that stayed with him was the scent of her hair. It came to him from everywhere; it seemed to fill the cooling breeze, it was on his gloves, on his bare hands. He had to fight a physical compulsion to keep from turning the horse about to gallop back to her cottage; he would be satisfied just to have another look at her.

At the station, he handed the gelding over to one of the men and caught a truck that was going into the village. He wanted to lose himself among other people, to let their friendliness, their voices, their passing small claims on his attention dilute the memory of Peggy. The way she remained with him was profoundly disturbing.

The gray truck rumbled over the highway. The sand dunes fell behind and became green woods and farms which reminded him of New England. The houses were white and the barns red, freshly painted each spring. Over the next hills, he saw the tall spire of the Episcopal Church, and just behind it another steeple only slightly different that belonged to the Catholic Church.

The truck rounded a bend, and across the shallow valley, the Methodist Church made the third point of the triangle. The village hung like a web from the three steeples, and on one side, running parallel with Front Street, was the bay.

It was a waterside town. They kept an eye on the barometer, sniffing the weather three days off. In the summer the children were bleached and bleary-eyed from spending all their time running in and out of the water.

Scott smelled spring everywhere as they approached the town wharf. The tide was still running out, and the heat drew up the pungency from the barnacle-covered piles. He saw spring in the new shoots of grass on the sandy lawns, in the faces of the people on the street, too warmly dressed for the day. The only stone building was the bank, a squat

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Resident, Bargaintown, New Jersey	**He paid taxes for ten years on property he didn't own.**
Desert Prospector, Nevada	**He hiked 125 miles to Goldfield to cast a vote, and arrived one day late.**
Gentleman, North Royalton, Ohio	**After he finished varnishing his kitchen floor, he discovered he had been using maple sirup.**
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—W. E. Farbstein

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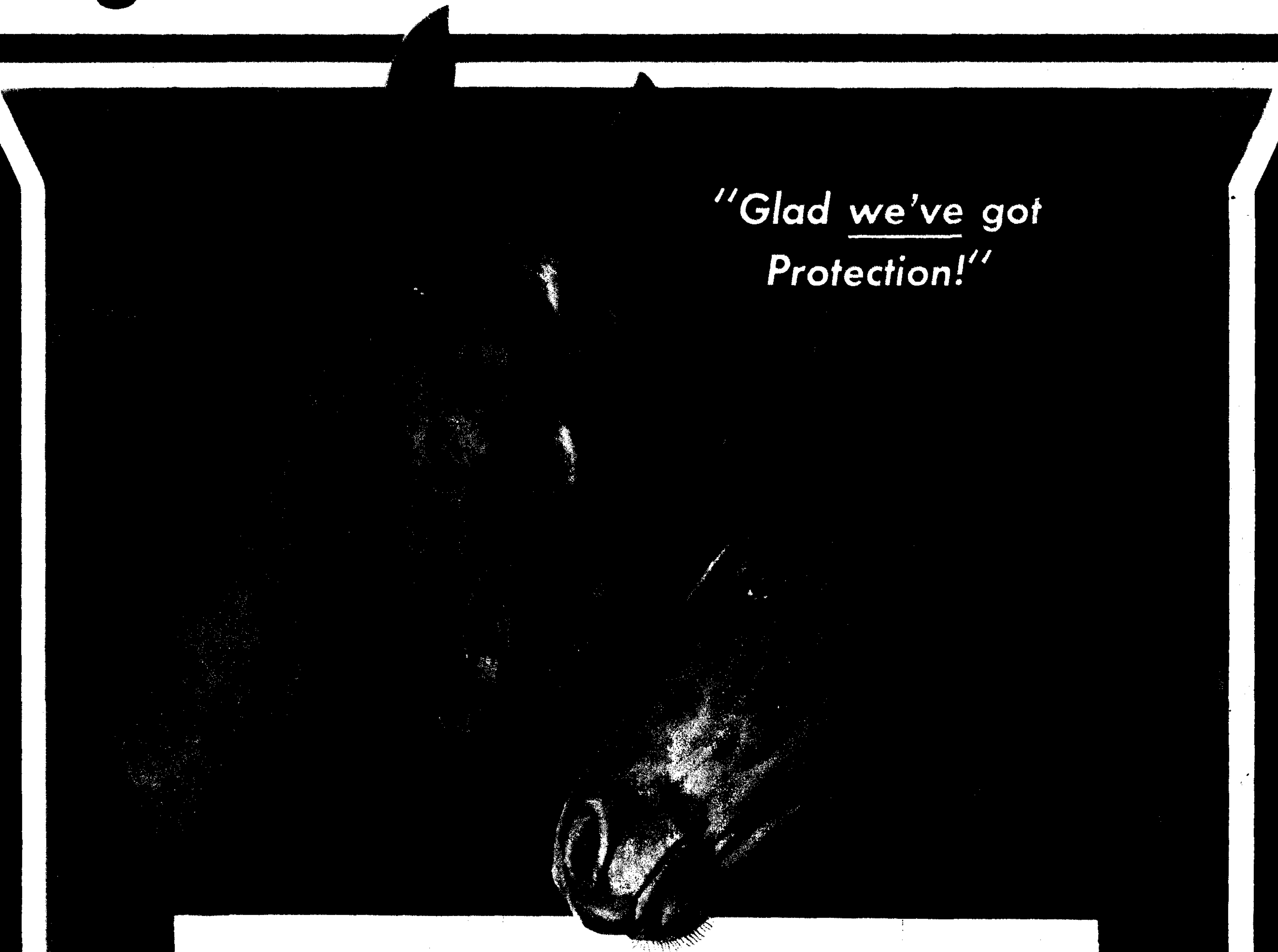

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WINNER OF TEN WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES AND 28 GOLD MEDAL AWARDS
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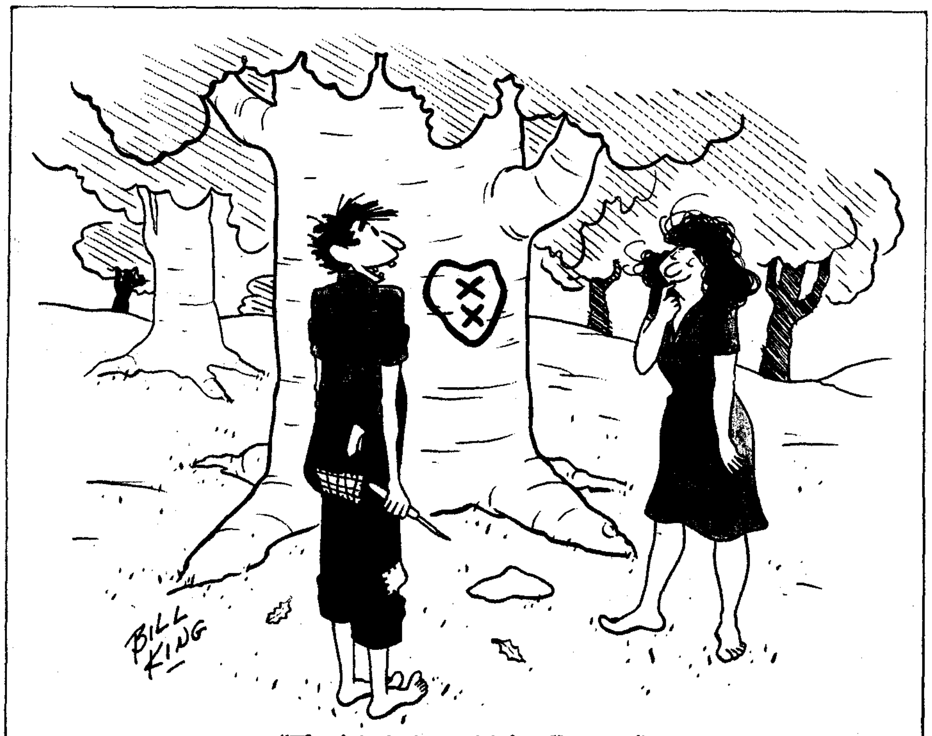

COLLIER'S "Thar' it is in writin', Ella Mae" BILL KING

granite cube. All the others were made of wood, converted houses with the slanting roofs ending in signs carrying the names of the proprietors.

Halfway down Front Street was a store with an old sign, "Geddes Bros. Books and Stationery," above the door. Scott stared at it for a moment. The sign referred to men dead some fifteen years; Eve and her brother, Bill, made up the only remaining members of the Geddes family, and Bill was now overseas with the Army.

Eve had been left to run the shop alone during his absence. Scott crossed the concrete street, wondering why he felt he should drop in on Eve, and yet fighting his reluctance to face her. For some unaccountable reason, he had the uncomfortable feeling that she had found out all that had happened with Peggy, and that he might be pushed into making explanations.

WHEN he went in, the place was empty but the door jangled a bell inside, and within a few seconds Eve came from the rear of the store, her head cocked inquiringly. When she recognized Scott, she smiled.

"I got away for a while," he said, "and I thought I'd stop by."

"I'm glad that you did," Eve replied. Short brown curls fringed her forehead and accentuated an elfin quality which an acquired poise tried to conceal.

Scott realized that even if it were possible for Eve to know about Peggy, she would never make any demands on him. He knew that he was merely projecting his own sense of guilt to her because he liked her so much and wanted nothing to hurt her.

"I thought something serious had happened," she said. "But we can have the picnic some other time."

"Of course, we can," said Scott. "And it'll be even better than the one we missed."

He had met Eve at a dinner for servicemen on his first day at the station, and had liked her friendliness immediately. They had met several times since then and exchanged enough private confidences in walks along the beach to give them the feeling of intimacy. They had kissed tentatively on a few occasions with that air of waiting for something to happen. He knew that if he had been a little more ardent, it would have happened before this, but because of his long absence from shore life he had been reluctant to become involved immediately in any emotional entanglement and had unconsciously held himself aloof.

Still their relationship had implied something more than friendship, and although Scott had never said anything to Eve that committed either of them, he now felt uneasy with her, and his unease was almost like that of a man who has been unfaithful to a wife of whom he was exceedingly fond.

But Eve was pleased to see him and, Scott thought, a trifle embarrassed at the obviousness of her pleasure. She found a stool and sat down, her green smock draped about her.

"Take that stool over there, and we'll have a party. I wanted to invite you to one the first time we met, but there just weren't any being given. Do you remember that first time?"

She was in her early twenties, tall, with a marked air of poise and independence, her eyes light and friendly. Scott felt his uneasiness begin to slip from him.

"I remember very well," he said. "You seemed to be very impressed because I used to teach at Amherst."

"Did I?" She sounded quietly amused. "I thought you seemed more impressed than anyone else." The malice was gentle, but just. He laughed.

"I retire in confusion," he said. He liked her mischievous, dignified face, and enjoyed the hovering spirit of self-reprimand that so often marked her attitude. If he hadn't sensed it, she would have overawed him with her bluntness.

"Well, honestly now, how do you like it around here?" she asked. "Do you think it's very dull?"

"It's nice," he said. "But I never had any idea how empty a ten-mile stretch of land can be. There can't be a soul for miles around."

He was offering her an obvious bait, and then was annoyed because she rose to it. "There are the Butlers," she said.

"Who?" he asked politely. He sat deep within himself, powerless to stop the goaded outer creature from being an inquisitive fool.

"The Butlers—Tod and Peggy. He's blind."

"Yes, I think someone did mention them. A middle-aged couple. At least I heard *he was.*"

"But she's not," Eve said quickly. "She's about my age."

"Really?"

"They're local celebrities of a sort," Eve went on. "From New York. He writes children's books."

"Children's books?" Scott was really shocked. It sounded so bizarre. He couldn't see Tod, a man who carried with him the odor of fear, writing stories for boys and girls. "Are they any good?" he asked, in disbelief.

She looked at him curiously. "They're very successful. Peggy's illustrations are wonderful, and . . . well . . . the stories . . ."

He caught the dubious note in her voice. "What about the stories?"

"Children are crazy about them, but they're really terribly sardonic if you read them in an adult way."

"It sounds like a queer combination."

"Perhaps it is. I don't know him at all well. He's more or less of a recluse. Nobody sees him, and he doesn't ask for company, but Peggy—well, she comes in a lot."

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE
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1. It's F-N, the test for men! The "Fingernail Test!" Scratch your head and see if you find dryness or loose, ugly dandruff. If so, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Buy the large size.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2. Keeps your hair well combed all day long, and without a trace of that greasy look! And grooming without grease means no more stained hatbands, no greasy pillow slips! Your hair looks good and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS REFINED LANOLIN!

3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it closely resembles the oil of the human skin. No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test prefer it to the preparations formerly used. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil goes a long, long way. Get it today from your barber or druggist.

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GROOMS THE HAIR RELIEVES DRYNESS REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF
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Her voice dropped a tone, as though she had suddenly decided not to say something. Scott looked at her curiously, wondering if perhaps her hesitation had implied a personal dislike for Peggy, or whether Eve actually had sensed his relationship with her and was reluctant to go on. He considered asking her outright, but his fear of talking too much, of giving himself away, made him decide not to press the issue.

A feeling of annoyance with himself and with the whole baffling affair grew upon him, and he stood up restlessly. All this was pointless. He couldn't ask anyone the questions he wanted to ask—that is, anyone except Peggy herself.

"I have to get moving," he said suddenly. "Otherwise I'll miss the truck back to the station. I'll call you in a day or two."

She gazed at him curiously and he knew that she was wondering whether she had said anything to upset him, but there was little he could do about it. He smiled at her and left.

The smile had nothing to do with Eve; it was an admission that he was unable to dilute the memory of Peggy. All his impressions persisted.

THE high flimsy clouds of the afternoon settled hour by hour, growing increasingly black. The gentle breeze thickened into a slashing wind, and within two days the northeaster had screamed down on them.

To Scott, sitting alone in the station, the vastness of the outside world now seemed to have shrunken to the confines of his quarters. He became depressed and his nerves were jumpy. At any moment his wound would start the dull, pervading ache that changed his entire personality while it lasted. He sought refuge in the stack of books he had brought with him to the station.

On the third night of the storm he had the entire station to himself. Two men were out on patrol, and the two whose watch was coming up were busy in the stables. He walked around restlessly, obsessed with the feeling that Peggy was close by, waiting for him.

He hadn't seen her in the past few days, but he could not shake off the memory of their meeting. He thought he saw her everywhere, disappearing around a corner, or, if he looked out of the window, he would catch a glimpse of her hair fluttering in the wind as she fled behind a dune.

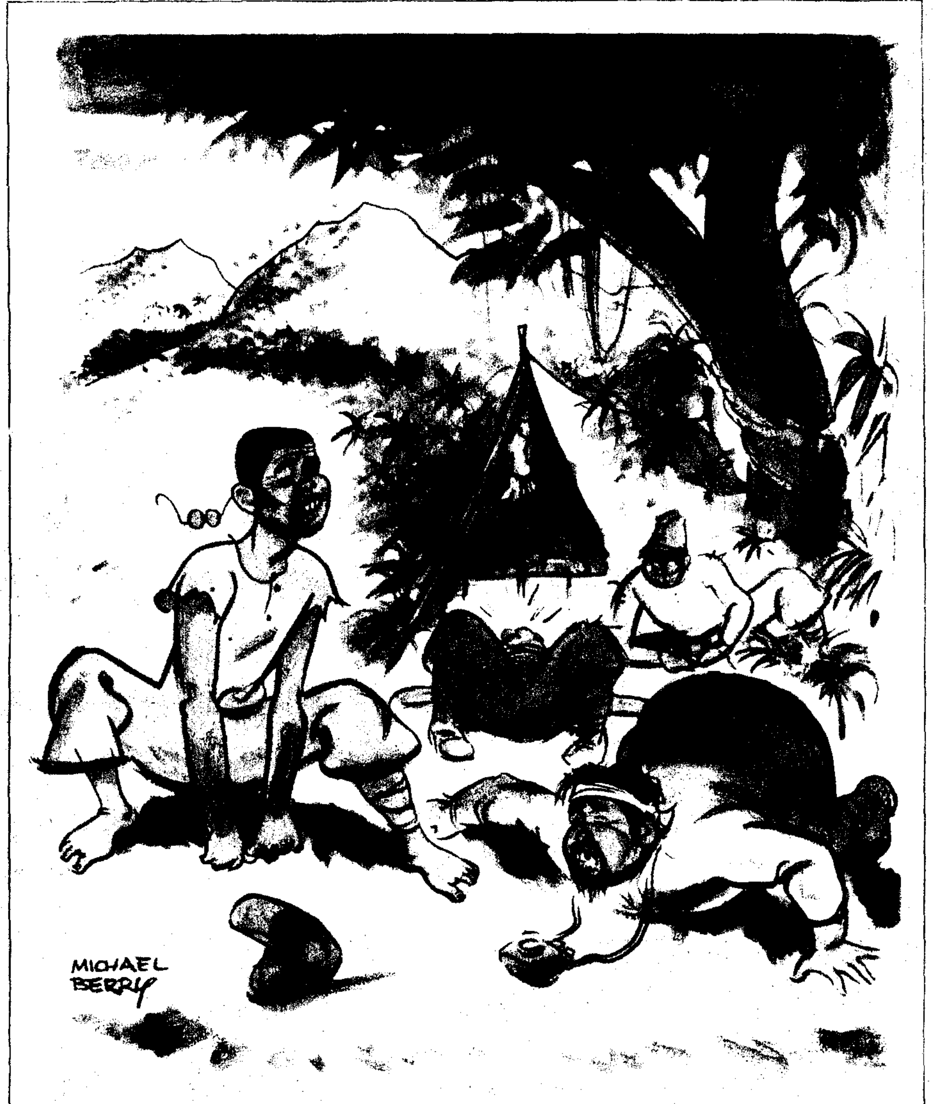
The conviction that she was close grew so overpowering that on the pretext of inspecting the blackout shutters, he suddenly marched down to the large main hall and switched on the light. A windowpane was chattering plaintively and a draft of wet air danced through the empty room. He was being ridiculous, he realized; he would have to pull himself together. He sat down at the table in the center of the room and picked up a magazine, but the swirling emptiness behind him distracted his attention. It pulled at his mind, hovering over his shoulder, nagging at him to turn around and confirm what he already knew. He stared fixedly at the book before him without being able to read it, aware only of the taunting room.

Somebody was moving around outside, he thought, very close to the building, and then the faltering steps became the slosh of rain. He passed his hands over his face in a gesture of wretchedness, pressing his fingers against his forehead until they ached, but he found himself listening again for the sound, his eyes straining in the darkness of his palms.

A terrible conviction that Peggy had run through the storm to the station and was now in the room became so vivid that he could almost feel her close against him, her wet, shadowed face touching his. The illusion wrenched him around. The shadows looked as though they had been frozen in a dance by his sudden emotion, but there was nobody there.

He slapped the table with impotent rage. He had to punish himself physically for his lack of control. He heard the curious sound once more and shook his head feverishly until it disappeared. Then the conviction started all over, growing like a mist from a still lake. This time, it was so real that a cold breath blew on his neck. He sat up erect in shock, frightened at the clearness of the hallucination.

The cold breath was repeated, even more



COLLIER'S

"Apparently unwise procedure to refer to American prisoner from Georgia as Yankee"

MICHAEL BERRY

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SURE! BUT DON'T FORGET—WHILE YOU'RE MAKING WITH THE DREAMS—YOUR FRIEND JUDY IS MAKING TIME WITH YOUR DREAM-MAN!
SHE'LL GET HIM, TOO! THE WAY JUDY WORKS—BILL HASN'T GOT A CHANCE!
BUT WHAT BILL SEES IN HER, I CAN'T IMAGINE! WHAT HAS SHE GOT THAT GETS THEM?
WELL, JUDY'S GOT BREATH-APPEAL! WHICH IS ALL YOU NEED TO RETAKE THE GUY, HONEY! SO....BEAT FEET TO YOUR DENTIST'S!
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TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
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DON'T WAKE ME UP—LET ME DREAM!
YOU AREN'T DREAMING, HONEY! IF YOU ASK ME, YOU WOKE UP—JUST IN TIME!
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IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

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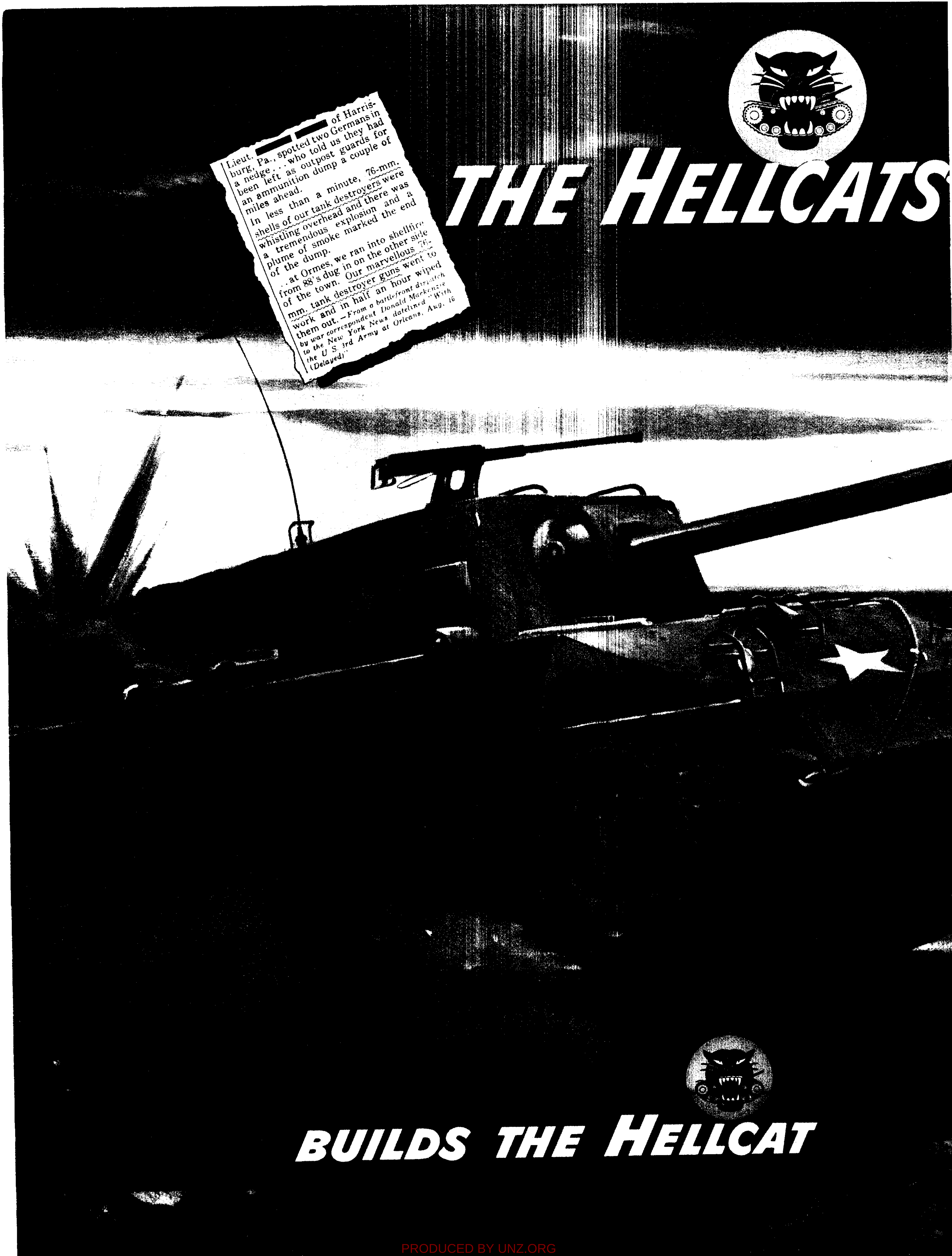
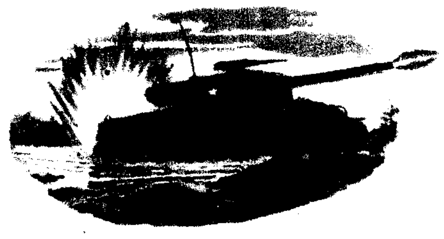


Lieut. [redacted] [redacted] of Harrisburg, Pa., spotted two Germans in a nedge. . . who told us they had been left as outpost guards for an ammunition dump a couple of miles ahead.

In less than a minute, 76-mm. shells of our tank destroyers were whistling overhead and there was a tremendous explosion and a plume of smoke marked the end of the dump.

. . at Ormes, we ran into shellfire from 88's dug in on the other side of the town. Our marvellous 76-mm. tank destroyer guns went to work and in half an hour wiped them out.—*From a battlefront dispatch by war correspondent Donald Mackenzie to the New York News, datelined "With the U.S. 3rd Army at Orleans, Aug. 16 (Delayed)."*

THE PROWL



THE Army calls them 76-mm. Gun Motor Carriages—designation M-18. But to Buick men who designed and built them, in cooperation with Army Ordnance—and to Tank Destroyer Command forces who fight in them—they're Hellcats.

The name fits.

They are tank-killers with the pace of a panther and the lethal strike of the king cobra.

They're so fast they run rings around anything but their brothers, and they master obstacles that stop other vehicles cold.

They can split an enemy tank at several miles—and thanks to springing born of Buick's work on your car, they can romp down roads at passenger car speeds.

And now they're on the prowl.

It has been twenty-odd months since we started work on these sluggers as answers to the vaunted Tiger tank. Twenty-odd months of designing, building, testing, perfecting.

More than a year ago they went into production, and several months ago we knew they were on their way, in quantities, to undisclosed battlefields.

They have shown what they can do there. They've added their force to the Great Effort—and because of them, American men have had benefit of a harder-hitting weapon against tanks, pillboxes, strong points and machine-gun nests.

We're mighty glad that's so. Not just because this is a Buick baby. But because it's a good American weapon, built in our way, for use of our own kind.

More power to it, say we—and to those gallant men in uniform for whom we sweated it out!

WHAT IS THE "HELLCAT"?

The Hellcat is a 76-mm. Gun Motor Carriage bearing the Army designation, Model M-18. With 55 mph speed, maximum maneuverability, high fire power, and all-steel, center-guided tracks, it can smash tanks at several miles.

Designed and built by Buick in cooperation with the Ordnance Department, it has proved superior to latest versions of the German Tiger Tank in actual battle and is 30 mph faster. Special Buick-designed suspension, including knee-action principles, enables the Hellcat to fight running battles when necessary. It masters obstacles that stop other vehicles, fords water traps and streams and is almost as easy to run as an automobile.

Ordered on January 28, 1943 after demonstration of pilot models, the Hellcat has been in regular production since July, 1943. All allies have asked to be supplied with it.

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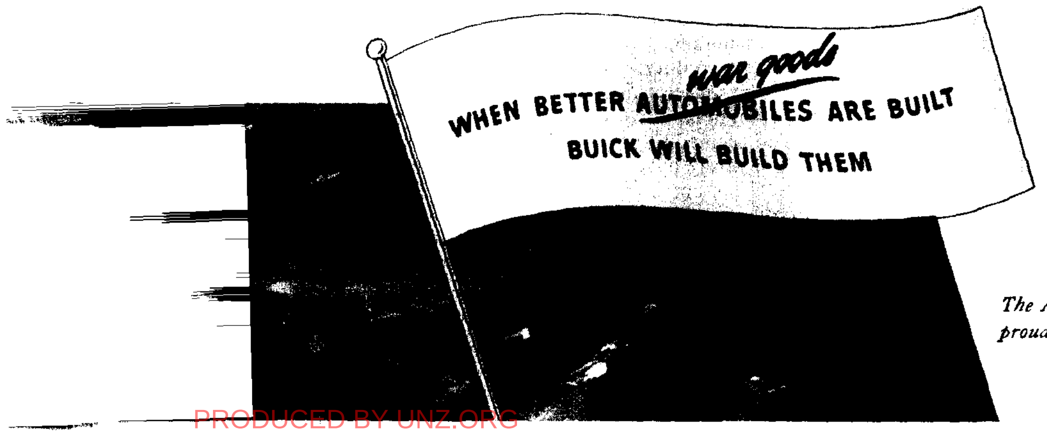
[*Buick will be glad to furnish, without cost, a full-color reprint of this advertisement to those interested in this important new weapon. Write to Buick Motor Division, Flint 2, Michigan*]

BUICK DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Every Sunday Afternoon—GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network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BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

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WARNER COOLING SYSTEM PROTECTOR, when added to the water after cleaning, prevents further rust and corrosion.

IMPORTANT

Always clean the cooling system before putting in anti-freeze.

When re-using anti-freeze a second season, add WARNER COOLING SYSTEM PROTECTOR to neutralize acid and restore anti-corrosive properties.

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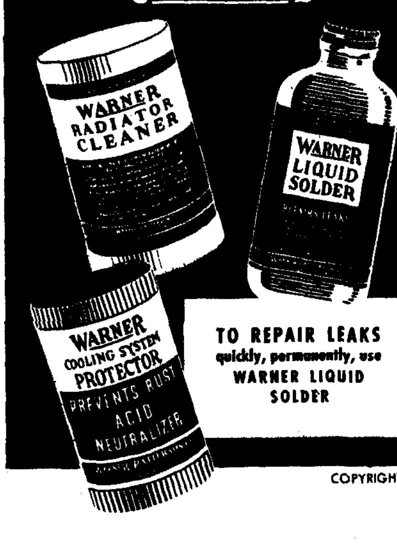

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strongly. He raised his hand. It was really cold; the door must be open. A gust blasted in, and the rain scattered on the floor with a staccato splitting noise. Someone *was* in the room. He turned and saw Tod Butler standing in the doorway.

In the gloom, the blind man seemed much larger than life. The wind behind him blew his cold presence into the room as though it were a vaporous genie coming out of an uncorked bottle. After a moment he moved slowly forward, using his cane to guide him, and little pools of water marked each step that he took.

There was a steadiness to his carriage that seemed purposeful. It was as if he were blocking the door, cutting off any attempt Scott might make to escape. With every step he took, the world in which Scott could move shrank to the distance between them.

Scott rose, scraping his chair slightly, and Tod turned his head to the sound. A stream of water was whirled from his hat by the motion. The long trench coat he wore was black from the rain. Between the upturned collar of the coat and the hatbrim plastered to his forehead, the one thing that Scott noticed was the shining black disks of the glasses.

"Excuse me," Tod said. "But can you give me Lieutenant Burnett's address?"

Scott hesitated, thrown off balance by the unusual question.

"This is my address," he said slowly.

Tod made an apologetic gesture. He seemed honestly surprised. "I didn't know you were back!"

"Back?" Scott repeated blankly. "Back from where?"

"Norfolk, of course," said Tod. "Peggy told me you had been transferred to Norfolk."

Scott was about to make a denial, but then thought better of it. If Peggy had really told the man this, she would have had a reason for it. On the other hand, it could be a trap. If Peggy had said nothing, the man might be inventing the lie to force Scott to show his hand by a willingness to back up anything attributed to her. He attempted to cover his delay by crossing the room to slam the door shut.

"Excuse me," Scott said. "The rain was coming in."

THE black glasses followed him around, making him uneasy. There was some quality about Tod that would have disturbed him even if he hadn't been in love with the man's wife. It was not only the multiplicity of motive and meaning that one felt in everything he said, it was simpler, much more obvious.

"You sound annoyed," said Tod quietly. "Wasn't it supposed to be known?"

"I don't like to sound stuffy," Scott said. He put a smile into his voice. "But you're discussing the movements of military and naval personnel."

"And that's forbidden?" Tod took a step nearer to Scott, hemming him in, joke and all.

"Yes, that's forbidden," Scott replied.

"In any case," Tod said, stopping within arm's reach, "you must come out again as soon as you can."

"I'd like to," Scott said in a withdrawing tone. He remembered Peggy's insistence that he wasn't to return. "But you see . . ."

"You've found a girl?" Tod asked gently. He towered above Scott, and his smile under the shapeless hat made him look for a moment like an enormous scarecrow.

"No!" Scott said, and then realized that he had spoken too sharply.

"Don't sound so shocked," Tod laughed. "I'm sure it's very normal for a young man like you to have a girl."

"It's simply a question of having the time."

"What about tomorrow afternoon?" For the first time the man's voice was sharp and commanding.

"I'm on duty."

The muscles flexed in the pendent cheeks. "Then make it for dinner." Without moving, Tod seemed to be coming closer all the time.

"I rarely have dinner away from the post."

"Then come after dinner," Tod said. Scott could smell the wet material of the man's coat. It was suffocating and damp. "Both Peggy and I would be very disappointed if you didn't."

Scott had heard that tone before. It was sharp but delicate; it was the note of command he had heard Tod use on Peggy. Scott saw that he couldn't resist with any conventional subterfuge. The man would follow him from excuse to excuse, accepting one after the other with the knowledge that he was devouring Scott's defenses. Sooner or later, Scott saw, he would have to give in. The big man's hidden motives curled around him, unseen, but remorseless and compelling.

"Very well," said Scott. "I'll do my best to be there."

"Fine!" Tod stepped back a bit, and the spell abated. Before Scott's eyes, the blind man slowly shrank to normal proportions. He waved his cane about aimlessly and faltered a bit. "You'll have to tell me where the door is. I've been turned around."

"Of course," said Scott hurriedly. He took the man's arm, feeling the play of muscle under the sleeve, and led him to the door. Tod took only a few steps before the noisy darkness made him a moving part of the night.

Yet when Scott returned to the table, he could not shake off the feeling that Tod's presence was still there, watching him covertly, smiling blandly in the darkened corners of the room.

IT WAS almost nine o'clock the following evening when Scott arrived at the cottage on the dunes. As soon as Peggy opened the door in answer to his knock, he knew that something was wrong. The light from the living room came over Peggy's shoulder, throwing her face into shadow, and the half light made her distended eyes seem all the wider with surprise. One of her hands moved convulsively toward her mouth and then fell slowly, the exclamation left unsaid. It was quite obvious that she hadn't expected him.

It was the first time in almost a week that he had seen her, and he knew immediately that he had been in her mind as much as she had been in his. A small bubble of gladness expanded within him and then exploded against the sharp realization that he was not going to be alone with her. Tod was somewhere behind the door, waiting for him.

Peggy slowly opened the door for him, and as she turned toward the light to let him pass, he saw her lips spread in a tired smile. She shook her head sadly in a little gesture of surrender. Finally, after a long weary flight through subterfuge, she had been caught. She was giving up at last, exhausted.

Tod was sitting near the fireplace, and the gleam from the flames turned his glasses an opaque yellow. The fixed smile was gone, and his face seemed to be slack with exhaustion.

"Good evening, Burnett," he said. A note of challenge ran through his quiet voice. "At first I wasn't sure it was you that had come—you were both so quiet outside."

"I was surprised to see him," Peggy said. She closed the door with a flat slam. It had an air of finality; she was sealing them in with themselves. "I had no idea that he was coming."

Tod jerked his head around, and there was a slight spasm in his throat, as though he had been caught unaware.

"Had you forgotten?"

She was wearing slacks and a white shirt, open at the collar. There was stain on her hands, and she held them awkwardly, afraid to touch anything. The defeated smile deepened a bit, and then she shrugged.

"Yes, Tod, I must have forgotten."

He kept his blind head pointed at her for a moment, and in the silence Scott was sure that Tod was in some way communicating with her, because she looked up suddenly with a quick look of fright. Slowly, he turned back to Scott.

"Sit down," he said. "Make yourself comfortable."

Scott obeyed, but his muscles refused to relax. Every nerve was strained to anticipate something unexpected, something shattering. Peggy's heels clicked slowly as she passed between the men to take the third armchair. Tod leaned forward slightly.

"Now tell us all about Norfolk," he said. "What kind of service was it supposed to be?

(Continued on page 38)

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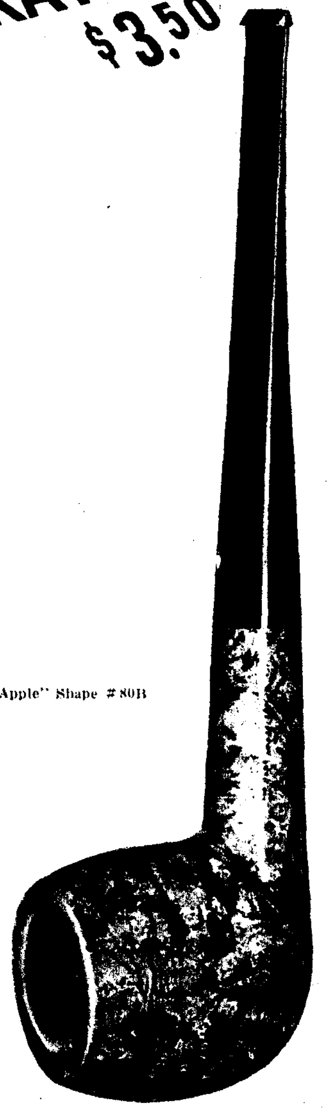

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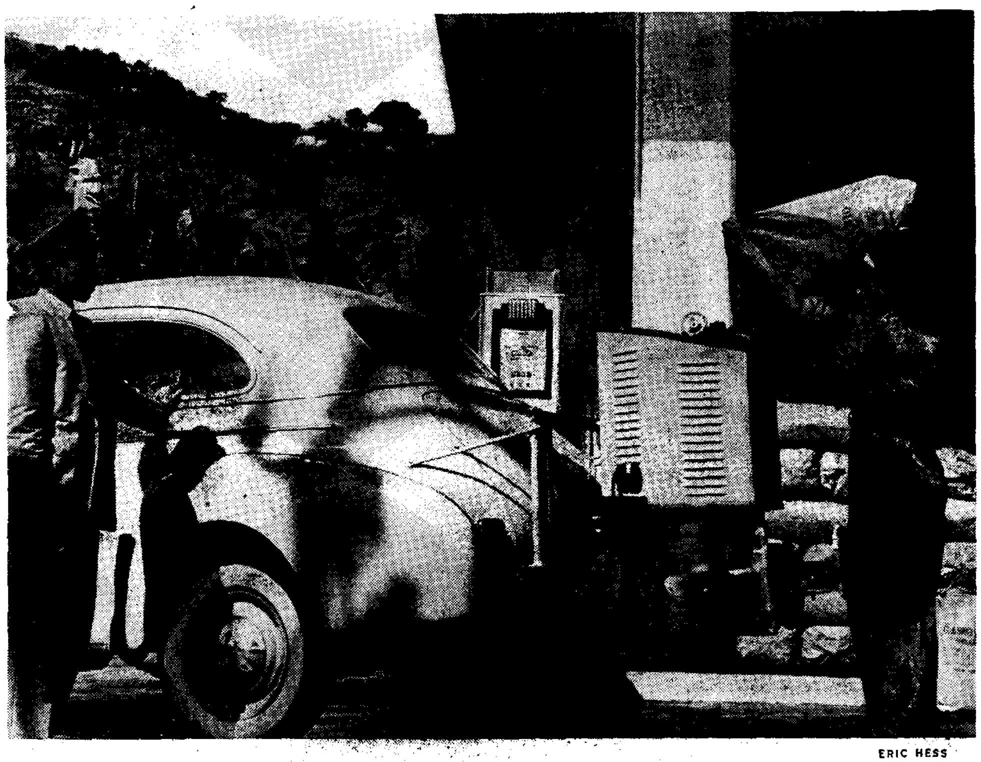


ERIC HESS

In Brazil the gas station attendants now fill 'er up with charcoal

Anyway, you get there

It looks like a cross between an old laundry stove and an Arabian hookah. On occasion, it emits large clouds of fine black dust and it is very expensive. But with no gasoline available, the gasogenio takes Brazilian motorists there and, usually, brings them back

DOWN in Brazil, no one worries about wartime restrictions on gasoline for private cars. There isn't any gas. Yet the great boulevards of Rio and São Paulo are crowded with automobiles. Most of them are of slightly unrecent vintage, and nearly all of them have cookstoves, old coal heaters, miniature sawmill boilers, or other contraptions mounted on the front or rear.

These unusual and often ridiculous appendages are called gasogenios. They extract gas from charcoal and enable car owners, with certain reservations and inconveniences, to speed along on business or pleasure any day or hour of the week and as long as they want to, with no questions asked.

With only a few railroads, the greater portion of all overland transportation in Brazil is by automobile, truck or airplane. Unlike every other important nation in the hemisphere, Brazil has no oil resources of her own. When the war hit the Western Hemisphere, and submarines ruled the South Atlantic, it was seldom that tankers succeeded in getting to eastern South America. Hundreds of thousands of people in the large cities were without means of getting to work. In smaller towns and rural sections, everything stopped.

Faced with such a problem, enterprising Brazilians did not give up, did not even damn the government. With good humor they adjusted themselves to the situation. Some consulted their memories. In the days of the great trade war, which preceded the shooting one, the Germans and Italians tried to introduce the gasogenio into Brazil. The funny contraption, which then seemed to be a silly idea, now became the answer to a prayer.

There were still a few specimens stored away in warehouses. Experimental individuals borrowed or bought them, mounted them on their cars or trucks and managed, after a fashion, to move from place to place. Improvements were made in new models, and the idea spread like a prairie fire. In no time at all, there were scores of designers and manufacturers of gasogenios. All the automobile distributors became agents for the new gadget. Every car owner who could scrape together enough cruzeiros, went out to acquire one. Inexperienced manufacturers were unable to cope with the demand. Gasoline companies and gas filling stations became distributors and sellers of charcoal.

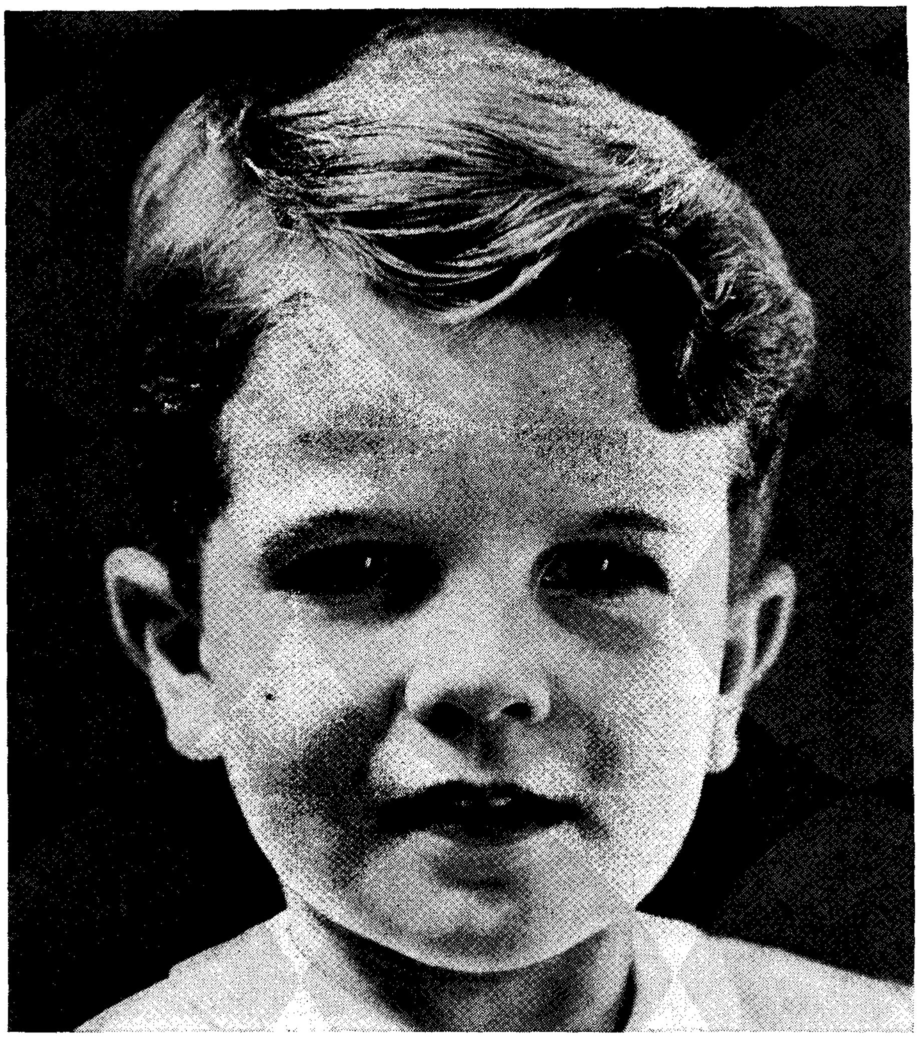
The early types of gasogenios were usually fearful and wonderful devices. There were as many shapes and designs as there were cars, but fundamentally the gasogenio consists of two compartments or tanks. One is the charcoal burner, and the other is the tank into which the gas from the burning charcoal is gathered, filtered and stored, ready to be passed on to the motor. Sounds simple, but don't be fooled.

Bright and early every morning, for example, Joe Carioca, native of Brazil, must tumble out of bed and gird for battle. He backs his car out of the garage into an open space, for reasons which will soon be obvious. He rips off the lid of Boiler No. 1, crams a sack of charcoal into it and cautiously jams the stuff down with a poker, meantime trying to keep clear of the fine black dust storm which envelops him and the car. A sheet of newspaper is rolled into a long torch, ignited and applied to the fuel through an opening in the bottom of the boiler. Presently a tiny flicker indicates that Boiler No. 2 is being slowly filled with gas. Eventually—usually about half an hour later—Joe Carioca is off to town.

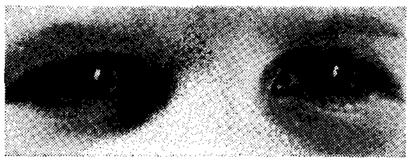
The gasogenio is expensive. One of the better types will cost from $500 to $900, "on time," of course. Charcoal, too, is costly. The average bag of 10 kilograms, at the "filling station," installed in your boiler and carefully stoked, sells for around 55¢. A Ford car will travel three to three and a half miles on a kilogram.

Branch plants of American automobile companies in Brazil have been experimenting with gasogenios. General Motors has put out its own model. No doubt, if the war and shortage of gasoline continue, the gasogenio will become widely used in other countries, especially in those countries that have little or no petroleum of their own. . . .

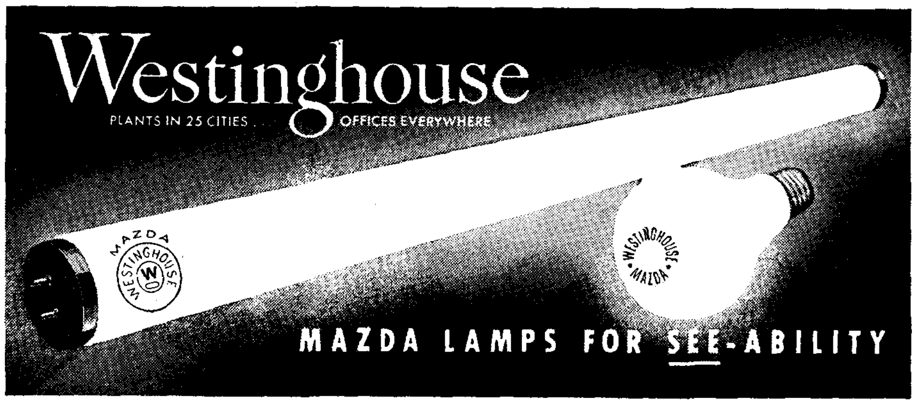
Edward Tomlinson



In the eyes of childhood... the vision of later years



Just look at the eyes of that youngster of yours. Then think of this: Nature never intended human eyes to cope with the tiny images of reading and writing and sewing, *indoors.* Instead, they were designed for *far* seeing in the bountiful light of the open sky. That's why it's so important to give young eyes every care for indoor seeing, especially the protection of *good lighting.* Westinghouse has a word for it—See-ability. That stands for plenty of well-diffused, shadowless, glareless light—the right light in the right place. And *Westinghouse Mazda* stands for bright, long-lasting lamp bulbs. So look for the Westinghouse name on the bulbs you buy. Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Bloomfield, New Jersey.



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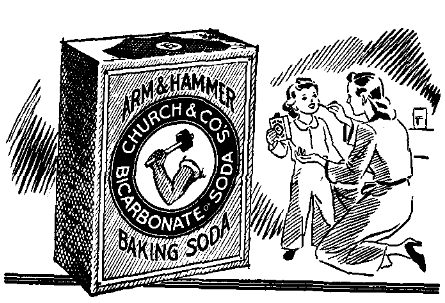

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NAME

STREET ADDRESS

CITY OR TOWN STATE

None so blind

Continued from page 36

I believe Peggy mentioned it, but that, too, *slipped my mind.*"

The undercurrent of tension began to expand once more. Scott wondered what Peggy had said to Tod and what had brought her to say it. There was no rational reason for her to lie within the terms of the situation as Scott saw it. There must be much more that he didn't know, a vast mountain range of emotional strife that was hidden from view.

"I didn't say anything about the kind of service at all," Peggy remarked quietly.

A quick film of satisfaction flashed across Tod's face because she had fallen into his trap and gone out of her way to assure Scott that he couldn't compromise her.

The source of all the tension was still not clear to him, except that Tod himself was the generator. When Scott was alone with Peggy it didn't exist, but when Tod was in the room it was as thick as smoke. What was there about the man that did it? It was clear that Peggy was as afraid of him as a person could be and still remain sane. Yet she lived with him. Scott felt completely baffled.

THE huge man had taken off his black glasses, and was biting on the stems, his head tilted toward Scott almost as though he were waiting for him to tangle himself even more deeply in what they all knew to be a morass of lies.

Scott lighted a cigarette and stared for a moment at the little flame, trying to collect himself. He waved the match slowly but the flame didn't go out. The light persisted until he reached out and dropped the match into an ash tray. He happened to be watching Tod's face at the time, and slowly the hair along his neck seemed to rise. A muscle of terror grew cold and stiff in his chest with what he saw. Scott realized now what the one fact was that had eluded him; he supposed that he had known it all along, but here was the shattering realization.

Tod's eyes had followed the movement of the light. There was no reason for it because the motion had been unaccompanied by sound. It couldn't have been an accident; he had caught Tod off guard. Scott sat paralyzed with a deep, atavistic terror as he realized that the man was not blind.

Tod had already replaced his glasses and was saying, "You were going to tell us about Norfolk."

Scott felt the blood drain from his head and a quick spasm of nausea flutter through him. He stared at both Tod and Peggy but neither of them showed any visible alarm, any sense of ,discovered guilt. Even his shocked reaction to his discovery had gone unnoticed; they waited for him only to answer Tod's question.

Scott replied with the first evasion that came to his mind.

"There's very little to say about Norfolk."

"I have a friend there," Tod went on, with quiet relentlessness. The black glasses were very still, and somewhere behind their lack of focus were sharp eyes scanning his face for every passing nuance. "His name is Higgins. Commander Higgins. Did you meet him?"

The question was a trap. There might not be such a person in the entire service; on the other hand, the man's position, if he really existed, at Norfolk might be such that it would be impossible for Scott to go there without meeting him. Peggy offered no assistance. She sat facing away from them both, staring into the fire.

"I don't remember meeting anyone named Higgins," he said slowly.

"But you must have heard of him!" Tod insisted. "He's famous in Norfolk."

The name meant absolutely nothing to Scott. He glanced about the room in confusion and saw finally a small black bottle of drawing ink on the flat easel. In large white letters was the name "Higgins" and beneath it in yellow were the words "American India Ink." The fraud was obvious. Tod had merely glanced about the room and selected the first name he saw.

For a glad moment, Scott thought that all he need do was to cry out his discovery to Peggy, snatch off the counterfeit glasses and wave a burning stick in front of the man. The impulse was so strong that he was gathering his strength for the effort when the second realization exploded in his mind. It was just as shocking as the fact that Tod could see, and this time the implications involved him even more tightly.

Peggy knew, and must have known all the time! It was impossible that she could not know. Scott glanced at her face, the fire shadows playing on it in endless variety, and saw no hint of duplicity. Yet at least once she must have seen Tod as the blue eyes lost their vacancy to become sharply appraising—if even for a fleeting angry moment. Or if not that, then she would have seen the huge man picking his way along the sand with his cane and glasses as he sidestepped a hazard when only the shadow lay in his path.

No matter how shrewd Tod might be, no matter how closely he controlled his voluntary gestures to give them the necessary fumbling appearance, there were a hundred little movements that would give him away without his ever realizing it. Peggy knew; there was no way that she couldn't know, and yet she pretended that she didn't. Her pretense was even more flawless than Tod's.

The entangling conversation about Norfolk continued, but Scott now was only vaguely aware of it. Only his surface mind took care of the talk, retreating and retreating in blind extrication. The black glasses peered at him without respite, and, from behind them, Tod examined Scott's answers with the leisurely grace of a giant squid.

Far down within himself Scott was panic-stricken. The first shocks were over, and now the echoes and reverberations beat down on him. The implications of the whole situation grew into a solid, immovable wall that cut him off from the others. The emotional strands that had tied him to Peggy were hopelessly mashed and ruined. He understood nothing but that he wanted to be quit of them both, to be alone outside in the fresh night where it was possible to think, to recall hints and gestures, and learn who these two people really were.

The conversation had floated free of Norfolk. Tod was talking about a Sunday supper at the Methodist Church.

"We have them every so often," Tod said. His voice was friendly enough, but his slight smile warned Scott that the man was preparing another attack from some new quarter. "I suppose you're going?"

"I imagine so." Scott didn't see the point. He considered his further answer to examine it for flaws. "I'm probably expected to go."

"You probably are," Tod agreed. He nodded his satisfaction. "But I'm not. I don't even have to refuse. Peggy finds an excuse for me before I'm bothered with an invitation." Sarcasm had grown into his voice again. "But you see, Peggy feels that *she* is expected, and so I'm asking you to see her home."

Peggy stirred. "Nothing could happen to me. You know that."

THE great head turned slowly and the man's nostrils seemed pinched as he said, "You're too used to daylight, Peggy. You should have more respect for the dark!"

She looked up swiftly, and her glance rested on the black glasses as though she was searching an imprisoning wall for crevasses. Scott had had enough; he could stand no more. From force of habit, he made the small gestures which are always a polite prelude of departure; he uncrossed his feet, straightened his tie, smoothed his jacket, and then finally stood up.

"It's getting late. You must excuse me," he said.

He didn't even wait for a reply, but crossed the room for his hat. By the time Tod had turned back to face him with a surprised "Good night," Scott was closing the door. He slammed it shut behind him, and then stood for a moment on the small terrace, savoring the cleanness of the blowing night. The northeaster had spent itself, and the entire sky was now clear. The brilliance of the stars marked one dark luminous infinity

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He turned the corner of the house and felt the wind strike him, clean and refreshing as he had hoped it would be, yet somehow sterile. He stopped in indecision, realizing that what he desired more deeply than freedom, more profoundly than ease of mind, was still in the cottage. A soft part of himself that remembered the pressure of a compliant mouth and the grasping tenseness of an embracing body urged him to go back.

He turned about, glancing over his shoulder toward the cottage. And then the door opened suddenly, letting down a drawbridge of yellow light over which a small figure ran toward him, wraithlike in the darkness. It was Peggy.

A surge of gratitude became crystallized in an involuntary smile, but passed quickly when he saw her white strained face. She took his hand and led him swiftly away from the house.

"I told him you'd lose yourself out here," she said, her voice tight. "I don't know what I told him . . . It was just some excuse and then I ran out to you." Peggy stopped suddenly and raised his hand in both of hers, pressing it to her. "Why did you leave that way?" she asked.

Scott stared down at her. He longed to ease the pressure of his suspicion about her, to refuse to admit the facts to himself. He desired her denial the way he desired her, with the same intensity, the same passion, and for the same reason. But she could make a denial only if he made the accusation, and if his fears were correct, then it would be the most dangerous thing to do.

"I had to go," he said finally. "I'm expected back at the station."

He saw regret in her searching eyes, and felt that his lie was awkward, but still she refused to let him go.

"But you were looking at me so peculiarly," Peggy went on. "It was so cold and detached. As though you hated me!"

"Hate you? Peggy . . ."

"Yes. As though you hated me for involving you. I didn't want it! I didn't want it!" Her repeating voice was thin with anguish. "I told you not to come back."

"You didn't know he came to see me last night?"

She shook her head violently. "I didn't know it, I swear! I could hardly believe it when I opened the door for you this evening. I couldn't understand what it was all about until he began to talk."

Scott pulled his hand away from hers to grasp her slender shoulders.

"What is it all about?" he demanded. She looked up at him without answering, tears running down her cheeks. He waited for a few minutes until she collected herself, and then repeated his question.

"Tell me, Peggy," he begged.

"I can't," she gasped. "Except that he's killing me at his leisure."

"But how?"

She rested her forehead against his cheek, and he knew that she was almost too weak to stand.

"Why?" he insisted. "You *must* tell me!"

Very soon, she was calm. The sobs diminished, and she leaned against him. He lowered his face into her hair, and felt her warmth rise up through him.

"It's pleasant here," she remarked in a small wondering voice. "The wind is good."

"Peggy . . ." he said, but she stopped his words with her mouth.

This second kiss was tenderer than the first. They knew the feel of each other's arms now, the set of their bodies in embrace, so that it was richer and less fierce. His hands moved across her shoulders and across her back in an aimless way.

She withdrew her mouth slowly. Her eyes were closed and as she turned her head slowly from side to side so that her cheek passed lightly against his, she seemed to be listening to music. They kissed again, and all his doubts remained in abeyance, withdrawn into the silent shadows.

THIS was all he wanted from life. Ambitions, loyalties, friends and risks were for the time forgotten. No woman had ever given him this disembodying transformation from complexity into the total concentration on a single sensation. Whatever passion, whatever desire he had felt before seemed innocuous and futile.

"It won't do any good to tell you not to come," Peggy said at last. "Because if you didn't come to me, I'd have to go to you."

"But, Peggy, there must be some way!" he said.

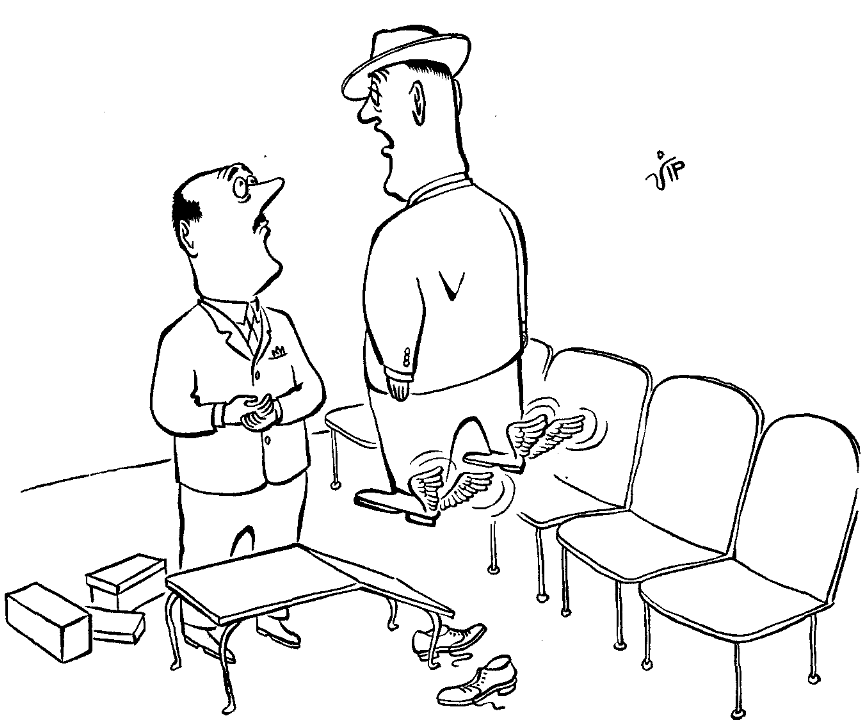
She moved away from him with a small shadowed smile, and led him toward the fence. "We'll see," she said gently.

She helped him untie the horse, and watched him as he replaced the bit and tightened the girth, still with that withdrawn smile.

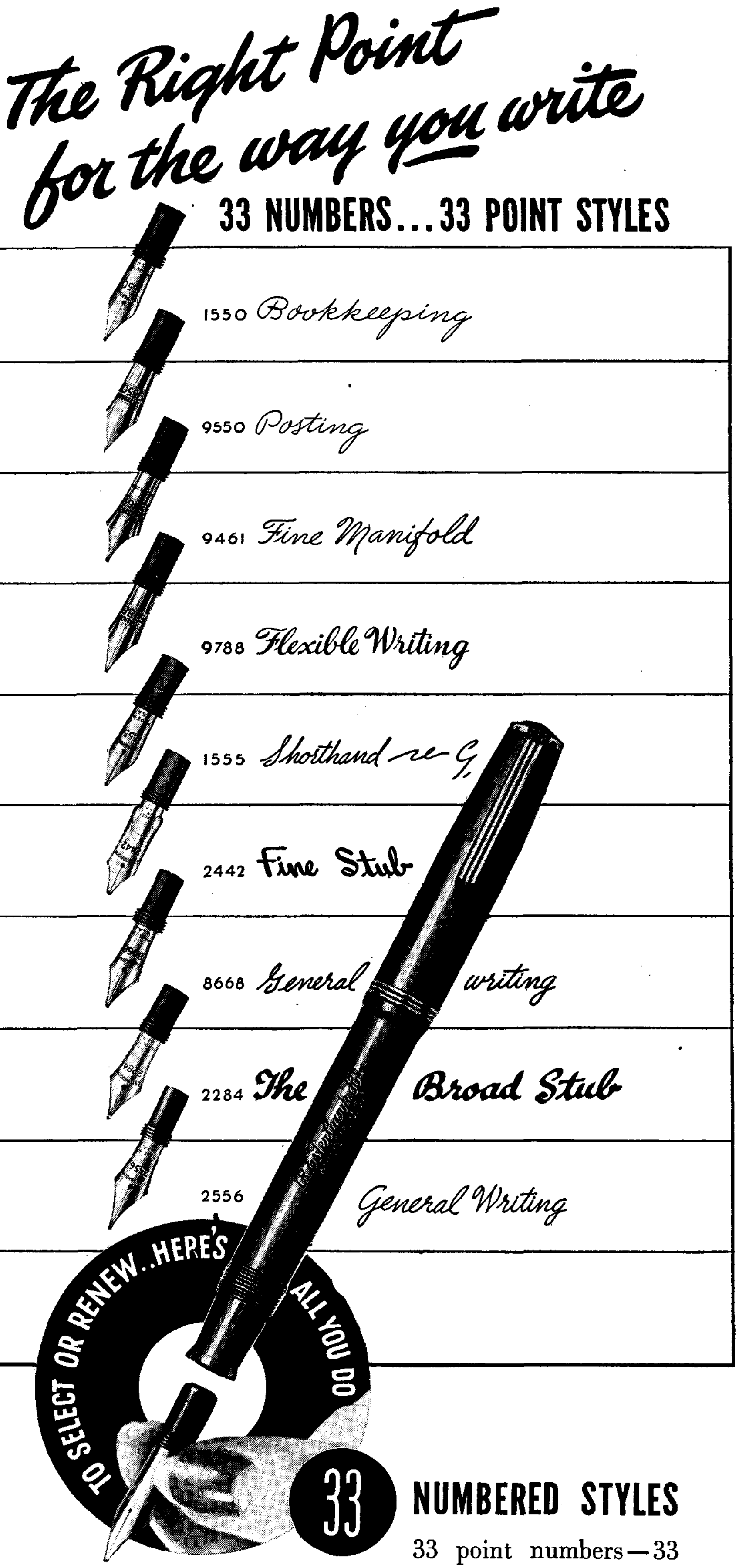
He swung into the saddle and as he wheeled around, he looked up at the terrace and saw the huge figure of Tod standing immobile against the starlit sky, facing into the wind, his black glasses like the two enormous eyes of coal which children put into the heads of snow men. The man's face was lifted slightly as though feeling the warm breath of the world he could never see. It was impossible to tell how long he had been standing there.

Peggy must have seen the startled expression on Scott's face because the last thing he saw as the horse plunged down the sandy slope was her head turning to see what caused it. There was no sound of voices or motion or, if there was, it had been blown away by the wind till it merged into the distant booming of the surf.

As Scott rode into the darkness, the spell



COLLIER'S "Do you have them in two-tone?" VIRGIL PARTCH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of immobility Peggy had cast over his will diminished. He remembered the last few minutes now only for the questions she had refused to answer. She had told him nothing. If he had not noticed Tod at the last moment, he might have ridden off content to withhold judgment. If she had run out to him for the calculated purpose of making him forget what had happened in the cottage, she would have been completely successful had not Tod appeared.

Now the suspicions fluttered back again, bolder and more insistent than ever, ignoring his feeble attempts to ward them off. The ceaseless wash and thunder of the curling breakers distracted him, and even the breeze that fingered his face and clothes. He stirred the gelding into a gallop, relaxed the reins, and allowed the horse to find its accustomed way home.

OTTO WERNECKE was on watch. He sat reading a seed catalogue which he had picked up somewhere and he had both the short wave and the conventional broadcast radios on, giving a surrealist combination of a popular song superimposed upon the monotonously read official bulletins. He glanced owlishly over his glasses at Scott and then went back to the catalogue.

Scott sat down at the table facing him.

"Otto, do you know Tod Butler?" he asked. It was difficult for him to keep his voice level.

"You mean the blind guy out on the Point?" Otto said, looking up. "Big guy, heavy-set, pretty wife?"

"Yes," Scott answered. The allusion to Peggy started his mind whirling, and he kept his eyes upon his hands as he spoke. "Yes, that's the one."

Otto went back to his catalogue. "Yeah, I know him. Haven't seen him in some time, though. He keeps to himself."

"What do you know about him?" Scott asked. The question was put so abruptly that his voice sounded angry even to his own ears.

"Nothing much," Otto said slowly. He raised his glasses to his forehead. "I knew him pretty well a few years back. Before he was married."

"Was he supposed to be blind then?"

"What do you mean—*supposed* to be?" Otto asked.

Scott hesitated, wondering how to approach Otto, to make him give some clue that would confirm his suspicion.

"How do you know he's blind?" he asked.

"How do I know?" Otto was plainly puzzled. His big ugly face was creased with bewilderment. "Don't you think I can tell a blind guy when I see one? Everybody knows he's blind. Why, Doctor O'Neill takes care of him."

"O'Neill? I don't know him."

"He's a nice guy, maybe a little older than you. He's a town boy and he came back here to practice. If he says Butler is blind, Butler is blind!" Otto was truculent. Having been rumrunner, barkeeper, and flower-owner in this town for years, he had that pride in his home which one hears concentrated in the phrase "our town." By questioning the local doctor or the blindness of the local blind man, Scott was questioning the town itself. Scott took another approach:

"Have it your way, then. Was he blind when you knew him?"

Otto was mollified. He shook his head slowly, and then grinned with remembered respect. "Blind? Not that guy! He didn't miss a thing. He used to come down here every summer and raise general hell! A big redheaded guy . . . !"

"Redheaded?" Scott asked, thinking of the bald head fringed with gray. It was difficult to imagine how a bald man looked with hair, or how a gray-haired man looked before his hair turned. This other Tod was unreal.

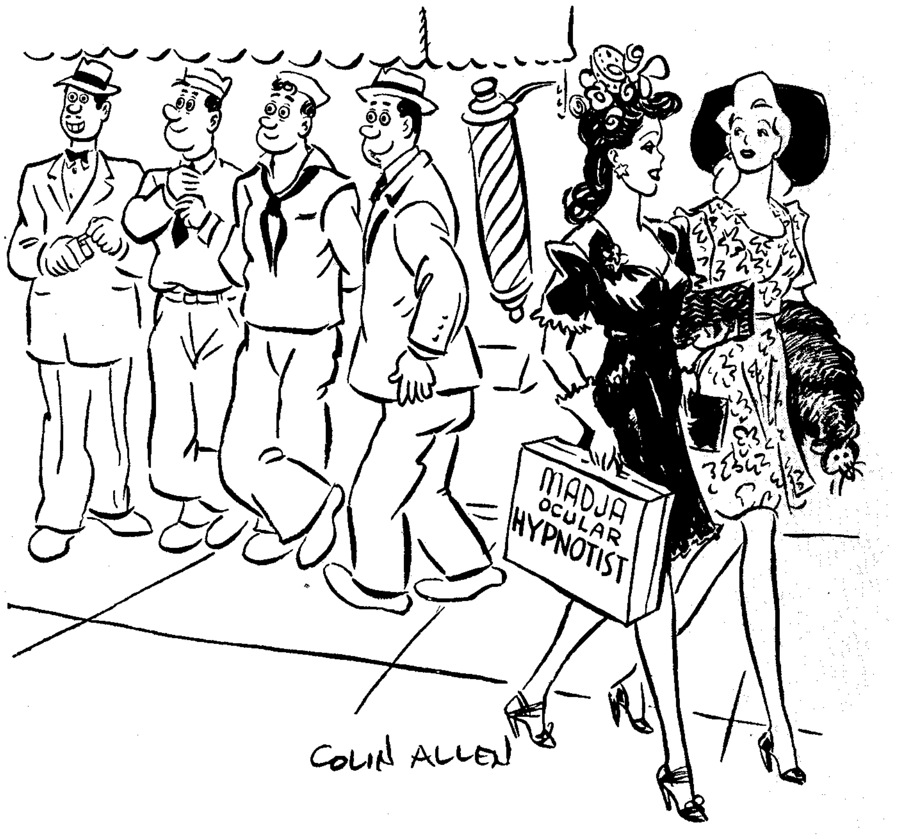
Otto watched his surprise with a smile.

"The fellow you see around isn't the same man. In the old days he was the liveliest duck I ever saw. He could drink five guys under the table, then get up first thing in the morning and paint another picture."

"I didn't know he was a painter," said Scott. He recalled the paintings in the living room. At no time had he paid particular attention to them, yet they remained vivid in his mind. "I thought his wife was the artist."

"I wouldn't know about her." Otto didn't seem interested in Peggy. "But Butler used to be famous. He made big money and he used to throw it away as fast as he got it." He leaned forward confidentially and wagged his finger. "Half the women you see walking around the streets here, so properly married and bringing up families—one time or another they were crazy about him. Butler used to bring down some of his models—he called them models—but he never painted them. Only what you see around the town and beach." One eye closed in a heavy wink.

"That's how I met him for the first time," Otto went on. "It was long before I married Lilly," he added, with deference to his wife. "I had my boat down at the wharf and I was working on it when this girl came along. I could tell right away she was from New York from the way she dressed. We begin talking, and, well—" He stopped again, smiling. "One thing led to another, and pretty soon she was in the boat, and I was going to take her out for a little ride, when Butler



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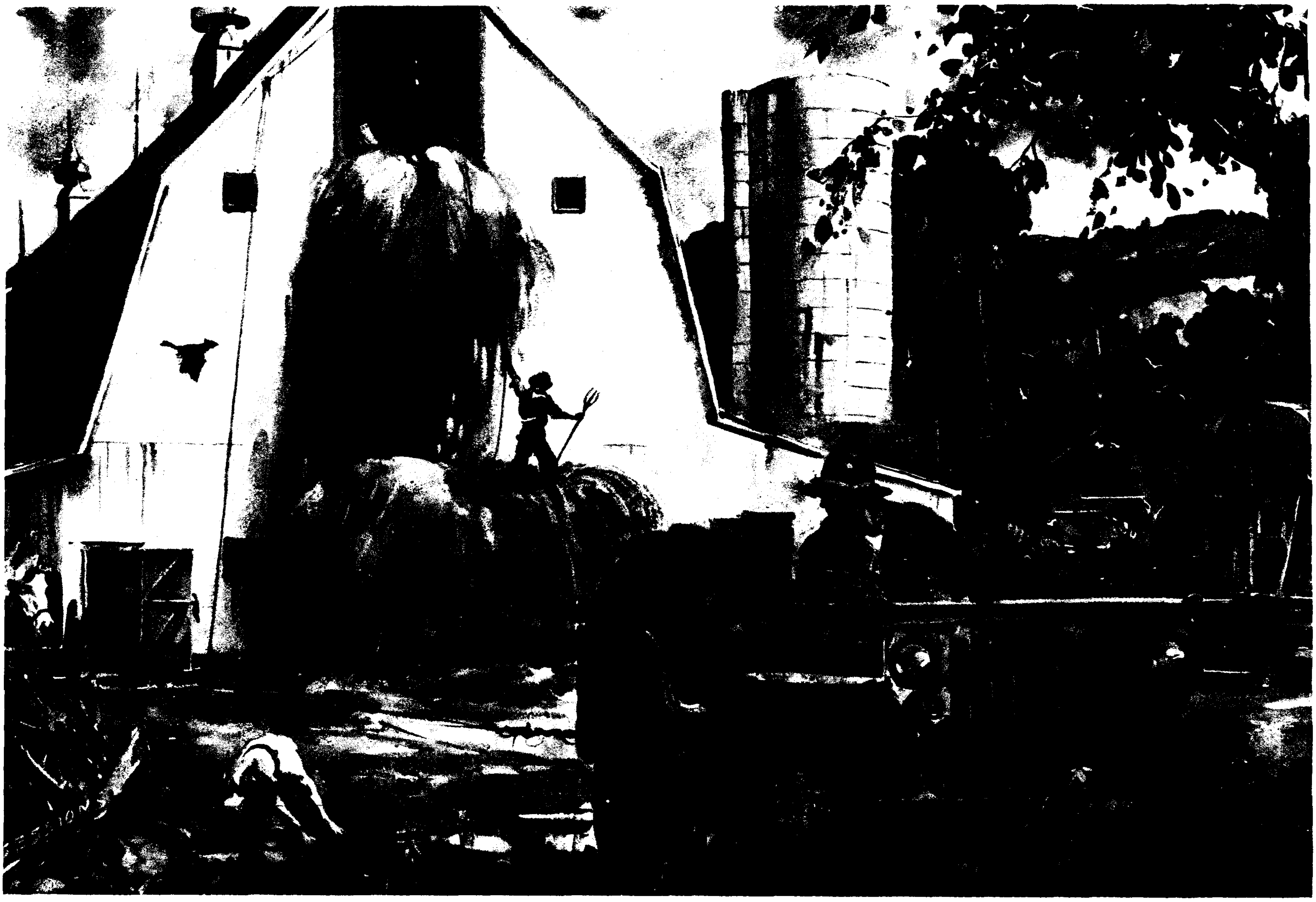

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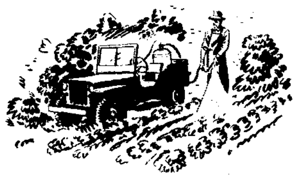

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And what is true of the boys in the fighting forces is also true of thousands of men now on our farms.

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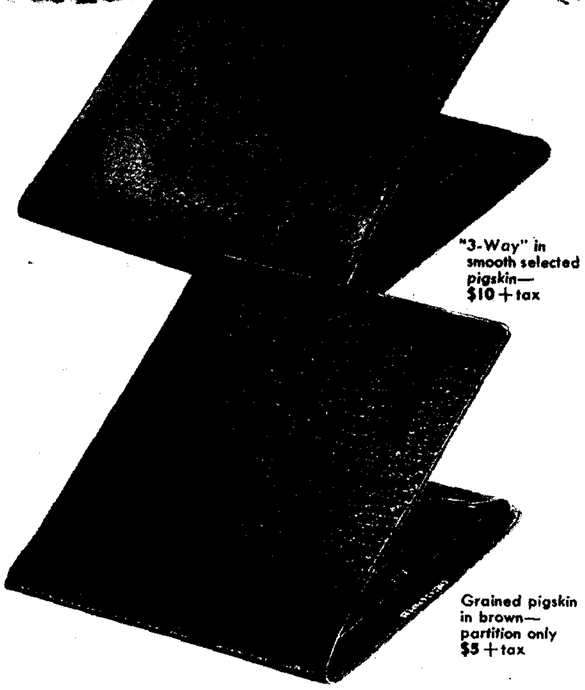
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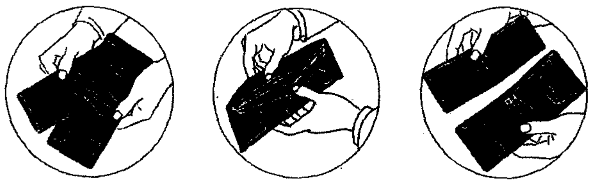

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THE BUXTON *STITCHLESS*

shows up mad as hell. He began yelling at the girl—I didn't know she was his, so I got sore. First thing you know, we're fighting in the boat, and believe it or not," he said, prefacing the miracle, "that guy nearly broke my back! He's the only guy I ever met who could have killed me with his bare hands."

Scott suddenly thought of the number of times he had been within easy reach of those enormous hands that could still rip him apart as though he were made of paper. Tod had seen everything from behind the shining black glasses, and yet he had kept his hands crossed before him.

"After the fight," Otto was saying, "we got to be friends. He didn't really care about the girl, nor did I. I was one of the few guys around here that he bothered with. Once in a while he'd go along with us on a haul just for the ride. The respectable people stayed away from him. Famous artist or no famous artist, he was too rich for their blood. And they still remember."

"When did he go blind?"

"About two or three years ago. I read in the papers where he got married to some kid I never heard about. Before that, he missed a couple of summers here, and the house stood empty." Otto took off his glasses and cleaned them with absent-minded care. "After he got married," he continued, "he came down here with his new wife to open the house, and from then on they lived in it all year around. I can still remember the shock I had when I first saw him, tapping along on his cane, with his black glasses; he looked like a real old man."

"How'd he go blind?"

Otto shook his head. "I don't know for sure. They tell stories, but my guess is that he drank some turpentine when he ran out of gin. He was the drinkingest son of a gun I ever drank with or sold liquor to!" From his tone, Scott knew that Otto had just made a joke, but he could force only a feeble smile.

"Did you see much of him after that?" he asked.

Otto shrugged. "I don't think I did. I remember I kept expecting him to show up at my place after he pulled himself together, but he never came. In the beginning, he used to come into town once in a while, but he didn't stay long. The people around here didn't ever forgive him for being such a hell-raiser before."

Scott's mind began to wander from the conversation. Otto's reminiscences did not create a clear picture of Tod as a man with a continuing history. Scott could not imagine him as ever being anything else than a huge, partly bald man, tapping his blind man's way through a static life, using his black glasses as a means to see what everyone left unconcealed in his blind presence. The redheaded giant seemed a different person, at most, a distant relative to the man Scott knew.

And now he realized that his feeling that Tod was not blind would need a lot of proof to make it at all convincing to these people who were so sure they knew him completely.

Scott was no longer entirely convinced himself. It was ridiculous to imagine Tod as an enemy agent who, under cover of his blindness, was free to observe the movements of shipping. But why should a man go through this elaborate pretense of blindness, if he could see? It seemed senseless, and the answer became more obscure because it was irrational. The reasons must be private, to be found only in terms of the people involved.

It was true that Scott could offer no tangible proof that Tod could see, except the movement of the eyes with the flame. The mention of the fake "Commander Higgins" need not necessarily have depended on Tod seeing the bottle just at that particular moment. Scott had only a haunting conviction that Tod was not blind, and nothing that Otto had said could erase it. The only one who could provide final proof was the physician, O'Neill, and Scott intended to speak to him at the first opportunity.

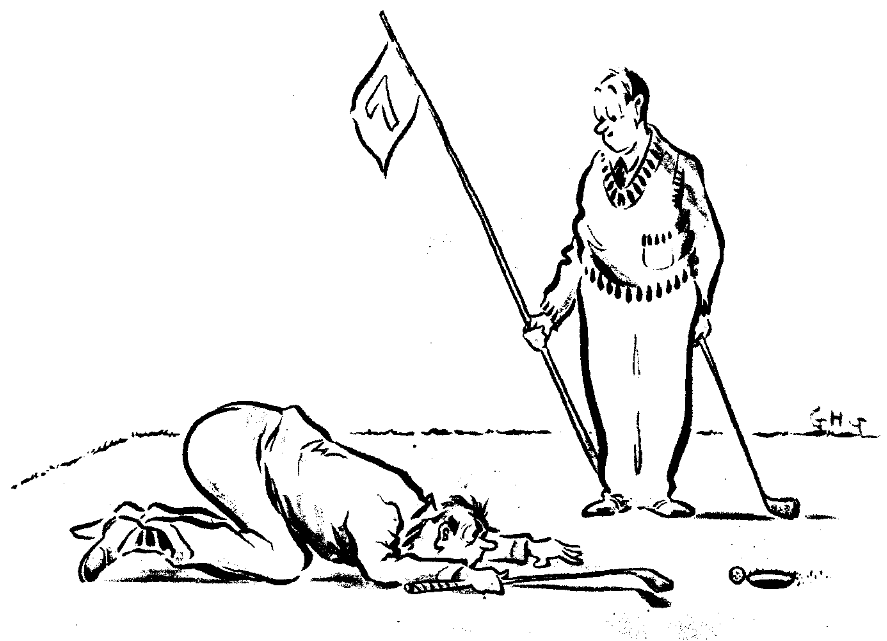
HE WENT into town two days later for the church supper. Because he was late in getting off, the party had already begun when he arrived. He entered the room to find it full of the rising steam of voices, strange faces, the clatter of dishes and a winding pattern of subdued color.

He waited at the door, hoping that someone would tell him what to do, but the few people who looked familiar bustled past him, busy on private errands. He was standing alone, feeling confused and lost, wondering if he should stay or go, when Eve Geddes came to his rescue. She came walking swiftly toward him, her smile so unaffectedly happy that its complete lack of restraint was in itself charming. She was wearing a purple dress that enhanced her own vivid coloring, and Scott could not help but move forward impulsively to greet her.

"You looked so lost standing there that I decided to take pity on you," she said. "I didn't know you were coming."

"I didn't make up my mind until the very last minute," he said. He realized that he had never really noticed her before in the special sense that a man appraises a woman as someone apart. She gave him a deep feeling of ease and relaxation. He speculated for a moment on what might have happened if he hadn't known Peggy. There would never have been all this torment and confusion because he recognized instinctively that Eve had a tranquillity which could never generate emotional turmoil. He felt sure that there must be something in Peggy's nature which had helped create their predicament, some part of her that helped generate it. Such things couldn't happen to people by pure chance; these webs of involvement cannot be created unless there is some flaw to support them.

Scott knew all this about Tod Butler's wife,



COLLIER'S "I guess straight in is my best bet" GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

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and yet it made no difference; he had already committed himself, and he looked past Eve to see if Peggy had arrived. He wondered what she would be wearing, how she would look in a hat and dress, but he knew no clothes in the world could change that individual set of her head. He had memorized every gesture of hers, the slow turn of her body, the way she raised her hand exposing her cupped palm as though making an offering. He could have picked her out of a crowd of a thousand women. She was not in the room. He turned back to Eve.

"I'm glad you came over," he said. "I'm tired of standing here. I've been shifting my weight from one leg to the other until I feel like a stork."

"Come with me," Eve said, as though there would be no question at all. She led him through the crowd to a table where a man was seated. "This is Doctor O'Neill," she said. "Lieutenant Burnett."

SCOTT liked the shaggy man immediately. O'Neill was in his middle thirties, rather heavily built and just beginning to go to fat. His tweed suit was unpressed, and his straight blond hair needed cutting badly. A heavy cavalry mustache extended beyond his mouth.

"Glad to know you, Burnett," said the physician, holding out his hand in an open gesture of friendliness. "You're getting the church-supper habit very quickly. I'm the only man in town who knows just how many people die of pickles and salads in the service of the Lord."

Lines on a Brilliant Autumn Day

I never saw a day so fair,
So bright of sun, so brisk of air.

What right has Nature to insist
That we should be thus warmly kissed
While men in foxholes fondly hope
For nothing more than milk and soap?

Yet while we bask, we grimly mutter
About the scarcity of butter.

Margaret Fishback

"I'm very glad to know you," Scott replied. "I've heard a lot about you."

Doctor O'Neill turned to him. "Really?"

"You see, I spent the evening with the Butlers a few nights ago." As always, Scott mentioned their name with a certain trepidation, but O'Neill continued to eat without showing any signs of surprise.

"It was only after I left," Scott went on with a feeling of relief, "that I found out he'd been a painter. Of course, I should have known, seeing all those pictures."

O'Neill glanced up, and Scott saw a sudden movement from Eve.

"You mean the paintings in the living room?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Those aren't his paintings," Eve said. "They're his wife's. I watched her paint some of them."

"But they don't look at all like illustrations for children's books."

Eve shrugged. "The books are merely to make money between exhibitions. She's quite famous in her own right. The first three pictures she showed were bought by museums. That's practically unheard of!"

"But aren't any of them by him?"

"No," said O'Neill. "He had a few around when he went blind, but I think he had them put away when he found he was incurable."

Once again Scott felt the sensations of shock. The word "incurable" clashed with the memory of the blue eyes following the noiseless yellow flame. It didn't make sense. O'Neill was a physician, and no masquerade would fool him. For the first time, Scott doubted his suspicion; perhaps he *was* mistaken.

"Incurable?" he asked. "Are you sure?"

"Do you know what it means to a painter to be told that he's incurably blind?" O'Neill asked. "Do you think I'd have the nerve to tell him without being absolutely certain? It was the most sickening job I've ever had. For a while I was afraid he'd kill himself. Within three weeks he became an old man."

A sudden explanation formed in Scott's mind. It was so simple that he had to laugh at his own melodramatic imaginings.

"But he can still distinguish between light and dark, can't he?" he asked. If this were true, there would then be no mystery about Tod being able to follow the concentrated brilliance of the small flame. He leaned eagerly toward O'Neill.

"The man is totally blind," the physician said. "He can't tell the difference between day and night."

Scott felt an enormous strangling exasperation. No matter where he turned, he found no answer. There was only one more possibility; it must have been no more than coincidence that Tod's eyes had moved at the same time as the flame, in the same direction, and with the same speed.

And yet, although Scott told himself that he was wrong, although he framed the words, they meant nothing to his convictions. He still believed Tod Butler could see.

"How did it happen?" he asked in an attempt to get himself away from conjecture.

"It was an accident," O'Neill replied. "He got involved in a drunken brawl and was hit in the eyes with the edge of a broken bottle."

"How horrible!" Eve said. "I never realized . . ." She stopped and looked up and away from them.

Scott, following her gaze, saw a smartly dressed woman in black coming toward them. The clothes, the stance, the conventional gesture of greeting were so distinctly metropolitan that the rest of the room suddenly appeared drab and awkward in comparison. The interval of appraising blankness exploded into recognition. It was Peggy.

The simple fact of seeing her again recalled everything that she had come to mean to him, and he ached with regret for ever having doubted her. His suspicions now seemed ridiculous, empty. She was exactly what he wanted. She had every mood, every gesture, all the single attributes he had ever loved in other women.

But she gave *him only* a pleasant nod of greeting and then sat down to talk with O'Neill. Scott watched her silently, amazed at her apparent indifference, annoyed at himself for resenting it. Not until the plates were being cleared away did she seem to be more than casually aware of him. Then she turned to him, and her smile was deeply personal.

"If you're going back to the station, Lieutenant, I'll be glad to give you a lift," she said.

O'NEILL paid no attention, but Scott saw Eve glance up at once, and knew that she expected him to refuse, so that he could walk her home. He turned to Peggy, avoiding Eve's eye.

"Thanks," he said. "If you don't mind hurrying, I can get back in time. I wouldn't want to be late."

The excuse, thin as it was, served as his *concession to Eve's disappointment.*

Peggy had a small gray sedan, and they drove off along the Point Road in silence. The moon had not come up, and the farmhouses that stood back from the winding road assumed huge shapes that seemed like masses of the night's darkness, became prosaic buildings only for the moment of passing, and then sank back again into the blackness.

There was constraint between them, it was as though they had never touched each other. Scott remembered how he had felt when he was helping her with the firewood. There had been the same empty tautness then, the same barrier between them that grew more impenetrable with every passing second. He

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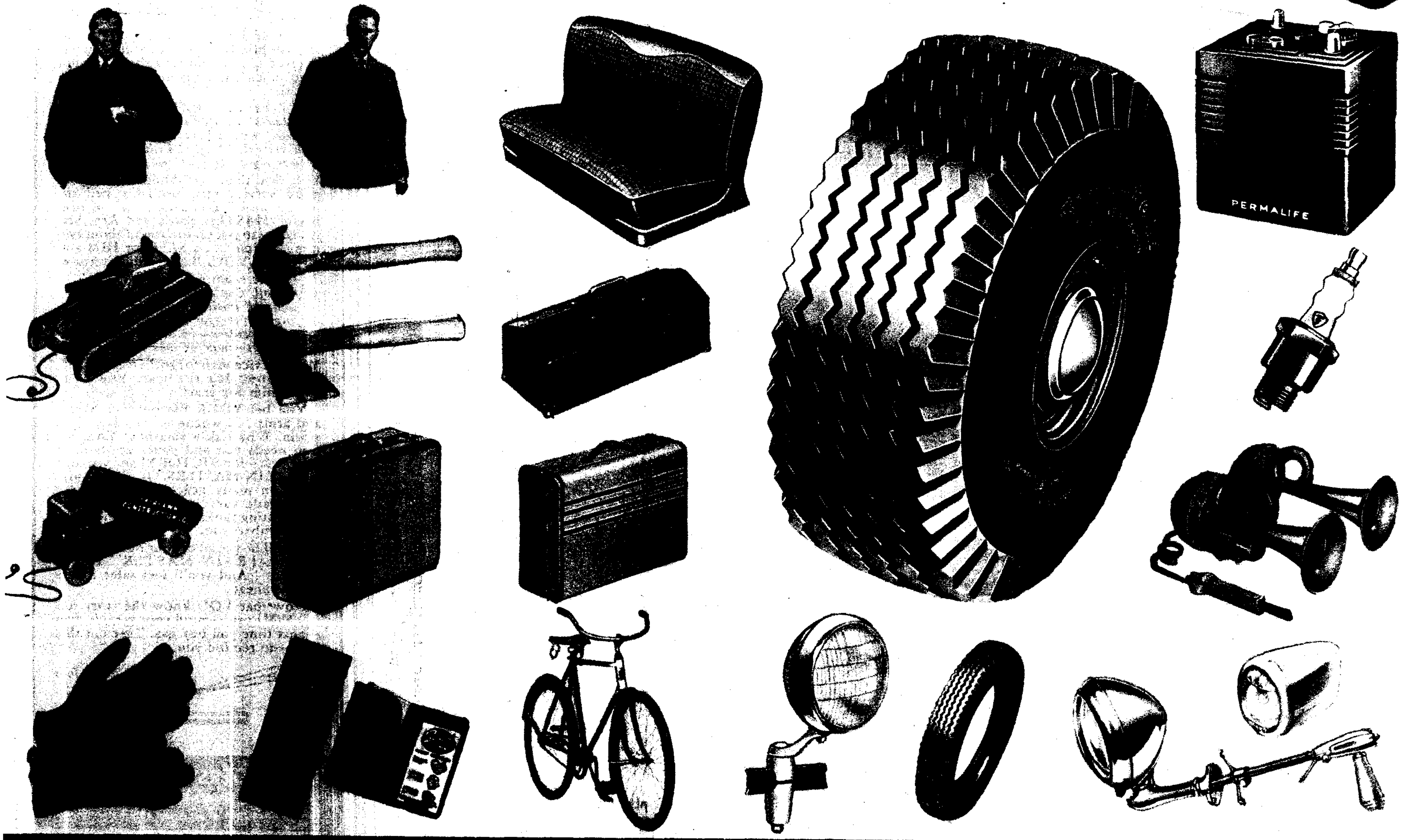

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watched the road come at them, knowing that each new bend brought the station closer and their separation more imminent, feeling the unbearableness of their lack of communication. Finally he could stand it no longer.

"Isn't there a longer way back?" he asked miserably. "There's no chance to talk."

"There's very little to say," she replied. Her voice was quiet and weary.

"There's a lot to say, Peggy. Peggy—you know how I need you. And you feel the same about me. You must, or I couldn't be so sure of it."

"Well?" She stared at the road ahead, her eyes luminous in her shadowed face.

He turned to her in dismay. "Well!" he echoed the word as though flaunting evidence. "Is that all you can say? What are we going to do?"

"Nothing." She moved her head a bit, and all the shadows shifted. "Darling, what *can* we do?"

"You can divorce him!" The words came with difficulty, his throat was constricted, and he compressed his lips, swallowing several times.

WITH a quick gesture, she removed a hand from the steering wheel and reached out for his, grasping it tightly so that he could feel a warm firmness. "That's out of the question," she said, without turning her head. Her voice was purposely cold because it sprang from an inner discipline and not from desire. "It's impossible!"

"Why?" he demanded. He turned around in the seat so that he saw her entire profile. "Look, Peggy, there are so many things I don't understand about you and Tod, things that I know can't be right. Both of you live out there in hate. Why? I have a right to know!"

"There's nothing to tell." She raised her voice and glanced at him quickly. "You have no right to know."

He felt as though she had slapped him, and he was furious, even though he knew her anger was not directed at him. It was simply that the entangling frustration which tormented her to the point of subdued hysteria had enmeshed him as well.

Her hand found his again. "Please, Scott, don't make it too difficult for me. You know that I need you, but don't blackmail me with demands. We can manage to see each other."

"How?" he asked. "Where? We can't meet in the town, and there isn't even a cave out here for us to crawl into."

Her masked eyes had lost their tenseness, and her hand caressed his, playing absently with his fingers. "There's a deserted cottage three miles north of mine," she said, after a pause. "About a mile back from the beach. It belongs to some people who come here only in the summer. I'm supposed to take care of it by looking in every so often, so that I have the key. I'll meet you there day after tomorrow."

"Good," he said. "I'm off at noon. We can meet as soon as you can get away after lunch."

He felt the quick sense of lightness that comes with the fulfillment of a wish which has never been formulated into words, and, for a second, all the tenseness in his face disappeared into the relaxation of a spontaneous smile. Then he saw her proposal suddenly as simply another evasion, a further postponement of the severing decision, and the lightness hardened within him.

"What will it all add up to?" he asked in torment. "*I don't want a hole-in-the-corner* affair. It's not good enough!"

"I'm sorry," she replied gravely. "That's all I can offer."

He rejected her hand and any contact with her. She was cheating him. She would go only so far and she made all the conditions. No matter how she phrased it, whether she used the tactics of begging or demanding, it would have to be done her way.

"For the life of me, I can't understand it," he said, rubbing his face. "I know that Tod is blind, but he's not helpless. It's not as though he needs you. He hates you and you hate him! And he got along very well before you came along. If he hadn't been struck in that drunken brawl . . ."

"Drunken brawl?" she said slowly, enunciating the two words by sound as though it might make sense if spoken carefully and aloud. "What drunken brawl?"

He searched her face wondering how an incident which had crippled her recent life could be spoken of so vaguely.

"But I thought that Tod was struck in . . ."

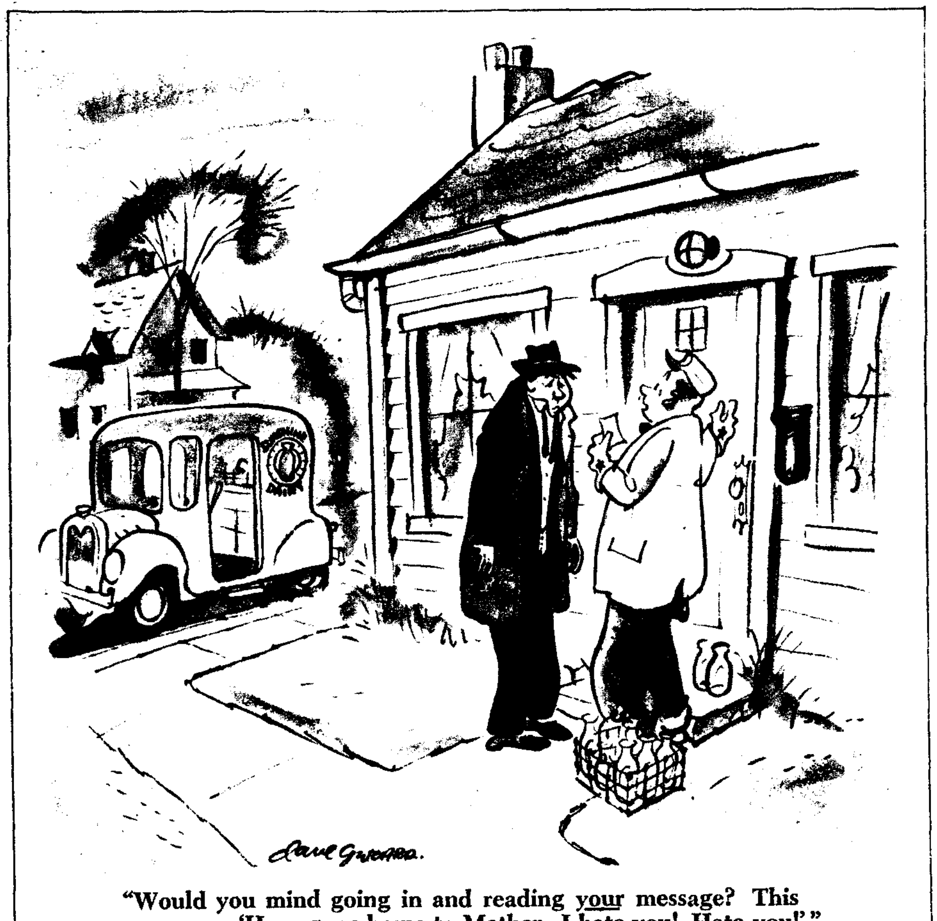
She turned to him squarely for the first time, her eyes incredulous.

"You mean that you've seen us together—as we really are—and you believe that story?" she asked slowly.

"I don't know now." He spoke with the caution of a man on trial.

"There was no drunken brawl!" The smooth texture of her voice had ripped under her tension, and became ragged with released desperation. There was no longer any guard or pretense. "*I'm* the one who blinded him. . . . *I'm* the one who struck him!"

(To be continued next week)



"Would you mind going in and reading your message? This one says, 'Have gone home to Mother. I hate you! Hate you!'"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

New
for safer driving
in storms ahead

ORIGINATED by ANCO
for military aircraft
. . . NOW ready for
your automobile

EXCLUSIVE New MODEL DL
RAIN-MASTER
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
"Dead-Locker"
WINDSHIELD WIPER
ARMS and BLADES

BLADE SNAPS ON...
STAYS PUT

FINGERTIP RELEASE

CAN'T FALL OFF
CAN'T BLOW OFF

DON'T SHOOT YOUR GAS-PUMP-MAN!

Yes, your overworked war-time service man KNOWS that the weakened and worn wiper arms and blades . . . now years too long on your car . . . make driving in a storm a growing strain for you.

And he knows how they leave you "splash-blind" . . . scared stiff in speeding traffic . . . whenever a shot of sloppy road muck suddenly slaps your windshield.

(Keen new RAIN-MASTER Blades . . . held straight and true and snug against the glass by sturdy RAIN-MASTER Arms . . . quickly clear that smear.)

Yes, last time you bought gas, your good service man probably had the brand-new "Dead-Locker" Model RAIN-MASTER Blade and Arm Sets . . . ready to put on for you in about two minutes time . . . a SALE for HIM and a JOY for YOU. But, you didn't know.

(Blade snaps on. Stays put. Can't fall off. Can't blow off. Can't ever come off until you press down the fingertip trigger release. A brand-new invention—by ANCO—first for aircraft—now for your car.)

Your service man forgot? Overworked, you know. It's the war. You can't shoot him for that!

You bet YOUR life on your blades and arms . . . whenever you drive in a storm. Why risk a smashup! Your nation needs you and your car—both at your best—for VICTORY! So, play safe with RAIN-MASTERS. Original equipment on many peace-time models of high-grade cars and trucks. Used on our fighting tanks and trucks and ships and bombers too.

You'll be proud of your new all stainless steel RAIN-MASTER "Dead-Lockers". And you'll feel safer in the storms ahead.

Now that YOU know the story too . . . YOU can remind your service man —next time you buy gas. Tear out this page—to remind you.

Patents Make Jobs

THE ANDERSON COMPANY
Gary, Indiana
Creators since 1918 of accepted automotive products

Any Week

Continued from page 4

MR. DIXON also said that Mr. Hull was thus precariously perched by what diplomatic double talk calls sharp representations from the Chinese government. China, he said, resents the fast-growing tendency in the United States to refer to her as America's Siberia. We are giving you this week the foregoing deep stuff because a great many of our customers have been writing us, complaining that this column does not include enough serious contemplation of the international scene.

SCARCELY a day passes that Frank D. Morris, our Navy correspondent in the Pacific who is home for a brief rest, does not receive bulky envelopes from the Navy Department. They are all heavy with seals. The word "Confidential" is stamped all over them. Thinking to lend aid and comfort to our enemies, we have been looking over Mr. Morris' shoulder. The latest, therefore, was from Lieutenant C. G. Wolf, U.S.N.R., Wardroom Mess Treasurer. "In computing your mess bill for August, 1944," writes Lieutenant Wolf, "an error of four (.04) cents was made. Please find enclosed money order reimbursing you for same."

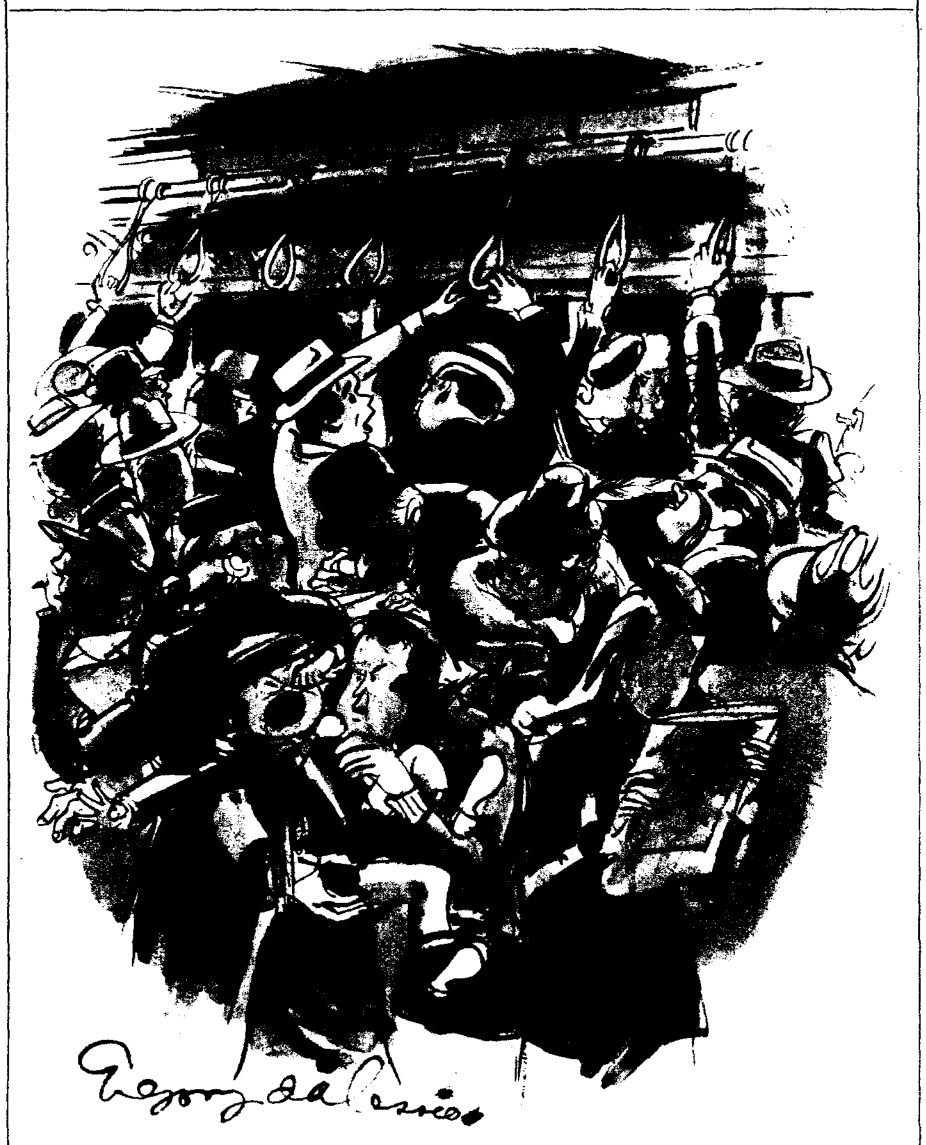
NOT that we want to discourage you just as you're sitting down to write a highly successful serial like Earth and High Heaven which all but overwhelmed thousands of readers of Collier's. But Miss Gwethalyn Graham, the author, is now a major problem in the income-tax offices of her native Canada. Before the book was on the stands it had brought her $149,500 from the movies, the book-club rights and serialization in this magazine. If Earth and High Heaven becomes a fat best seller, it is going to boost that amount a lot. But at the moment the Dominion government is considering the legality of taking $121,254 of it to begin with. Miss Graham's father, a Toronto lawyer, is watching everything closely. Miss Graham is calm.

WE'VE just received word from Technician Fifth Class Keith W. Chalmers, who is in the Pacific, that a large number of murderous-looking knives have been sold to our innocent servicemen in New Guinea. The knives were forthwith sent back home with letters asking us trusting American mothers, fathers, wives and sweethearts to notice particularly the Jap inscription on the handles. The general idea was that the inscription was at least a heavy Jap curse. But now we learn that the Aussie soldiers bought these knives in Sydney, carried them to New Guinea, found a Jap sign, copied the sign on the knives and sold them at high prices to our fellows. The inscription reads: "This latrine for officers only."

OTHERWISE our mail is not impressive this week. Here's one wanting "the exact address of the King of England." And another asking whether we will pay postage on a 1,000-word manuscript which, in that event, will be sent to us at once. Also we're invited to join a Share-the-Shoes Sunday Hike and Nature Club. And Mrs. C. G. Miller of Walla Walla, Washington, had a lovely time watching a stonecutter chiseling up a fine glossy tombstone for a departed citizen. She wouldn't have stopped at all, however, had she not noticed at the gate an even larger and glossier tombstone on which he had cut "R.I.P. But Buy a War Bond First." . . .

W. D.

WELCOME HOME! by GREGORY D'ALESSIO



"In my joy at not having to ride in jeeps any longer I'd completely forgotten this aspect of civilian life!"

COLLIER'S

Schick
HOLLOW GROUND

Jack Morley won't come out of the woods

YOU, luckily, need never be in Jack's tight spot.

Jack smashed his Schick Shaver. He hadn't heard about Schick Service offices. So he fought to endure the savage scrape, burn, pull and nick of ordinary razors—but finally gave up in torment, and took to the woods.

"I'll be back when I can get a new Schick," says Jack. But that won't be till after Victory; Schick's doing war work now.

Handle your precious Schick as though it were a crown jewel, and if anything does go wrong, rush it to one of the offices listed below for expert repairs and genuine Schick renewal parts. You can even have the new 2-M Hollow-Ground Shearing Head for only $3.00 (slightly higher in Canada).

And just as a precaution, why don't you have your Schick checked, cleaned, lubricated and adjusted? The charge is trifling.

SCHICK INCORPORATED, Stamford, Conn., U.S.A.

★★★

TO KEEP 'EM SHAVING, Schick Service, Inc. offers expert service and genuine Schick renewal parts—*including the famous 2-M Hollow-Ground Shearing Head*—at all of their offices listed below. Careful attention given to shavers mailed to these offices:

ALBANY 7, N. Y.
938 Natl. Savings Bk. Bldg.

ATLANTA 3, GA.
517 Forsyth Bldg.

BALTIMORE 1, MD.
111 N. Charles St.

BOSTON 9, MASS.
630 Boston C. of C. Bldg.

BROOKLYN 17, N. Y.
1007 Fox Bldg.

BUFFALO 3, N. Y.
632 Brisbane Bldg.

CHICAGO 3, ILL.
212 Palmer House

CINCINNATI 2, OHIO
814 Schmidt Bldg.

CLEVELAND 14, OHIO
9 Union Com. Bldg. Arcade

COLUMBUS 15, OHIO
1200 Beggs Bldg.

DALLAS 1, TEXAS
611 Southland Life Bldg.

DENVER 2, COLO.
501 Colorado Bldg.

DES MOINES 9, IOWA
413 Fleming Bldg.

DETROIT 26, MICH.
906 Industrial Bk. Bldg.

HARTFORD 3, CONN.
1001 American Ind. Bldg.

HOUSTON 2, TEXAS
521 Shell Bldg.

INDIANAPOLIS 4, IND.
703 Merchants Bk. Bldg.

KANSAS CITY 6, MO.
710 Fidelity Bk. Bldg.

LOS ANGELES 13, CALIF.
443 So. Spring St.

MIAMI 32, FLA.
112 Shoreland Arcade

MILWAUKEE 3, WIS.
152 W. Wisconsin Ave.
Rm. 312

MINNEAPOLIS 2, MINN.
612 Andrus Bldg.

NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
17 East 42nd St., Rm. 600

NEWARK 2, N. J.
810 Raymond-Com. Bldg.

OKLAHOMA CITY 2, OKLA.
206 Hightower Bldg.

OMAHA 2, NEB.
647 Omaha Natl. Bk. Bldg.

PHILADELPHIA 7, PA.
Room 2640-7, P.S.F.S. Bldg.
12 So. 12th St.

PITTSBURGH 22, PA.
908 Investment Bldg.

PORTLAND 3, ME.
210 Bank of Com. Bldg.

PROVIDENCE 3, R. I.
506 Turks Head Bldg.

ROCHESTER 4, N. Y.
705 Temple Bldg.

ST. LOUIS 1, MO.
23 Mezzanine Arcade Bldg.

SAN FRANCISCO 5, CALIF.
787 Monadnock Bldg.

SEATTLE 1, WASH.
701 Republic Bldg.

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CALGARY, ALTA.
112A Seventh Ave. W.

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78 Richmond St. W.

★ **FREE TO MEN IN ARMED FORCES:** Bring or send your Schick Shaver to any of the above offices. It will be inspected, cleaned and lubricated Free. ★

SCHICK INCORPORATED SCHICK ELECTRIC SHAVER

NOW FINISH THE JOB—BUY MORE WAR BONDS

Epicures come from far places to consult George "Omar" Mardikian about his baked lamb, shish kebab and other Armenian dishes. He's the final authority

OMAR HAD A *Little Lamb*

BY FRANK J. TAYLOR

And so will you, when you taste some of the enticing lamb dishes that Armenians have been making for centuries. Best of all, Mr. Khayyám tells you how you can make a pound of lamb do for four

ARMENIA is a country where you never ask "What's cooking?" because you know already that it is lamb in some form or another. In fact, Armenians have such a healthy respect—and relish—for that animal that they even cook the tail. In that country, through ages of breeding, the shepherds have evolved lambs with fat, meaty, toothsome tails so heavy and unwieldy that toy trailers are sometimes hitched behind the animals to keep them from dragging on the ground. In the U.S., where sheep range the mountains, the tails are too negligible for cooking.

Teaching Americans to appreciate lamb was a pleasant hobby with stout, jolly George Mardikian, whom some folks call Omar and others call Mr. Khayyám, because Omar Khayyám's is the name outside his restaurant door in San Francisco. With wartime meat shortages, his hobby blossomed into a one-man crusade.

"There are more ways of preparing lamb than any other kind of meat," says Mr. Mardikian. "I say this as an authority because I have traveled all over the world and seen it done." To prove it, he has just written and had published a cookbook—Dinner at Omar Khayyám's.

There are about 51,000,000 head of sheep in this country and 125,000,000 more in Australia—enough to keep us plentifully supplied with baked lamb chops, broiled lamb on skewers, lamb shoulder baked in parchment with vegetables, lamb kidney brochette, not to mention *misov spannak, turlu guvej, mosov sempoog,* and Victory Garden *dolma,* which are Armenian dishes advocated by Mr. Mardikian to make one pound of lamb satisfy four hungry people.

"I owe so much to America, and the only way I can pay it back is in good things to eat," he explains. "The big moment of my life," he continues, telling of his struggling days in this country, "is when I walked out of the courthouse with my citizenship papers. I wanted to stop everybody on the street and say, 'Excuse me, please, but I am now an American citizen.'"

With his citizenship papers in his pocket, Mr. Mardikian signed on a round-the-world liner as steward. After working for a time in Alexandria as cook's helper to crusty old Cholakian, famous Near East chef, Mardikian visited refugee colonies in Genoa, Marseille and Venice, where he pored over ancient parchments in an old Armenian monastery, absorbing the cooking lore of the heyday of Armenia's great kings.

Two years later, Mr. Mardikian was the new owner of Coffee Dan's, a few hundred feet up O'Farrell Street from the site of the cafeteria where he first washed dishes in San Francisco. Soon he had transformed the famous old night spot into Omar Khayyám's, with walls done in soft murals depicting stanzas from The Rubáiyát. Here he featured lamb cooked in more ways than at any other spot on earth, and here epicures came whenever their travels brought them near by.

The trick about cooking lamb, says Chef Mardikian, is to start right, with cuts from yearling lambs, not over sixty pounds in weight. You can tell a lamb's age by looking at the fat; if it is pristine white, it is lamb. If the fat is yellowish, look out; the butcher's trying to palm off some mutton.

The prize lamb dish among Armenians and Americans alike at Omar Khayyám's is *shish kebab,* which is to say, diced squares of lamb broiled on skewers. Mr. Mardikian soaks the pieces of meat, cut in one-inch cubes from leg of lamb, in sherry for severa hours before skewering them alternately wit slices of onion and green pepper. Then h salts and peppers them and adds a dash o origan herb, before broiling them over charcoal fire.

"When I first opened Omar Khayyám's, was compelled to break my Boy Scout vo not to tell a lie," Mr. Mardikian confesses "My patrons would come in and tell me the wanted this *shish kebab,* but, no, no, the *cannot* eat lamb. 'All right, I will make it ou of beef,' I would tell them. After they ha eaten the *shish kebab* with great relish, would say, 'I am sorry, but I have fooled yo What you ate was lamb.' I had to do tha at first, to get some people to eat lamb."

(Continued on page 68)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE GRAU

The Focus-Cat...

He flies alone—he flies unarmed—and he must get back! He is a photo-reconnaissance pilot, and the solitary, hazardous missions that he flies each day are paving the highroad to Tokyo, hastening the day of total victory and the new age of total peace.

Typical of the job being done by America's photo-reconnaissance pilots — "Focus Cats" in the flying fraternity — is the recently disclosed account of one pilot's 2,200-mile flight over the main islands of Japan.

Flying squarely through the Japanese radar screen, without even a cloud for cover, he gambled his life on the performance of an airplane and his own flying skill, and the stakes were among the highest of this war . . . From this pilot's "deck" of photographs was dealt a blow at the heart of Japan by our great B-29 Superfortresses which followed in his path.

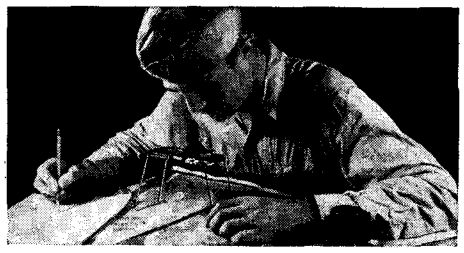
America's favorite airplane for the high, hot flying of photo-reconnaissance work is a stripped down Lockheed Lightning — known as the Lightning F-5 — with five cameras in the nose instead of guns.

Today, the men and women who build the Curtiss Electric Propellers for this extremely versatile airplane share with the builders of the F-5 their pride in the plane's amazing performance.

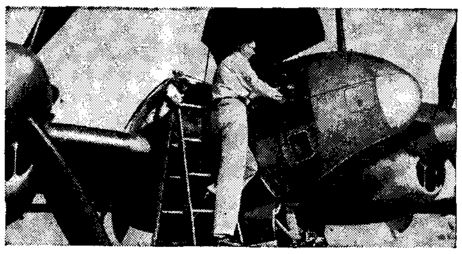
And as total victory draws nearer, they share too the tremendous promise which American airpower holds for the future . . . the promise of lasting peace, of jobs for our fighting men, and a new era of trade and security.

That promise depends upon straight thinking and sound planning *outside* the aviation industry as well as within. That promise depends upon *all* of us!

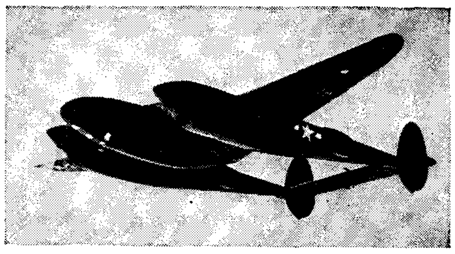
Look to the Sky, America!



A photograph interpreter studies sections of a mosaic map of Japanese held territory photographed by the Navy's famed "VD-1" reconnaissance unit based on Guadalcanal. The stereoviewer reveals gun emplacements, revetments and buildings in 3-dimensional form.



Loaded with cameras instead of cannons, the Lockheed P-38 Lightning becomes a Lightning F-5. "Fighter planes win battles while camera planes win wars", says a top military authority, and the Lightning — one of this war's fastest planes — serves magnificently in both roles.



The Lockheed Lightning, equipped with 2 Curtiss Electric 3-blade propellers has proved sensationally effective in paving the way for invasion. Flying at substratosphere heights, or in rough top dives, it carries recco pilots through to objectives and brings them home with pictures.

CURTISS
WRIGHT

Manufacturing Divisions

CURTISS-WRIGHT AIRPLANE DIVISION
WRIGHT AERONAUTICAL CORPORATION
CURTISS-WRIGHT PROPELLER DIVISION

★ *Buy War Bonds Today* ★

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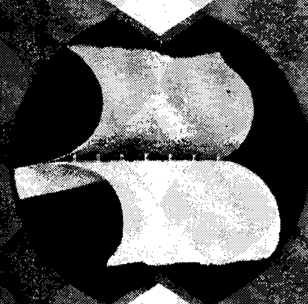
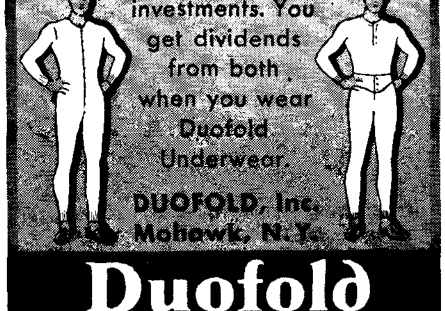




Double Range Underwear!

WOOL for WARMTH OUTDOORS

COTTON for COMFORT INDOORS

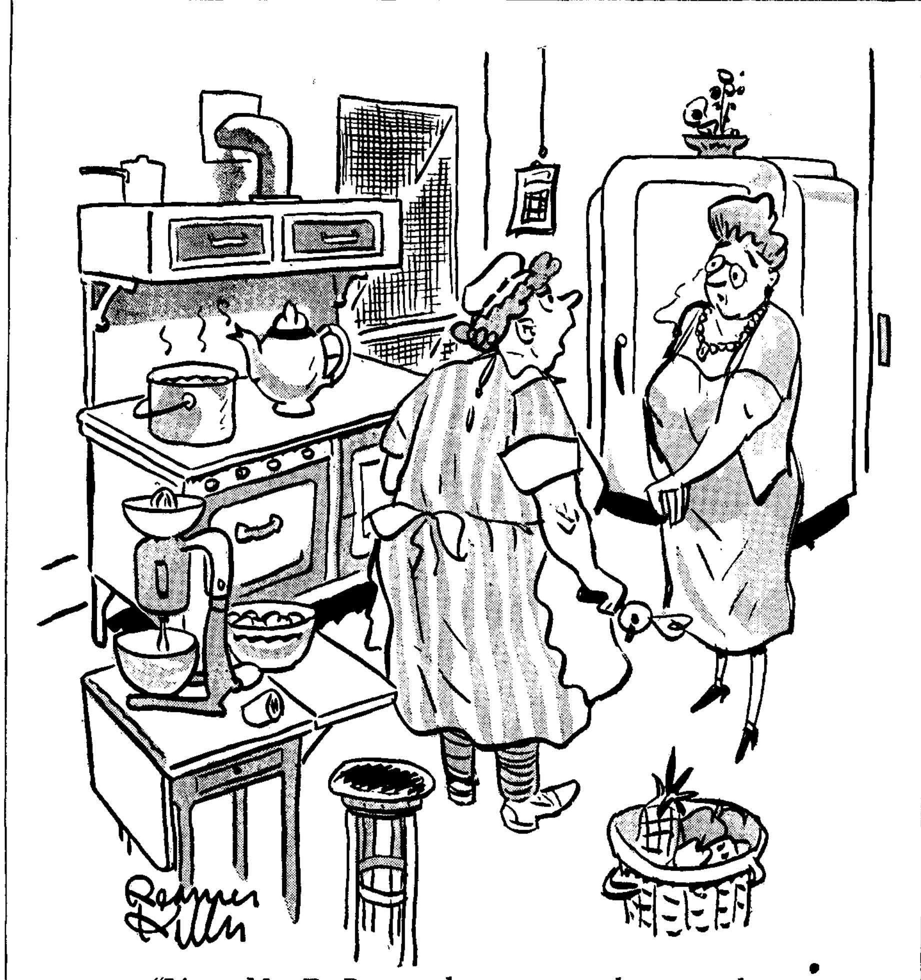
Duofold—the *double range* underwear—protects you from quick temperature changes. Step out into bone chilling cold, and you're dressed for icy blasts . . . return to indoor warmth and you're comfortable.

The secret is Duofold's *two layer*, insulated construction. The *outer* layer provides extra protection against cold . . . it's of warm wool and other fibres. The *inner* layer assures your indoor comfort . . . it's all cotton. *And*, as no wool can touch you, there's no itch.

Health and comfort rank high on the list of life's best investments. You get dividends from both when you wear Duofold Underwear.

DUOFOLD, Inc. Mohawk, N.Y.

Duofold
The 2-layer UNDERWEAR



COLLIER'S "Listen, Mrs. De Puyster, do you want to have to make the rounds of the domestic help agencies again?" REAMER KELLER

Blitz on the Anthony J.

Continued from page 24

everything thrown to it. Up above, on deck, the noise from the hold was terrific.

"You see? It's no damn' good," said the bos'n, and he got the purchase ready. He said to the old man, resolutely, "We're going down."

"I'm not responsible," said the skipper, nervously.

"Who the hell's asking you to be? When we give you the signal, heave away." The bos'n held the hook that was made fast to the tackle in one hand, hoping to slip it into one of the towing eyes in the forepart of the tank. Once he got close enough to accomplish that he felt the tank could be beaten.

"God be with you," said the old man.

"Chips," said the bos'n, laughing, "the skipper's going to lead a prayer."

THEY went into the darkness like two divers descending into the water. Below, it was stuffy and warm. For a moment the bos'n and Chips stood by until their eyes grew accustomed to the darkness.

"You got the crowbar?" asked the bos'n.

"Yah, sure."

"If the bugger gets away and looks like she's heading for me drive the bar into the treads."

"She's sliding, not rolling on her treads," said Chips.

"Got to try something."

"Yah, sure."

Cautiously, as though he were stalking a deer through the woods, the bos'n crept forward. Suddenly the Anthony J. rolled and the tank went charging across the space it had cleared for itself.

"Duck," yelled Chips.

The tank hit another truck, smashing it to pieces.

"Here goes," yelled the bos'n. He ran toward the tank. Again the ship rolled. The bos'n barely escaped being crushed between the tank and a case. Pausing a moment he breathed hard, wiped the perspiration from his face with his sleeve.

"Maybe," said Chips, "we better let 'er go, eh?"

"Get her this time," said the bos'n, as though he were talking with the tank. Again, hook in hand, he made a dash for the tank. This time the machine swung around and slid in a forward direction. Its steel treads screeched deafeningly as the tank sideswiped the bos'n. He went hurtling through the darkness. In a moment his fo'c'sle mate was at his side.

"You hurt?" asked Chips, breathlessly.

"In my feelings," said the bos'n, disgustedly.

"It's like it was alive," whispered Chips.

"What the hell you whispering for?" asked the bos'n. "The lousy thing can't hear." He got up rubbing his bruised shoulder. Again he stalked the tank, head down, as though he were actually afraid the iron beast would see him.

Up on deck the old man yelled, "How you coming down there?"

"Jerk," muttered the bos'n. Then he shouted back, "Come on down, we're playing squat tag."

"Get 'er when she's rolling port," shouted Chips.

"Seems to see me coming, the bugger."

"She's starting to roll."

There was a shattering report as the tank hit the ship's side. The side battens were already smashed into splinters, the sounding pipes ripped from their moorings.

"Don't think she's leaking yet," said Chips, examining the side of the ship.

"Give her one more shot like the last one."

Jumping down from a case, the bos'n charged at the tank as though he intended to tackle it with his shoulder. But again he had to run for cover. Now he climbed up on a crate and waited. As the tank hit the side again he jumped down on it. Then the machine went hurtling to the starboard side of the hold, the bos'n hanging on precariously. Rather than be torn off his perch he had to let go of the tackle.

"Get up there, Chips," shouted the bos'n, "and hand me the tackle as we come through." The tank crashed into the already pulverized trucks, nearly jarring the bos'n off.

"Jump," yelled Chips, terrified.

"Like hell; I got her now. Get up there, damn you."

Grrrrrrrrr!

growling WON'T STOP DANDRUFF

Try Jeris instead!
Scalp itching ends . . . dry loose dandruff disappears . . . hair is lustrous and easy to keep well-groomed . . . when you massage daily with:

JERIS
for Loose Dandruff
at all drug stores and barber shops

Keyboard Fun

More fun than ever . . . music such as you've never played before—with the Solovox attached to your piano! You play the Solovox with your right hand—producing effects of violin, organ, saxophone and many more—to your own piano accompaniment. It's the magic of *electronics* put to work creating gorgeous musical tones! Solovox attaches to any piano; doesn't affect piano's ordinary use or tone. An outstanding hit before the war, it will be back when our war job is done.

HAMMOND
Solovox
Made by the Makers of the Hammond Organ
Write for free folder S-4, Hammond Instrument Co., 2971 N. Western Ave., Chicago 18
Plants 1 and 4

Right Dress

***Women in war plants vote for dresses.*—New Item.**

Once more femininity
Raises its head!
Off with the shapeless
Old denims! Instead,
On with the glamorous
Gear of romance—
Our fetchingest frocks!
No pants in our plants!

—Ethel Jacobson

Chips, obeying the bos'n, climbed up on a case and stood by with the tackle and hook. Now the ship rolled port and the tank came crashing out of its hole. It hit the pile of cases upon which Chips stood, and the Negro came down in a heap. The bos'n caught his breath, waited for Chips to get up. There was no sound in the hold, no movement. Then Chips yelled, his voice sounding muffled and distant, "Pass me the tackle."

"You hurt?"

"Damn it, pass me the tackle!"

Climbing down, the bos'n handed the hook to Chips, still lying between the tank and a crate. "Lord," murmured the bos'n, "let her roll the other way or he'll get smashed."

"She's all fast," called Chips.

"Get up," shouted the bos'n. "Hurry before she rolls again."

"My arm's caught," groaned Chips.

Flashing his electric torch for an instant the bos'n peered into the darkness. Chips' right arm was pinned under the tank tread. It was bent up in so fantastic a manner that the bos'n was sickened by the sight of it. Disregarding his crushed arm the Negro had secured the tackle with his left hand.

"Soon as she rolls the other way," called the bos'n, "I'll pull you out."

But now, as though the iron beast had taken hold of its victim, it refused to let go. The tank would no longer slide with the roll of the vessel. Quickly the bos'n rigged the hauling end of the tackle so that when the winches were turned the tank would be pulled off Chips' arm.

"Heave away," he yelled, as soon as he had finished.

Slowly the tank moved over, freeing Chips.

BY THE time they had gotten Chips to his bunk the sky was growing gray in the east. The bos'n turned out the fo'c'sle light and opened a porthole. It was very gray in the room, and Chips lay there with his eyes shut, his lips pressed tightly together.

"Do you feel any better now?" asked the bos'n.

"The morphine's wearing off," said Chips. "Pain's getting worse."

"The old man said you can have all the whisky you want."

"Very kind and Christian of him."

Leaving the room the bos'n soon returned with a bottle and several glasses. He put them down and went over to straighten the blanket that was covering Chips. It was soaking wet with blood.

"The tourniquet hurt?" asked the bos'n.

"Plenty."

"I'm afraid to ease up on it. You might lose too much blood."

"What's it say in the book?"

"To ease up on it every so often. Wish we had some of that plasma. But the destroyer'll be alongside soon. They've got plenty of it, and a good surgeon aboard."

Chips opened his eyes and tried to smile. It turned out to be a very sad excuse for a smile. "Break out the whisky," he said. His efforts to hide his suffering were futile.

After they both had a drink the bos'n asked, "Feel better?"

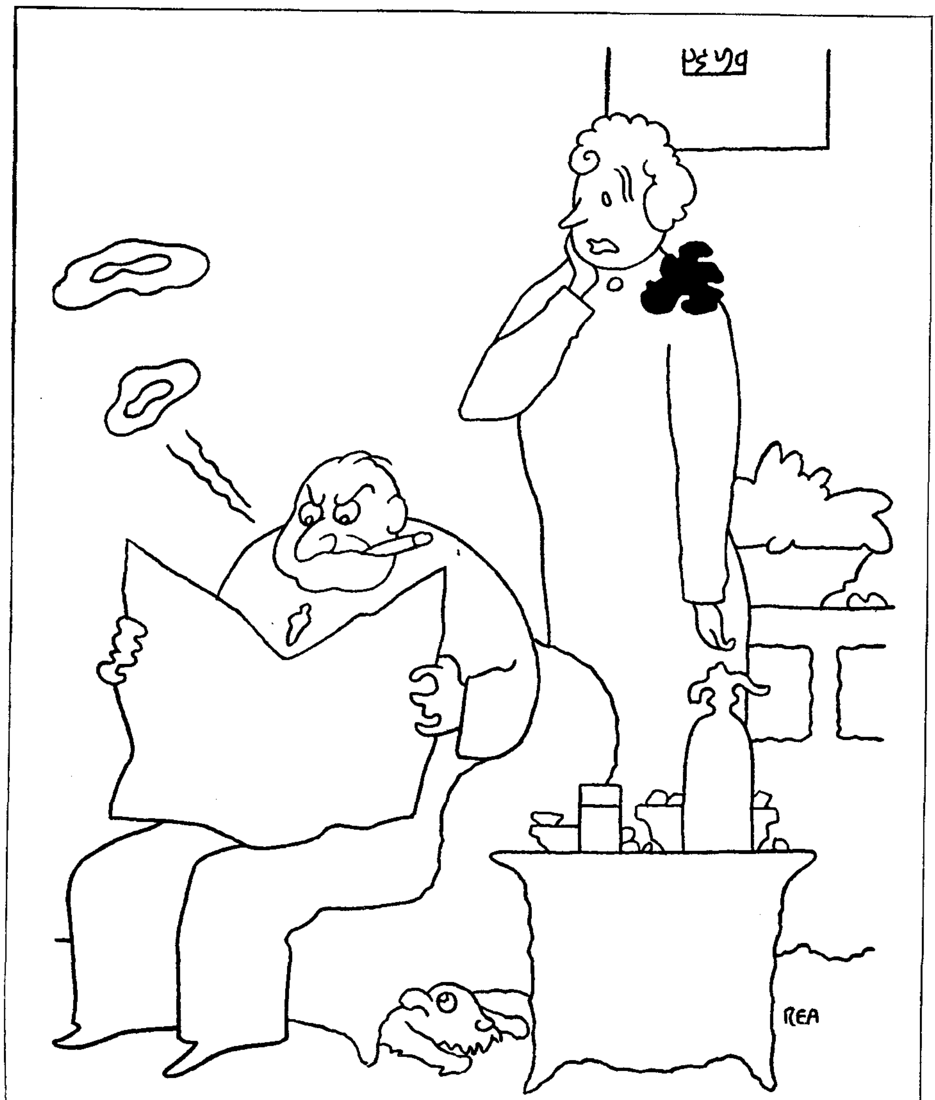
"Dizzy as hell."

"I always could take two to your one, Chips."

"I guess," said Chips, "I'm going to lose my arm."

"No."

"You're a good shipmate, bos'n. You



"Herbert, will you promise not to laugh if I ask you something?"

COLLIER'S

GARDNER REA

Like Magic!

ANY magician can pull a rabbit out of a hat. But it takes a special kind of magic to conjure up a Dry Martini of this perfection, today!

The special magic of HEUBLEIN'S DRY MARTINIS is that they're made with scarce, smooth, pot-stilled MILSHIRE GIN, and the world's finest *Dry Vermouth.*

Ask for a bottle at your local liquor store. Completely ready to add ice and serve.

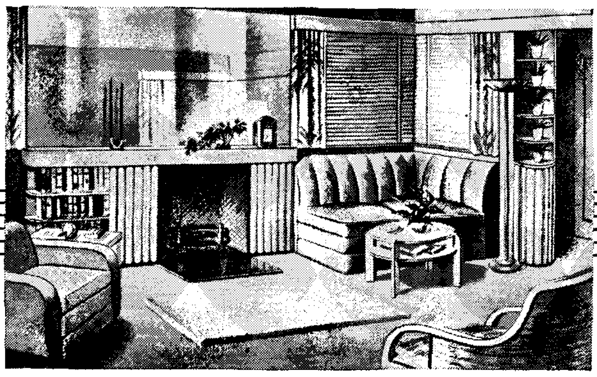
THE FIVE POPULAR COCKTAILS
Dry Martini, *71 proof* • Side Car, *60 proof*
Manhattan, *65 proof* • Daiquiri, *70 proof*
Old Fashioned, *80 proof*

HEUBLEIN'S *Club* COCKTAILS

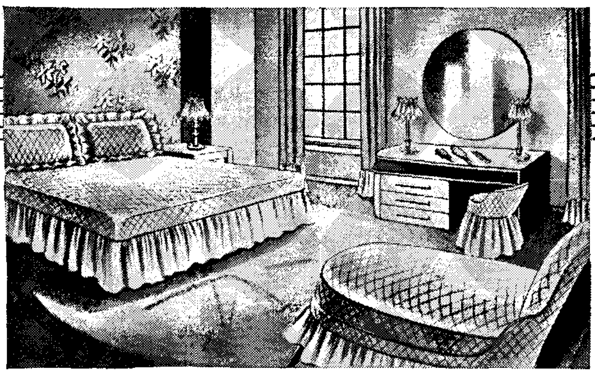
Milshire Distilled London Dry Gin is 90 proof, distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn.

HEAT *that flows*

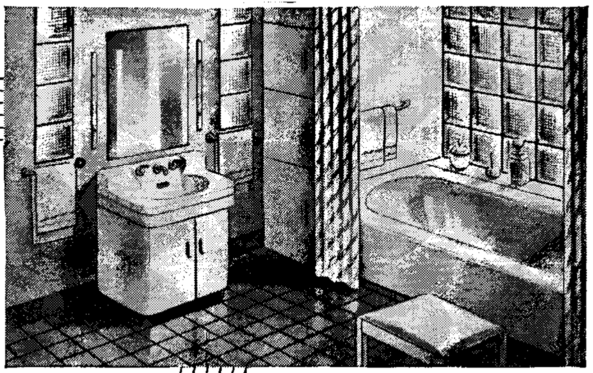
TO EVERY NOOK AND CRANNY . . .



Is your bedroom colder than you like it on winter mornings? . . Is your bathroom as warm as you would like it for the early morning shower or the evening tub? . . Does your recreation room get enough heat when your living room is just comfortable? . . Are your halls drafty and cold?



Chances are that your home suffers from one or more of these discomforts, which are impossible to cure with the present "on and off" control of heat supply, no matter how plentiful that supply may be at the source, the heating plant. But cheer up! There is good news ahead. Moduflow, the amazing new control system developed by Minneapolis-Honeywell, will provide a continuous flow of modulated heat to every nook and cranny of the modern home. It is easy to install in your present automatic heating system, whether it burns coal, gas or oil. In new homes Moduflow can provide varying temperatures for different parts of the house, according to their use. And more good news! It is available *right now* for installation in a limited number of homes throughout the nation.



Before you build your new postwar home, or remodel your present one, be sure to investigate Moduflow. Send today for the interesting booklet, "Heating and Air Conditioning the Postwar Home."

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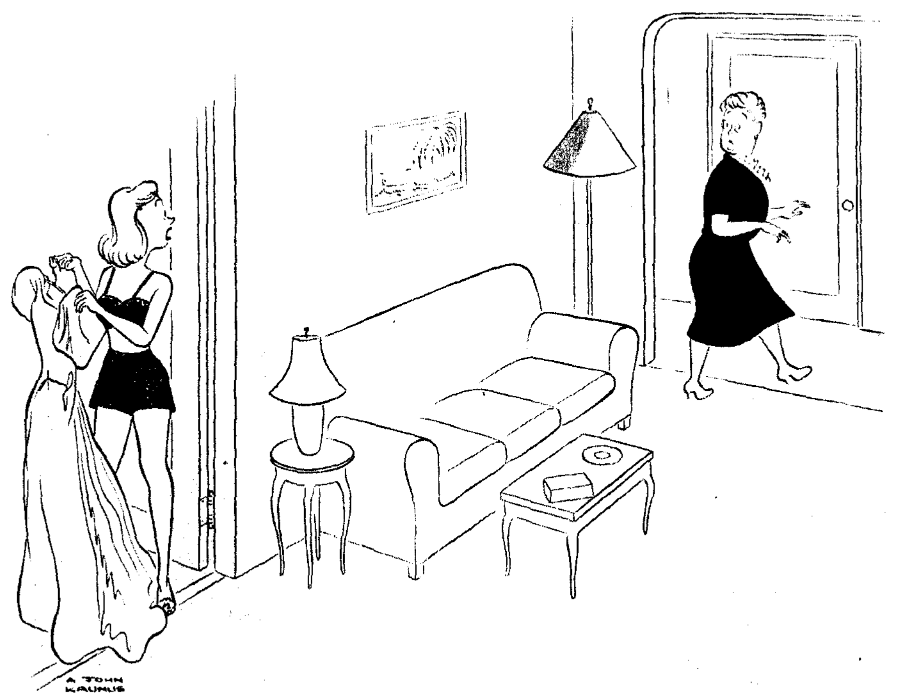


"If that's Bill, Mother, talk to him while I get dressed. Discuss pattern bombing—that's all he knows" A. JOHN KAUNUS

COLLIER'S

aren't like most white folks. You don't hate me, do you?"

"What a loused-up question! Here I've been living in the same fo'c'sle with you, drinking with you and you pull one like that. If you could stand up I'd knock you down."

Said Chips, "Even with one wing I could still take you." A sharp pain pierced through the Negro's exterior of calm and he winced, pushing his head back on the pillow until the skin over his throat was stretched taut.

THERE was a long, uncomfortable pause in the conversation, then the bos'n said, "You'll collect heavy dough for this accident, believe me."

"They'll say it was an Act of God."

"Act of God! You think He was riding in the tank?"

"Don't say that," said Chips.

The bos'n looked quizzically at his fo'c'sle mate. "Want *more* whisky?" he asked.

After he had downed his drink Chips said, "Feel a little better now. You want to do me a favor?"

"Anything short of getting you a girl."

"Take the book out of my jacket and read to me. Don't tell anyone."

Removing a worn, leather-bound book from Chips' pocket the bos'n stood there looking at it, curiously. It was a Bible.

"Now," said Chips, apologetically, "you think I'm nuts."

"I didn't say anything, did I?"

"But you're thinking."

"Hell, I'm a thinking man, ain't I? Where do you want me to start reading?"

"You think I'm a hypocrite in reverse, don't you?"

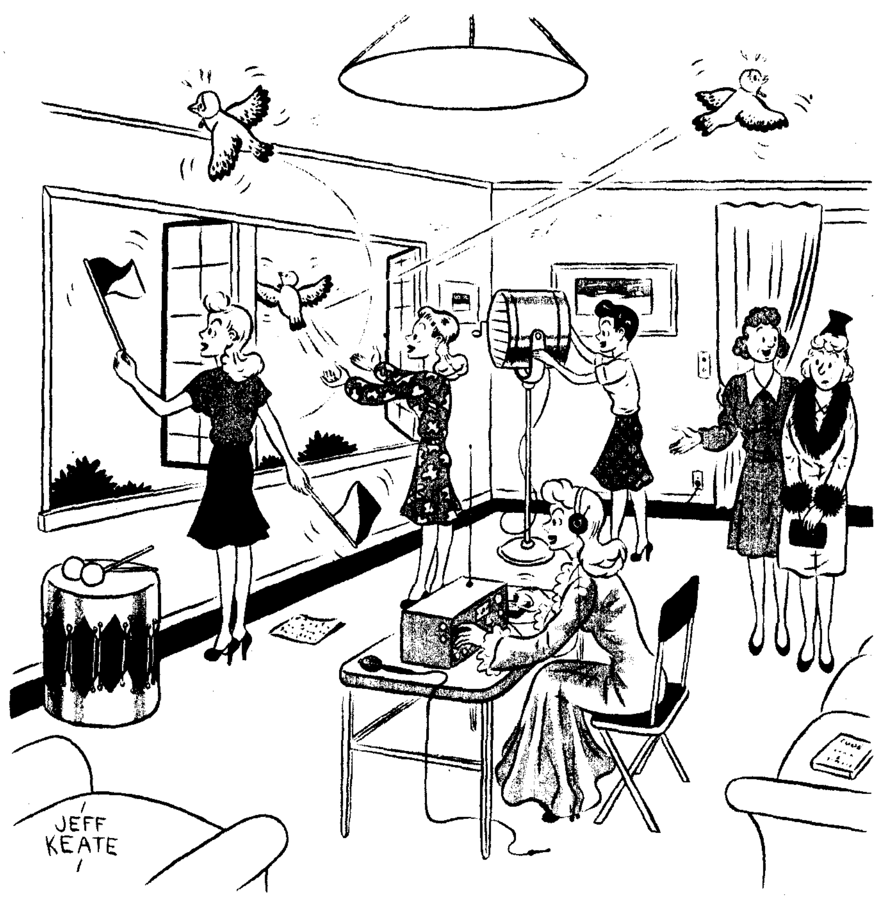
"Stop beating your gums. Where do I start?"

"It's good literature," said Chips, "that's all."

"I didn't ask for any excuses."

When the destroyer came alongside Chips was unconscious. The bos'n still sat beside his fo'c'sle mate, reading to him in a low, hoarse voice, entirely unaware that Chips no longer heard him.

THE END



"The girls have to use other methods to keep in touch with their dates since we can't get a telephone installed" JEFF KEATE

COLLIER'S

"I'm thankful for good brakes"
—says Stopper

Your Brakes Are Dangerous When:

They need frequent adjustment
Brake pedal goes almost to floor
Brakes act slow or grabby
Car pulls to right or left on braking
Brakes squeal, groan or chatter
They make grinding noise when used
Car nose dives on applying brakes
They do not work evenly

Safe stop brake service is featured in repair shops and service stations by American Brakeblok, makers of the safety brake lining, now in use on millions of motor vehicles. This brake lining is quickly available through 38 NAPA warehouses and jobbers everywhere. These warehouses also carry a companion line of clutch facings, fan belts and radiator hose.

Bad brakes cause most wrecks—have your brakes checked today

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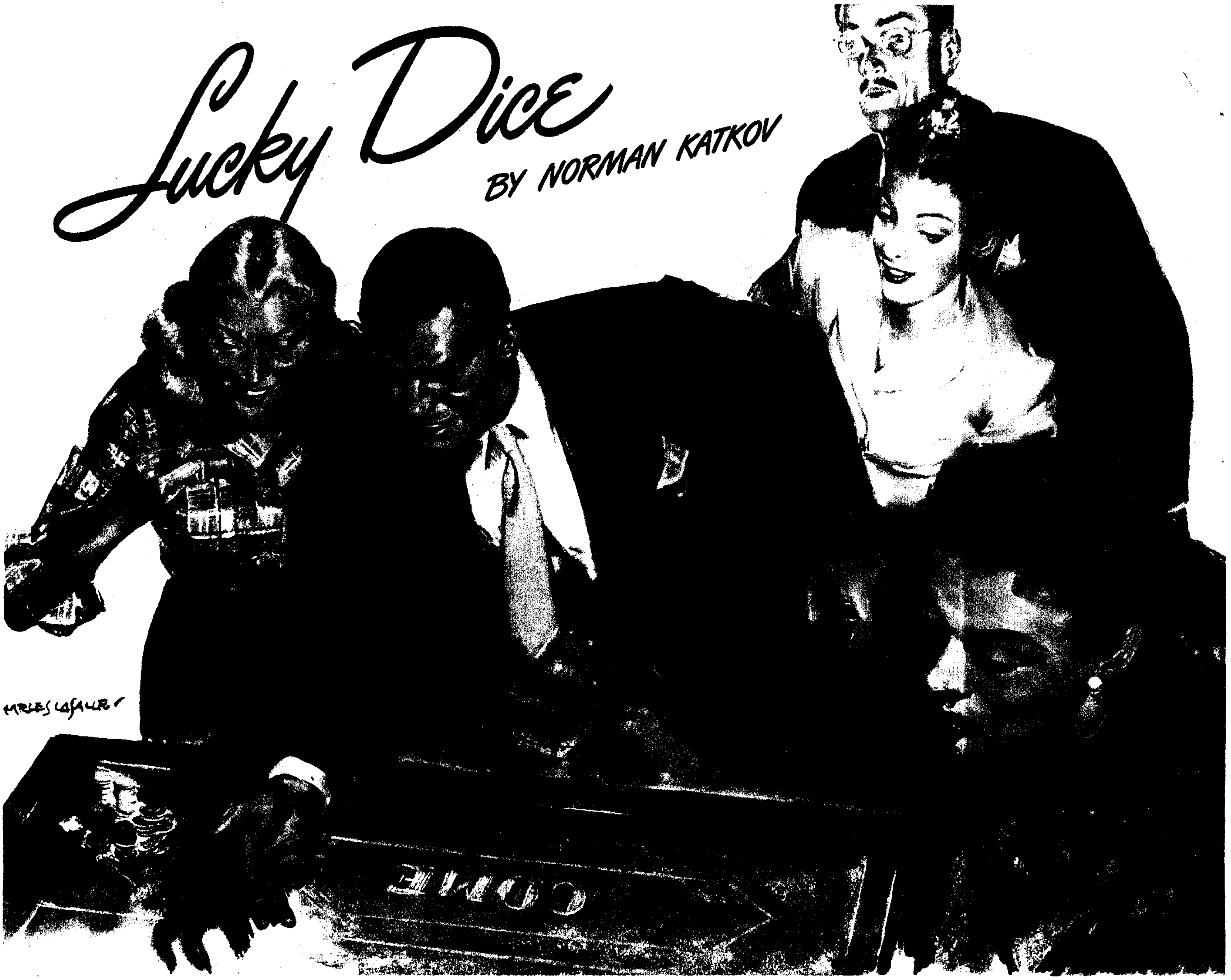
Lucky Dice

BY NORMAN KATKOV



Jean held up her right hand, with the middle finger crossed over the index finger. The banker asked me to shoot, and I came out with a ten

He had led with his heart once, and he was taking no more chances. Then a girl named Jean set out to show him love was still a good bet

THE rest of the office had their desks cleared, the "In" baskets emptied, and the phone cords lying neatly coiled around the phones when I came back from seeing the boss. There wasn't much done on Saturdays. The boys tried to clean up their stuff before twelve-thirty and then sat around talking about what they were going to do over the week end. For the last year and a half I hadn't worried about my week ends. I just let them go and filled my book with a movie on Saturday night and another after a dinner downtown on Sunday.

I pushed the papers on my desk together with both hands as you would shuffle a deck of cards, and threw them in the desk drawer. The men started drifting out and I. was by the water cooler reaching for my hat when Walter Simons and Dwight Abell came up.

The two of them stood there looking at me for a minute. Then Walt began:

"Where you going, Jack?"

"Home."

"Look, Jack, it's none of my business, and you know I'm not a guy to stick his nose into anybody's life, but—"

"What's up?" I asked.

"Well, look, Jack, Helen's giving a dinner tonight. Dwight and Alice are coming, and Bill and Mary Tyler. There'll be a few other people around too, and I thought maybe you'd like to come along."

"Thanks, Walt, I've got something on for tonight."

"Yeah, your suit," Dwight Abell said, and then softly, "The movies stink this week, Jack."

"Thanks," I began again, "but there'd be all you people there, and me alone kibitzing, and I'd be no good there."

"That's just it," Walt said. "Listen, there's a girl works down at the courthouse with Alice—heck of a nice kid, I've met her—and I figured, well, maybe you and she . . ." He stopped talking like he was tired, and I could see he wanted to quit.

I put my hat on and stood there watching the two of them. Then I moved out between them, but Dwight took my left shoulder in his right hand.

"Jack, your wife's been dead a year and a half," he said. "So have you. That's a long time, Jack."

Walt walked around behind me and stood between the two of us.

"Look, why don't you call up this girl, Jack, and maybe pick her up this afternoon, and go for a ride or something, and then if you like her you can bring her along to the house tonight, and if you don't—well, you still haven't lost anything."

"Her name is Jean Thompson," Dwight said, still holding my arm. With his left hand he reached into his pocket and gave me one of the firm's cards. I turned it over in my hand, and on the back I read, "Elkurst 6544."

They stepped away from me then and began walking toward the door. Dwight was whistling, but Walt kept watching to see if I would tear up the card. I put it in my pocket still telling myself I wasn't going to call, and Dwight whistled louder and then looked at me and laughed. I laughed too, and the two of them stopped and like a couple of kids they put one hand over their mouths and with the other hand they each pointed at me.

WE WALKED over together to the parking lot behind the building and split up there. I moved out of the lot and drove into town slowly. It was a mean day, cold, and the sky was dirty with clouds.

I thought about phoning her as I was having a double malted and a Swiss cheese at a drugstore, and I guess I knew I was going to call her all the time. And I knew why: I just wanted to talk to a woman again. I wanted to sit across a table from her, and light a cigarette for her, and ask her questions about herself, and let her lie a little, and when she asked me, to let me lie a little. I wanted to smell perfume again, and help a woman on with her coat.

In the phone booth, I got out the card and looked at it, then dialed quick, the way you call for an ambulance.

Someone said, "Hello," using a good voice, deep and round.

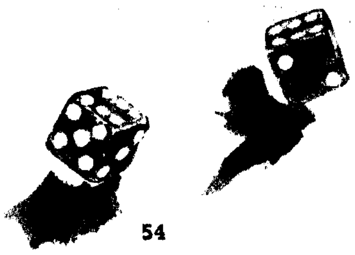
"This is Jack Gurnee," I said.

"Hello, Jack."

"Miss Thompson," I started. "Miss Thompson, I—" I tried again: "Miss Thompson, Walt Simons said that you, he said we—" I was going great.

She was laughing. "My name is Jean. I've been expecting you to call. I'm not doing anything this afternoon, but I'm wearing slacks and if that's all right with you I won't change."

I said something about wearing a sports coat, and then she told me where she lived and I said I'd drive right out. She was sitting on the porch when I drove up, and when she saw me, she came down the walk toward the gate of the fence. She walked slowly, wearing slacks and a man's plaid shirt open at the neck. She was blond, and you could see she didn't stop at drugstores to buy stuff for it all the time. I tried to make up my mind whether or not to get out of the car and was still arguing it out when she opened the door and got in. She put out her hand and I took it, and we said hello. Then I thought of the one thing that could keep me busy, and not let me make too much of a sap out



ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

As a duck shoot goes with Fall

Wine goes with Food

IF YOU LIKE GOOD MEALS you've an important discovery ahead. It's this simple palate-pleasing fact: *When wine joins a main dish the eating gets better.*

Make an easy test of it — just taste the Lamb Stew Sauterne pictured here. Try a roast of beef that's been basted in red table wine, or hamburger made with full-bodied Burgundy, or filet of fresh fish "au vin blanc."

And when you set out glasses of the same wine *with* the meal, the delightful taste harmony continues. You find that appetites become keener. Eating takes on the relish it is meant to have.

Many unusually good wine-and-food recipes are in our new booklet on wine cookery. Write for your free copy today. Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco 5, California.

Try this recipe for Lamb Stew Sauterne:

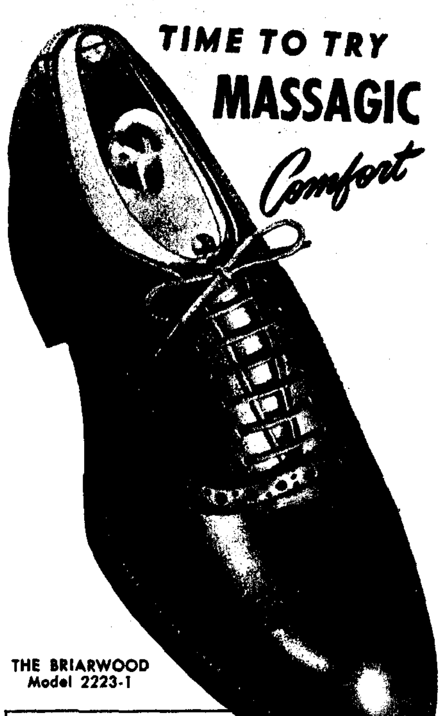
Cut 2 lbs. lean lamb shoulder into 2-inch cubes and place in deep bowl with 2 sliced onions and 1 or 2 peeled cloves of garlic. Add 1½ cups California Sauterne or Rhine Wine, cover, and let stand in refrigerator 2 or 3 hours. Discard garlic. Take out meat, roll in seasoned flour, brown in 4 tbsps. hot oil in kettle. Add wine and onion and 3 cups water; cover and simmer until tender (about 1½ hours). Add vegetables—carrots, potatoes, celery, small whole onions and peas, as desired; season well, and cook until tender, about 20 minutes. Serves 4 to 6

Port-baked apples are no trick at all!

Wash and core 4 apples, peel upper ⅓ of each. Place in casserole. Dissolve ⅓ cup sugar in ½ cup boiling water, pour over apples, cover, and bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 30 to 40 minutes. Remove apples to serving dishes, pour 2 tbsps. California Port wine into each. Boil down remaining syrup until it is fairly thick and pour over the apples to glaze them. Serves 4

Add to your share in Tomorrow... add to your WAR BONDS today

Dad's feet are
TIRED
AGAIN!



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★ Yields with every step
★ Absorbs shocks, jars
★ Keeps you foot-fresh

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AIR CUSHIONED SHOES

of myself. I started the car and drove off.

"Where do you want to go, Miss Thompson?"

"My name is Jean, remember? Even Jeany if you like that better, but not Miss Thompson."

"All right, Jean. How about driving out in the country, and then maybe stopping for a drink?" I offered.

She nodded without saying anything. I caught a few glimpses of her as we drove out of the city and guessed she was about twenty-four or twenty-five. She had a nice face all right, with a nose that was just a little too narrow and too long, and a wide mouth that she used lipstick on, which strangely enough made it one of her selling points.

I asked her what she did at the courthouse and she told me she worked for the city attorney.

"Like it?"

She shrugged. "It's a job. Five days a week, nine to five. Civil service, you know; pension and all that. I pay my way, Jack."

I laughed. "I'll bet you bowl with the girls, too. Once a week."

She turned and pouted at me, then punched me lightly on the arm. This was fun. I was enjoying myself, and I think she was, too.

WE WERE approaching a roadhouse that I remembered—a quiet place, with a gambling room, nice bar, and dance floor. I hadn't been near it for years, but I asked her if she wanted to go in. She said yes.

I pulled up alongside the building and found a parking place in a nest of cars. I remembered the crap games they always ran on week ends. That explained the cars.

When you stepped inside you were standing at one end of the bar, the long mahogany to your left, the dance floor on your right. The bartender remembered me, and he asked if I wanted Scotch, and I said fine, and he said fine, also.

"You know the strangest people, Jackson," she said smiling up at me, her right arm lying loose against my elbow.

"I got around—once," I answered, but I liked what she had said. We walked along the bar. There were three people standing there—a young fellow and a younger girl, and down farther, a lush, trying to get a glass of whisky all over his clothes.

Where the bar ended, a large wooden board stood about two feet in front of a doorway. You could see light behind it—not a room fully lighted, but three or four spots of light. Jean wanted to know what was in there and I told her there was a craps table and a roulette wheel and probably some blackjack.

She held her purse with both hands in front of her and looked up at me, "Let's go in."

"All right," I said. I hadn't shot any craps for a couple of years, but I had ten dollars that I could invest in one or two fast rolls. There was a big fellow in a pin-striped suit just inside the door, and he put his hand out in front of us silently for a minute, then nodded at me and dropped his hand. We walked into the room.

The roulette was to our right. Along the wall to our left there were three separate blackjack games going. The craps table was in the center of the room—a big one, with two house men, one at either end, and a stick man in the center. I bought twenty half-dollar chips and squeezed Jean and myself into one corner.

You could tell she liked it, the whole setup: the dice and all the bets, and the way the house men handled the game, placing identical piles of chips swiftly beside yours when you won. I tried a few bets waiting for the dice to reach me, but I didn't do so good, and when I finally got the dice I had fourteen chips. I put four chips in the line area and rolled the dice widthwise across the board. I crapped, two aces. On a hunch I threw my last ten chips and I crapped again. I waved my hand to pass the dice and Jean looked at me.

"You're not quitting?"

"Sure, I'm quitting. Only a sucker tries to ride bad luck out."

"Why don't you try being a sucker, Jack?" she said. "Just once."

I had two dollars in my pocket and some large money in my wallet. I threw the two at the banker, and he stuffed them in the cash box and set four chips down. I held the dice a long time in my hand, listening to the clicks, and then threw them across the board again. I had a seven for the four dollars. While I waited for the people around the table to place their bets, I looked at Jean but she was watching everything around her but me. This time I sevened again, and I had eight bucks.

For the sixteen I had eight for a point, and down in the other house man's territory, a heavy, black-haired woman smoking flat, king-size cigarettes was betting with me. I threw a ten, craps, another ten, and the eight, and I held the dice waiting for the thirty-two bucks to be covered. Well, if I was going to play sucker, I'd play all the way. I felt someone squeezing my arm, and I turned and saw that Jean was holding it with both hands. She took her right hand from my arm, then, and held it up to my face with the middle finger crossed over the index finger.

The banker asked me to shoot, and I came out with a ten. The woman on the other end of the table really was betting on me. There were a stack of chips as high as a pint bottle of milk in front of her, and she was watching carefully, waiting for me to shoot. I shook the dice and then put my hand near Jean's lips, the circle made by curving the thumb around the index finger near her mouth.

"Blow," I said. "For luck." She blew. I threw the dice the length of the table and I could see the black-haired woman following them with her eyes. There was a six and a four showing. I gave the stick man two dollars and tossed him the dice, but he picked them up and threw them back at me.

"From the house," he said. "Lucky dice." I smiled thanks, and Jean and I walked away from the table. When we reached the door, I turned to Jean and held out my hand with the bills folded lengthwise, pointing at her. She shook her head at me.

"Take it," I said. "You're luck for me."

But she put her hand over mine, making a fist of it and guiding it to my trousers pocket. "I can't get nylons," she said. "And I told you that I paid my own way. Remember?"

"But you got me that ten I needed," I protested.

"Don't be silly. I just didn't want to see you quit so soon."

I thought about that as we walked to the bar. When we sat down, she ordered beer, and I held two fingers up at the bartender. Then she turned sideways facing me. I reached for my cigarettes and, when she took one, I lighted it for her. She sat there smoking and taking a drink of beer occasionally.

"What do you do with yourself, Jack?" she asked at last.

"I work. I play a little golf when the weather's nice. I see movies. Don't worry about me." My voice sounded too loud.

"I'm not worried, Jack. I'm just trying to make conversation. You know—the weather, books, plays, what I dislike in people, what you dislike in people." She waved the hand that held the cigarette across the bar. "If you really want a man to like you, always make him talk about himself."

I kicked at a half-smoked cigar on the floor. "Okay, I'm sorry. I don't get around much, and it's been a long time between beers with a young woman."

SHE dropped the cigarette on the floor and then with both hands patted the flesh below her chin. "Young. Easy now, Jackson. I'm 26, and I admit it. I've been playing the field since the junior prom at Humboldt High School and there's not much hope left. I'm an old crow that nobody wants. You wouldn't marry me, would you, Jackson?"

She turned for her glass and was taking a drink when I broke in: "I've been married, Jean. My wife died a year and a half ago." I don't know why I told her. Expecting sympathy, I suppose. She sat the glass down and looked at it.

"I know," she said. "Alice told me when they cooked this deal up. I'm sorry, Jack."

Someone put a nickel in the juke box then, and four people got out on the floor to dance. It was good music, soft and sweet and slow. Jean saw my foot tapping the bar rail, and looked up at me questioningly.

KEEP BUYING MORE WAR BONDS

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More than a million Powerlites are in use by the armed forces. And its wartime experiences will make it a vastly better light for peacetime. You can't get one yet, because Delta's extensive facilities are concentrated on the production of Powerlites and other battery lighted devices for war. But, on the drawing board of a noted designer new peacetime Deltas are being shaped—lanterns and bicycle lights—that will be well worth waiting for.

DELTA ELECTRIC CO., MARION, INDIANA

Delta

"I've forgotten how," I said.

"Do I have to say please?" she asked.

"Tell you the truth, I was a good dancer."

"Was," she answered. "Was, was, was. Why don't you get a rate on a funeral?"

She broke off and stared at me for an instant, but I let it go. I said it was warm, and if I was going to dance I'd have to be comfortable. I hung my coat above one of the slot machines and we went out to the floor.

She danced well, letting me lead, and not getting ideas of her own about where we were going. She wasn't too tall, her head came just to my shoulder, and when the record changed, my right arm tightened around her, and then she leaned her head against my shoulder, and she was close.

When the music stopped, I put some nickels in the machine, and we finished those off. It was nice, dancing like that, dancing with a girl who could follow you without stopping every four steps to look up and talk about the rest of the people on the floor.

"Time," she said, when those records had ended, and we walked back to the bar.

She took her purse and said something about getting a new face. She was gone about ten minutes, and when she came back upstairs, she passed the entrance to the craps room, close to a man who was coming out. He looked like a loser, sore at the world, and especially at himself, for being a chump. He watched her come over and stand next to me, and I mean he watched her, all of her.

THEN he walked over to the bar and, standing right next to her, ordered himself a drink. He was about my size, but you could tell by his face that he was soft. He took a whisky, neat, ran his tongue over his lips, and ordered another. Then he put a hand on Jean's arm.

"What you doing with frogface here?" he wanted to know.

Jean turned her back on him to talk to me, but he held her arm.

"Blow the jerk, baby," he said. "You and I can have fun." She tried to get her arm loose, and then she turned to me, scared. "Jack," she said quickly.

Suddenly I didn't want to be there. I didn't want to help her. I wanted to be home, alone, without her and Walt Simons, and Dwight Abell, and all their dirty, scheming tricks that had got me into this mess.

But I had to do it. I reached over and took her shoulder and pulled her away from him, then moved in between them.

"Look, fellow, be a nice guy, and forget it," I told him. "We're leaving and you can have the place to yourself." I heard Jean suck in her breath as she turned away.

He took off his hat and set it on the bar, and I knew I was stuck for it. I moved back a few feet, waiting for him. Those big guys like to throw one punch and end the fight, and that's what I was hoping for. He did. He let one come from behind his ear, but I moved inside and belted him in the stomach, and then on the face with my right hand. He went down and came up and wanted to begin all over again, but the craps room bouncer and the bartender were moving him out.

That said it was enough. That was plenty. Getting rooked into being with this girl, gambling like a fool, getting into fights in roadhouses. I reached for my coat and walked toward the door with her. Then I stopped and started to get into my jacket. A bunch of kids came in just then, one of them brushing against me as he went by. My wallet fell from the jacket, spilling cards and envelopes all over the floor. A kid said he was sorry and they all got down to help collect things. I straightened up and was pushing cards into my pocket when Jean bent down, picked something up from the floor and straightened up, holding a card in her hand. I was in a hurry to get out by now and didn't notice her face.

"Leave it, Jean," I said. "It's nothing important. To hell with it, let's get going." I wasn't being polite any more.

But she turned, the card in her hand pointing at me, and I saw that it was a picture of Myra, my wife.

We went out, not saying anything, got in the car, and drove for about fifteen minutes before either of us spoke. Then she asked for a cigarette. I gave her the pack and she smoked for a minute or two.

"Jack, I'm sorry."

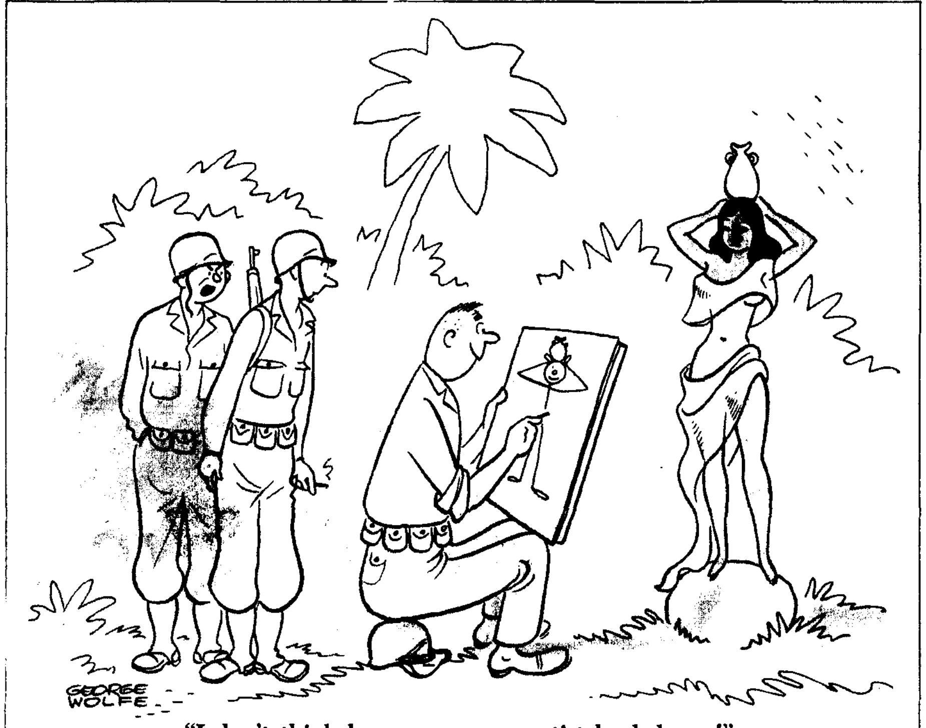
"Forget it."

"Look, Jack," she turned toward me in the car, her legs curled up under her. "I said I was sorry, but mostly I'm sorry for you. I never saw you until two hours ago. This hasn't been a picnic for me, you know. I didn't have to take all this. But I'm not like you. I like people, and I know you can't hide yourself in this world. Walt Simons and Dwight Abell, they have to work with you, and they have to take that kind of treatment from you all the time. You've got no business doing that, Jack."

What was the sense in going on with it? I didn't have an answer anyway. I just wanted to get home and in my room and away from everyone.

She told me she could find the door when we reached her house, and that was that. I drove toward my home slowly, trying to figure it out, trying to see why I had done that to her, but I couldn't give myself an answer. I just wanted to go home now. . . .

In the hall of the house, Mrs. Lennon, the landlady, told me that Walt and Dwight had called. I began to get that tight feeling again, a sense of aloneness, and not wanting to be alone, and feeling sorry for myself. In the room, the evening paper was on the chair by the window. I sat down and tried to read but it wasn't much use. I looked at the amusement page of the paper. Dwight was



COLLIER'S "I don't think he ever was an artist back home!" GEORGE WOLFE

FALSE TEETH WEARERS

How YOU can Avoid The Danger of DENTURE BREATH

TAKE CARE, Mister! Whispering is as offensive as shouting if you have . . . Denture Breath. Avoid offending in this way. Don't trust brushing and scrubbing with ordinary cleansers that scratch your plate material. Such scratches help food particles and film to collect faster, cling tighter, causing offensive Denture Breath.

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Soak your plate in Polident fifteen minutes or longer . . . rinse . . . and it's ready to use. A daily Polident bath gets into tiny crevices brushing never seems to reach . . . keeps your plate sparkling clean and odor free.

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What's more . . . your plate material is *60 times softer than natural teeth*, and brushing with ordinary tooth pastes, tooth powders or soaps, often wears down the delicate fitting ridges designed to hold your plate in place. With worn down ridges, of course, your plate loosens. But, since there is no need for brushing when using Polident—there's no danger. And, besides, the *safe* Polident way is so easy and sure.

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> To dramatize the qualities of *Ansco Color,* we "shot" pert Miss Havoc . . . rushed the film to a darkroom for the first 15 minutes of development . . . and completed the processing *under white light,* in view of the audience, in 75 minutes.

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• • •

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ARMY E NAVY

Ansco Color

ANSCO COLOR FILM
DAYLIGHT TYPE
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COLOR REVERSIBLE FILM

film

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right: the movies were bad. I could hear the first hesitant drops of rain against the window, soft at first, and then a hard, steady drone slapping the glass.

I thought of hitting that guy who had made the pass at Jean, and I thought of Walt's house. I thought of Jean, and of dancing with her. I took off my jacket and was going through my pockets, emptying wallet, keys, handkerchief onto the bed, when my right hand found the dice the banker had given me. The lucky dice.

I held them in my hand and swore at them, and then turned and threw them as hard as I could against the wall. They hit near the ceiling and rolled back to within a foot of me. They'd stopped on a natural seven: a six and a one. Loaded, I said to myself, and got down on my knees and bounced them off the wall again. It was another seven: a three and a four.

I remembered then what Jean had said about quitting and made a bet with myself, and rolled them across the floor again. It was a four this time, and I rolled a four right after it. What the hell! Three passes. I blew then, on the dice, and rolled them very slowly, and followed them to the wall. Another seven. What the hell! I was close to the wall and I let them go once more. Eleven, a winner. Then I was kneeling there, my pants dirty, my hands dirty, sweating a little, and looking at the dice and laughing at them. I fell back on my heels and was still laughing when Mrs. Lennon came upstairs and stuck her head in the door.

"Anything wrong, Mr. Gurnee?" she said.

I SHOOK my head, still laughing. Now she was sure I was crazy, but I didn't care. I got up and walked to the bed, found the card with Jean's number, and still holding the dice went downstairs.

"Jean," I said when she answered the phone. "This is Jack Gurnee."

"I know it is, Jack."

"Jean, you know those dice they gave me? Well, I was playing with them in my room, and I threw a mess of winners."

"Yes, Jack?"

"Well, gee, I just thought I'd tell you."

"Yes, Jack."

"Listen, Jean, I'm going to Walt Simons' for dinner." This was something new to her, she'd only known that all day. She didn't say anything so I tried again:

"Well, they asked me to bring somebody, and I thought as you hadn't eaten yet . . ."

"I'd like to go."

"Maybe you'd better wear a raincoat. It's raining."

"All right. I'll wear a raincoat."

"And Jean—"

"Yes?"

"I'm sorry I was such a damn' fool. You see I haven't been in company very much lately."

She didn't answer that. I put down the receiver, and when I'd finished dressing I got a trench coat from the closet and was almost downstairs before I remembered. I ran up again and took the dice off the window sill in the bathroom and put them in my jacket pocket. It was really raining now, coming down straight and hard.

JEAN'S mother answered the door. She gave me her hand and said that Jean would be right down, and I went into the living room where her father was sitting. We talked about the weather, and that led to golf, and he said he had seen my name in the papers once during a best-ball tournament. Jean came in then, carrying an umbrella and a trench coat that looked like my own coat's twin. I helped her with it, then shook hands with her father and Mrs. Thompson, and we went outside.

I took the umbrella from Jean and opened it. Then I put my arm around her, and she moved close, so we were both under it. There wasn't anybody on the street when we walked over to my car. It was eight miles to Walt's house and all you could see was a trolley once in a while and very few cars.

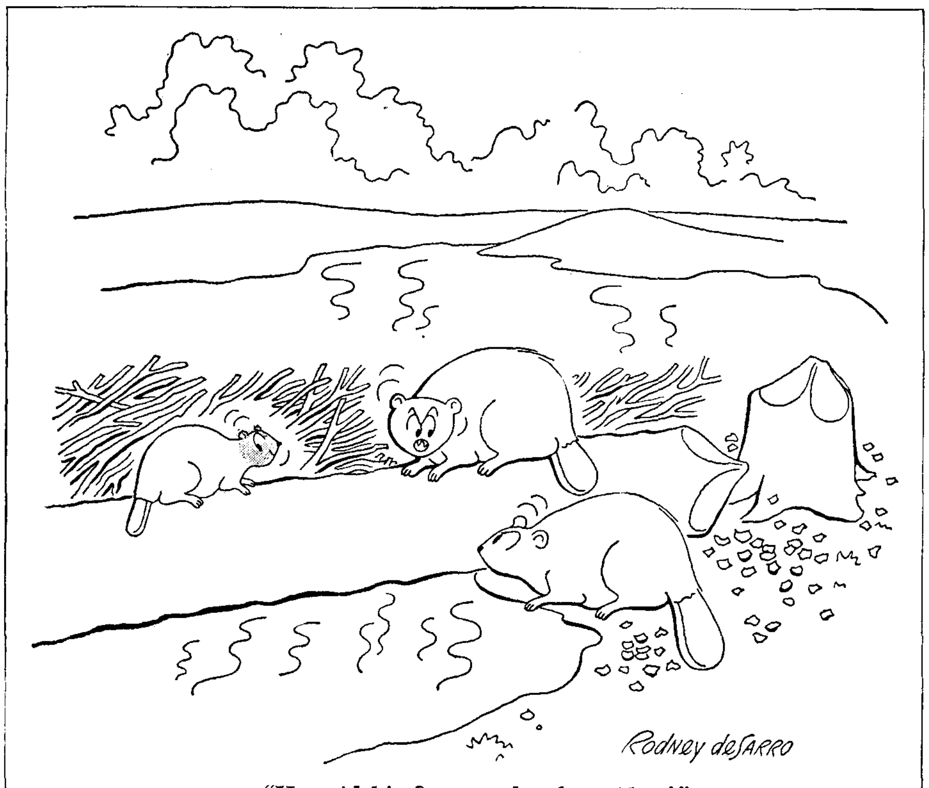
When we got in the car, she smiled at me. "About those dice, Jack. What were you raving about over the phone?"

I turned and winked at her. "I'll tell you about it sometime," I promised.

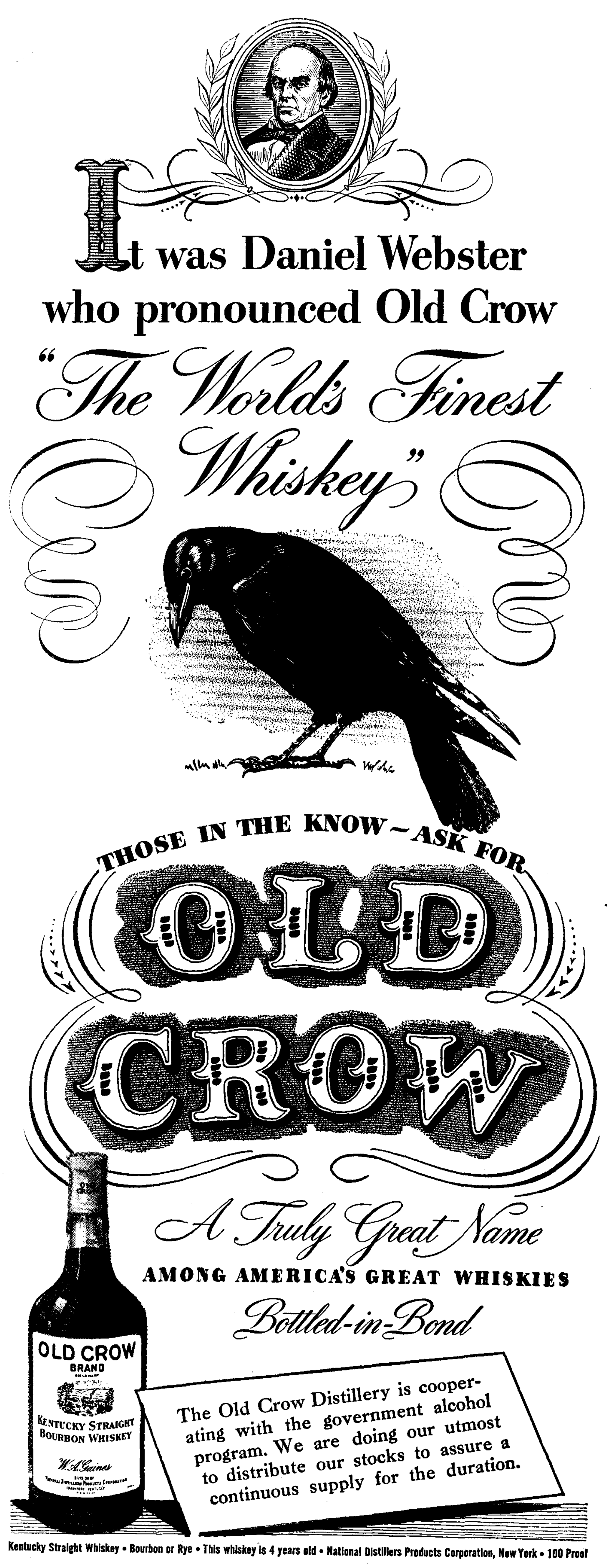
Walt's house was lighted up from top to bottom, with cars parked for a half block each way. I turned into the driveway and stopped where the sidewalk curved into the front yard. We ran for the door, and when Walt opened up he just looked at me and grinned. His wife took our coats, and the three of us walked into the living room.

Dwight was doing his gorilla act for about fourteen people who were standing and sitting around the room with drinks in their hands. He was bouncing around, his hands hanging down, hair over his eyes, and he almost banged my shins before he saw me. Then he got up slowly, brushing his hands and grinning but not saying a word either. He straightened up and swung at me with his right fist, and I bent and hit him in the stomach with my left hand. Walt took my elbow and Jean's and introduced us around. Then he left us by a window next to the fireplace while he went to the kitchen to get us some drinks. I looked around. People were laughing and talking, and Dwight was back at the gorilla routine again. Jean put her arm through my elbow. I reached into my pocket with my right hand and rolled the dice together. You could hear the rain against the windows.

THE END



COLLIER'S "He said his first word today—'dam'" RODNEY DESARRO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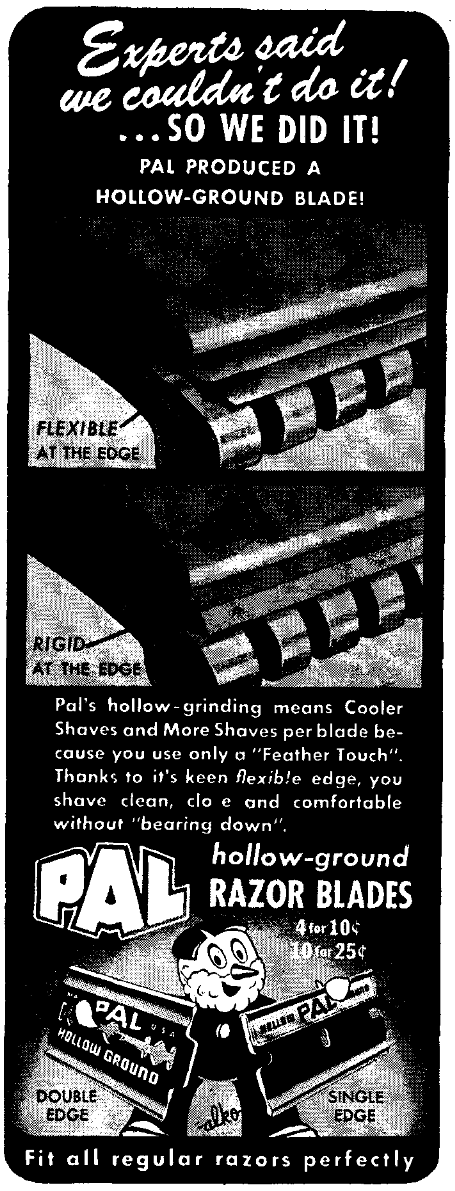
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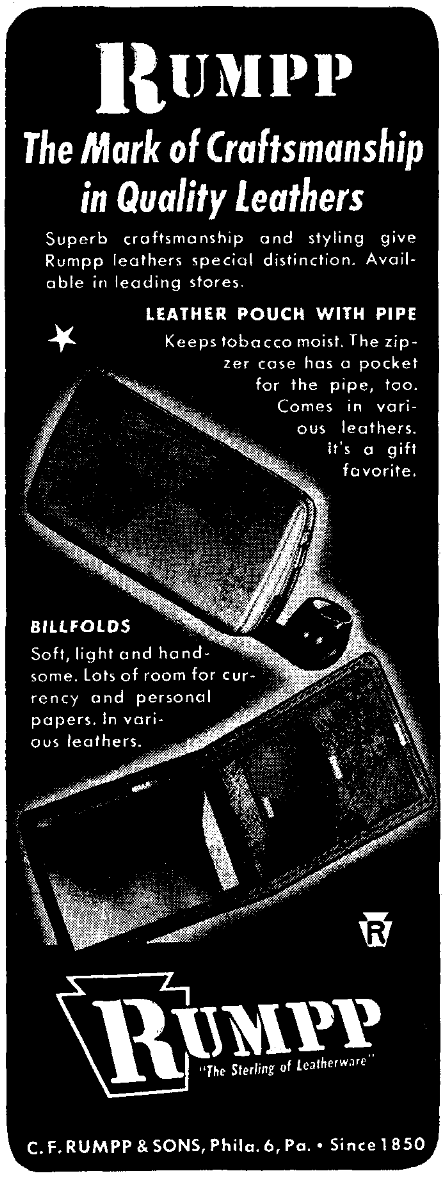
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The Ship That Wouldn't Sink

Continued from page 17

"But wait till you see what's happened to the fantail."

A few steps carried Van Bergen to a point where he could see the fantail. The deck was gone. In its place, there was only a gaping hole and curls of twisted steel. The guns were crazily awry. Billows of smoke and tongues of flame were roaring skyward.

It would have been bad enough had such damage occurred anywhere on the ship. But Van Bergen would rather have had her bow blown off completely than have this injury to her stern, from which both power and steering emanated. When he thought of what must have happened to her steering gear, he was sick inside and started running. Overhead, the air battle was still going on, but that was Captain Robinson's fight.

Explosion Below Decks

Some minutes earlier, when the stern had been hit, the explosion had occurred in the hand steering room, below the CPO quarters and only a few feet away from the after twin barbette. Paul Martinek was the turret captain and the petty officer in charge. He had turned the sprinklers on his ready powder and got himself and his men out of the turret.

The barbette ran perpendicularly through the chiefs' quarters. Several chiefs and a number of ammunition passers who had been working here when the bomb burst below them were now either dead or wandering about blinded, their skin dropping off, vomiting in violent nausea. One of the people working here had been Fook Liang, the sullen mess attendant. He was one of the less seriously burned, and he began at once evacuating the wounded, dragging or leading them out of this burning area to the torpedo workshop.

Here Doctor Ryan and Connie Brandt (the dentist), Ace Evans, Starling Harold and others of the Hospital Corps men were injecting morphine, cutting away still smoldering clothing and smearing charred bodies with tannic acid and whatever grease was available which would serve in some measure to shut out the air and seal in remaining body moisture. Up on the forward gun deck, men were laid out in rows, and gunners, having no tannic acid and not daring to wait for medical supplies, were simply cutting away men's clothing and smearing on gun grease or Diesel oil with paintbrushes.

But back in the chiefs' quarters, from which Fook Liang had dragged the wounded, a huge fire was now raging. In racks and on mess tables in the CPO quarters, there were eighteen cans of ready powder for use in the 6-inch guns. It had been put there so that the after twin could open fire quickly without having to wait until the magazines should be fully manned and the ammunition train started. The destructive power in this concentration of explosives was more than sufficient to blow the entire stern off the ship. It lay pinned down by a mass of hot steel debris in the midst of a dozen burning mattresses.

Now Paul Martinek remembered that powder. It was up to him, as the senior man present and in action in that part of the ship, to do something about it. He had two choices: He could run to the forward end of the ship, so as not to be killed when the stern blew off, and hope to be picked out of the sea by another ship. With an incalculably greater risk to himself, he could go down into the fire and try to prevent the explosion.

He started below. Seaman Second Class Claude Becker, who was an extremely powerful man, was right after him. When they had made their way through the burning shambles to the deck which formed the overhead to the magazines, they found that the heavy steel hatch, which by now was almost red-hot, had been sprung. Martinek could not budge it.

Becker said, "Let me try it."

He wrapped his hands with rags, took hold of the smoking hatch cover, straightened his back and started pulling. Martinek watched his face so that, if he tore his own entrails out, he could catch him.

The hatch gave a little. Agony was cutting deep into Becker's face. The rags on his hands were smoking. But the hatch cover continued to move. Finally it was open a foot and a half. Then, with Martinek helping, the hatch was propped open.

Here everything seemed to be a part of the most terrifying nightmare: choking smoke, fire, broken, twisted steel, the horrible odor of burned flesh. At every step they might fall through a broken deck into a greater fire below. Yet somewhere in this inferno was a great pile of ready powder. Martinek finally discovered the powder and began tugging at the tanks, each about the size of a five-gallon ice-cream can. Claude Becker was by his side, working with him. Then they were joined by Seaman Second Class Link. But the tanks would not budge. They were locked in the massed metal debris.

There was one last desperate, supremely dangerous chance. Martinek took it.

"Open the cans," he said.

A moment later, their arms loaded with the naked cloth powder bags, the men started out through the fire.

When they reached topside, they threw the powder into the sea. They had taken fantastic risks, had the luck to succeed, and must now undertake the same thing over again.

Yet five minutes later, all the ready powder from the chiefs' quarters was slowly sinking to the bottom of the Java Sea.

Then Martinek remembered that the magazine crew was trapped beneath the fires. He started below to try to rescue them. When he reached the magazine hatch and opened it, all below was in almost ghostly good order. The magazine looked just as neat and orderly as it might have looked on any peacetime day. The men reported that their powder had been sprinkled and, at Martinek's order, abandoned their stations and sealed it back up.

Overhead, Japanese planes were still attacking. And the Marblehead, her rudder jammed, unable to maneuver, was still dashing in the same helpless circle, scooping up the sea with her broken bottom. Her forecastle was almost awash. But while the forward repair party, many of them badly wounded men, struggled to quell the fire and flooding forward, others in the stern were struggling desperately to clear the rudder which was jammed full left.

Problem of the Jammed Rudder

By the time the fantail fire had been brought under some semblance of control, Lieutenant Frank Blasdel, Machinist's Mate Dale Johnson, Metalsmith Martin Moran and Quartermaster Lester J. Barre were on their way down into the ram room, which was the lowest and aftermost compartment on the ship. In a hurried conference with Mr. Drury, they decided the probable cause of the rudder jam was that the valves and pipe leads in the hydraulic rams had been destroyed by the explosion. Oil, introduced under high pressure, drove the huge pistons in each ram, one of which, in turn, pressed back the starboard rudder-post arm, while the other pulled the port arm forward. The ram pistons and rudder had been in this position when the explosion had locked them there.

Mr. Drury and the others hoped to remedy this situation by "bleeding off" the fluid inside the rams. This, they felt, would allow the rudder to swing back into an amidships, or fore-and-aft, position. Once it reached this position, perhaps it could be locked in place and the ship steered to some extent by her engines—turning her by speeding up the propellers on one side while throwing those on the opposite side into reverse.

As Frank Blasdel descended the perpendicular ladder into the steering-gear room, utterly black except for the arcing of broken cables which now and then caused the chlo-

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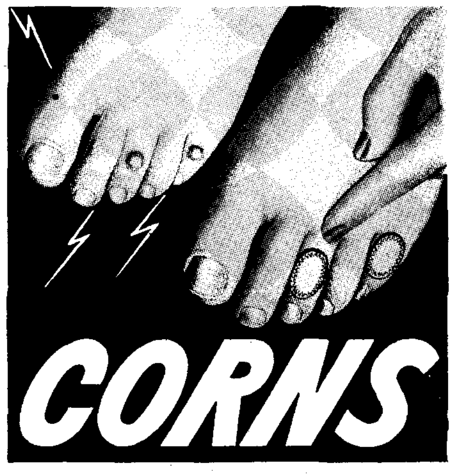
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rine gas from broken batteries to flash into momentary lightning, he felt, halfway down, oil and water encompassing his legs and knew that the compartment was flooded shoulder-deep. When he was only a step or two from the bottom rung, a body floated up against him. He pushed it away.

Johnson and Moran followed immediately and, very soon, Chief Electrician's Mate Ritter and Seaman Second Class Link.

Hardly had these men started to work when the word was passed that another bombing run on the ship was beginning. At this point, Johnson, pushing away the floating bodies, was about to pull himself beneath the water in order to grapple with and try to remove the forward drain plugs.

There was no time to wait, no cover to seek. He knew that if the ship received a hit in any point, she would break in two. She was flooded with hundreds of tons of water forward and aft, while her only buoyancy was amidships. She was much in the position of a piece of kindling that is being broken over a man's knee. As the bombers closed in, Johnson reached down into the sloshing muck, the topmost foot of which was fuel oil, caught hold of a piece of greasy, submerged steel, and dragged himself down beneath the surface to grapple for the drainage plugs.

Last Words—Just in Case

In the torpedo workshop, Doctor Ryan was administering morphine to all patients, but focusing additional time and treatment, according to the stern laws of military necessity, on patching up the least seriously wounded first, so that they might get back to the guns and pumps and fire hoses. There were no facilities whatever for surgery. Since everything and everybody was covered with filth and oil, he would have infected whatever he touched. There was not enough blood plasma for even one serious case. But though most of the wounded were in great pain, none of them cried out or complained. Occasionally a man would ask the fellow lying next to him to carry a message to his family in case he didn't make it through. "If you see my wife," one man said, "tell her I love her . . . and that I tried."

As the piles of burned, oil-soaked clothing grew, Fook Liang came back to the sick bay and quietly began hauling them out and throwing them over the side. Oil-covered sailors were constantly, of necessity, running through the sick-bay area, and as the oil grew thick on the deck, Fook Liang would attack it with his piles of rags. When there was no fresh water for the patients, he vanished and reappeared with fresh water, but it was hot. Again he vanished. This time, amazingly enough, he returned with buckets of ice. Again he went off and returned with a caldron of hot soup. Nobody knew where he was getting these things. Nobody asked. They just watched in wonderment as the miracles accrued.

Meanwhile, inside the hollow leg of the foremast where Joe DeLude had become fastened, he had given himself the only wise counsel that could, under the circumstances, apply. That was: Keep calm. Perhaps if he would rest a bit, he might gain strength for one last, demoniacal upward lunge that would tear his body through this merciless steel sleeve. On the other hand, there was no way to know whether he dared pause for a second in this struggle. After all, it stood to reason that his battered body must already have begun or would soon begin to swell. There was the further consideration that the ship might be about to drop out of sight in the sea, or that perhaps one spark from some of the fires that were ravaging her might reach the powder which would blow her up.

Even so, he forced himself to relax his muscles as much as possible, and to breathe slowly and evenly. Some of the ache was going out of his arms and legs. His clothes were completely saturated with sweat. He wondered if that sweat would tend to lubricate the outer surfaces of his clothes or simply tend to make them bind. In any case he not only hoped but was confident that he had lost weight since entering this torture tube.

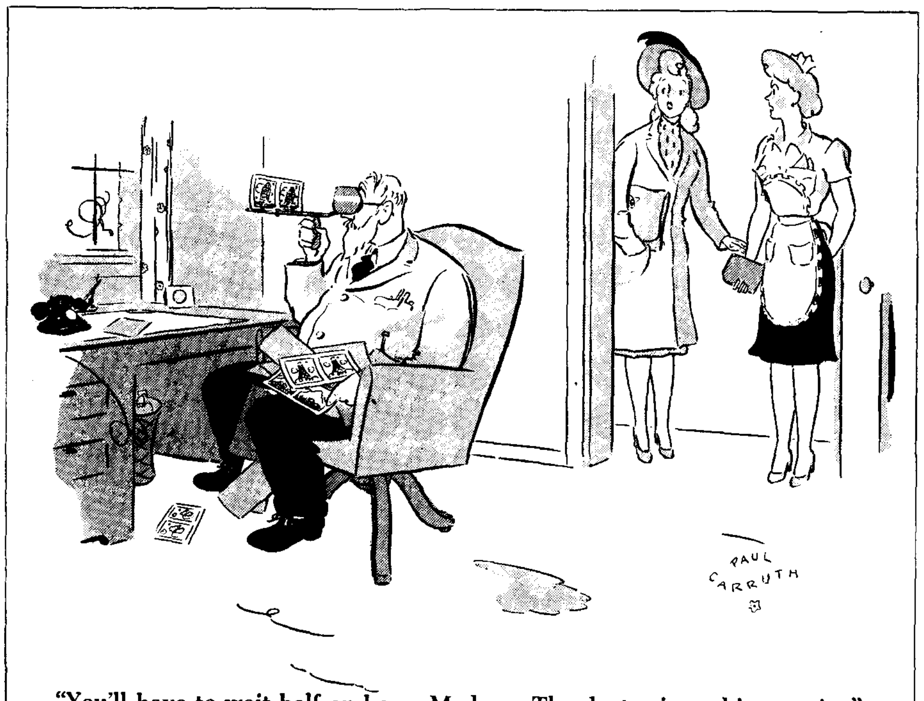
"Now," he told himself, "if anything does it, easy does. It's the hips that are hung tightest. There must be some way to be small in the hips."

He found that it was possible, if not precisely to reduce the over-all perimeter of the hips, to reshape them slightly by flexing their muscles. He gave a sharp twist to his pelvis and seemed to reseat his hips in a more complementary location among the bulges inside the mast caused by voice tubes and cables. A bracket, which held these things in place and which had been digging viciously into his hipbone, now did not press so hard.

Instead of lunging upward *in toto,* he now tried wriggling one part of his body at a time. When, after some minutes, his whole body had moved two or three inches, he was able to grasp a higher rung with his hands. Now, still sticking closely to this system of small, ingenious and calculated wriggles, he began to make a slow but reasonably steady progress. And he began to be inhabited by an almost boundless joy. It was as if he had discovered the most priceless secret in the universe. From a practical standpoint, he had.

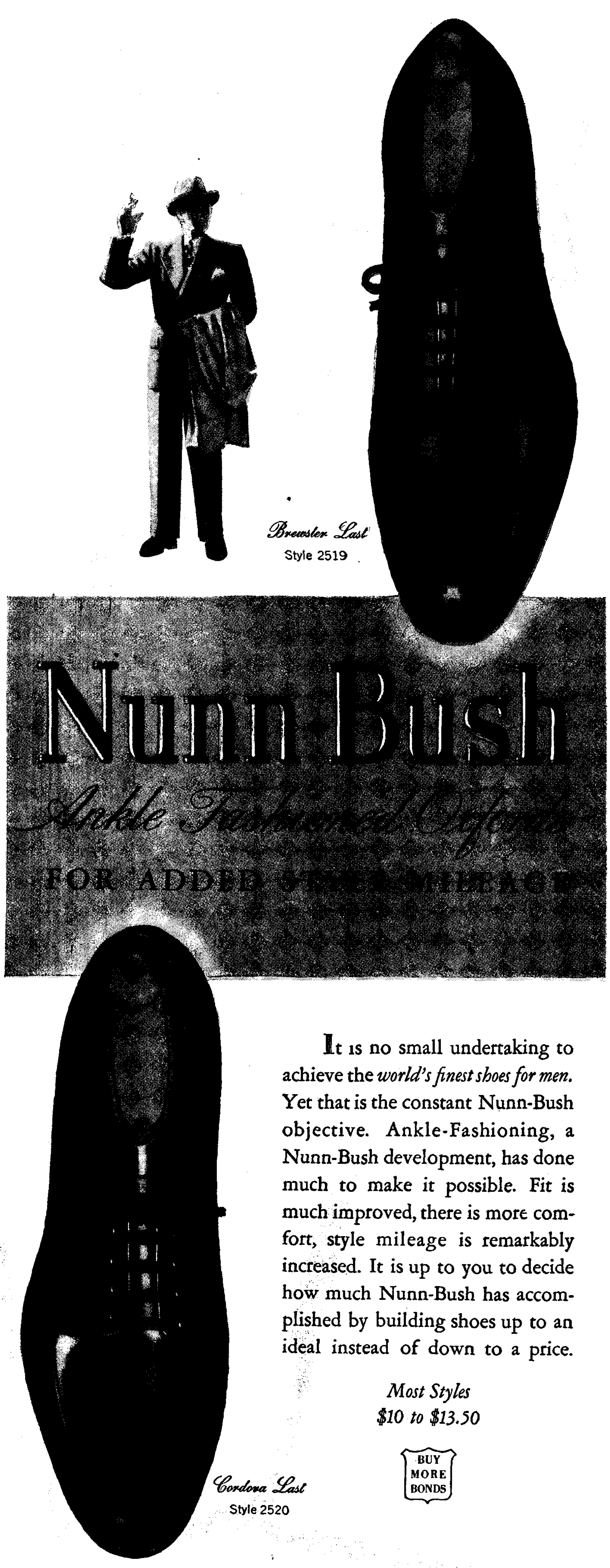
Five minutes later as he wormed his bruised and battered body out of the manhole that led to the signal bridge, he achieved that wish. Once more he was free and alive. But when he looked about him at the burning, almost sunken Marblehead and the Japanese planes overhead, he wondered if he had much chance of staying that way beyond the next quarter-hour.

Hardly had Joe got his skinned and bleeding body out of the mast when Red Perci-



"You'll have to wait half an hour, Madam. The doctor is on his vacation"

COLLIER'S PAUL CARRUTH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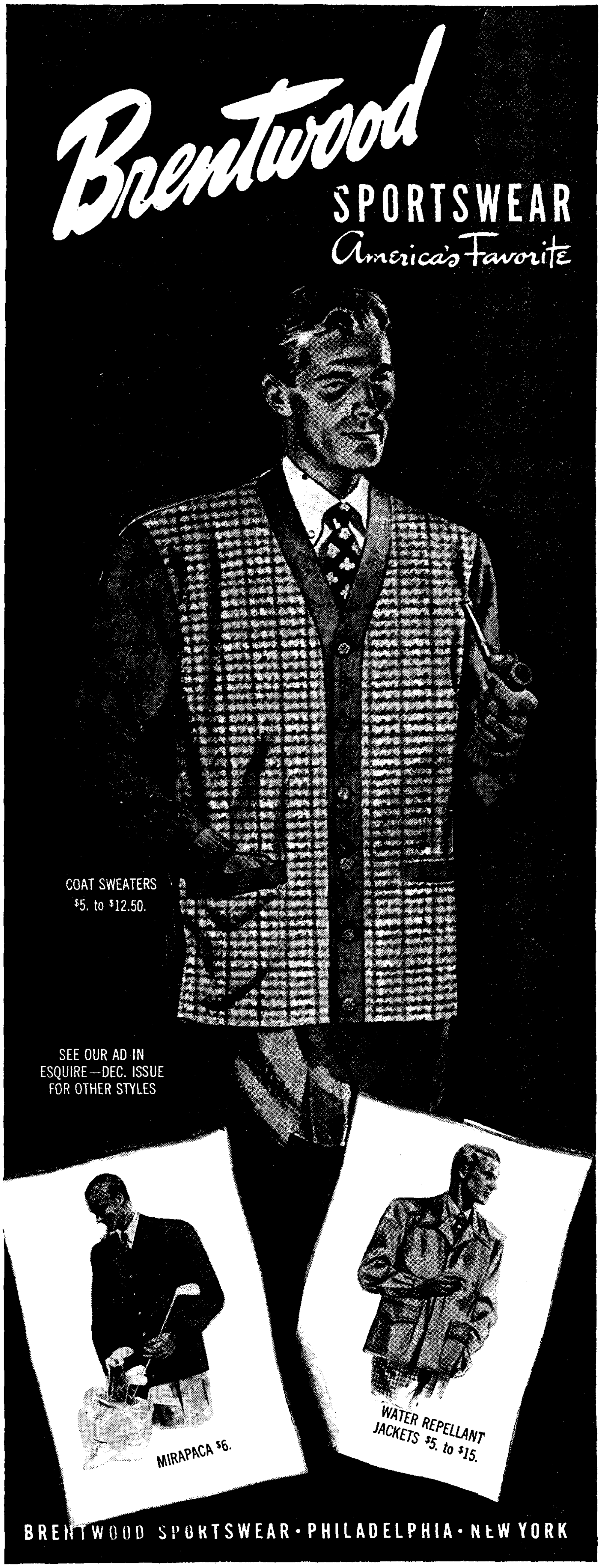


field ran up to him and said, "Joe, the midships hit blew up the post office and broke open the safe. I just came from down there. Everything's burning. Your money . . . ain't there no more." . . .

Back in the flooded ram room, the brutal struggle to free the rudder was still going on. Men nauseated by the stench of burned flesh and swallowed oil were still dragging themselves beneath the oil in an effort to "bleed" the rams. The removal of the drain plugs was complicated by many factors. In the first place, their location was unfamiliar. Ordinarily, it was necessary to remove them only during major overhauls, which occurred years apart. But now it was necessary for the men to drag themselves beneath the surface even to grope for them.

The Japanese plane attack had now lasted over two hours. Other bombs, after the Marblehead had been hit, had been sent screaming down toward her, but had missed. By now, the men in the ram room knew they'd soon find out whether or not they had any chance at all of freeing the rudder or whether it was permanently frozen, which would mean that, even if the ship could be kept afloat, she could not get away.

As this time of desperate climax had almost been reached, Warrant Officer Walter Jarvis had already reported to Mr. Drury and had again started forward. As he passed through the sick bay, Doctor Ryan had stopped him to see if he knew any way of getting water, in reasonable quantities, to this area for the wounded.

It was while he and Doctor Ryan were talking that the rudder was finally freed. The ship rolled from its starboard list to port. As the rudder centered, many wounded men were lying on the deck, wrapped in blankets. When the ship rolled, the water that was piled up on the starboard swept across the ship to port. It swept over the wounded men on deck. Someone yelled, "We're rolling over!"

"I never saw such a sight," Walter Jarvis said later, "as when those men, burned to a crisp, rose to their feet and nearly trampled one another as they tried to reach what they thought would be safety. It was all that Doctor Brandt and I could do to keep them from rushing up to the topside. It was indescribable."

An Utterly Shattered Fleet

As of something like noon, a number of important things had come to pass: among them, that there was no longer so large a ship as a cruiser in fighting trim in the American Asiatic Fleet. The undamaged vessels were a few obsolete, but still fighting destroyers and some submarines.

It was also slightly after noon on this February 4th when the Marblehead's jammed rudder was worked into an amidships position. A few minutes earlier, the Japanese bombers had spent their last bombs and started back to their base for more. All fires on the Marblehead were under control. She had no steering control, but her rudder was centered and locked in place. She had twenty-six compartments completely flooded, and eight others partially flooded. The water was gaining on her. Yet she was traveling at better than twenty knots. The rest of the cruiser force had gone on ahead, but the Marblehead was still screened by two destroyers.

Captain Robinson's orders from Admiral Doorman were to steam to the westward. If the Marblehead continued to westward, morning would find her somewhere north of the southern barrier of the Java Sea still in easy range of the Japanese bombers. The only other choice was to head for Tjilatjap, on the south coast of Java. However, to reach Tjilatjap, it was necessary to pass through Lombok Strait, between the islands of Lombok and Bali. Currents, equalizing tide conditions between the Java Sea and the Indian Ocean, raced through the reef-strewn strait at speeds that were, under the circumstances, extremely perilous.

It was, perhaps, foolish to think that this rudderless ship, with her bow down so low that the sea was running green through her hawse pipes, could get through the strait at all. But Captain Robinson was in a situation where he was denied the luxury of probabilities. Every chance was a desperate chance.

It was a question of making the hard decision as to which was the least impossible. He decided that it was better for him to destroy the ship while attempting a passage through Lombok Strait than to expose her again to the merciless destruction of the Japanese bombers.

Since the electrical leads to the ship's signal lights had been shot away, Captain Robinson ordered a message sent by semaphore to the nearest destroyer to be relayed to Admiral Doorman on the De Ruyter. The message requested orders for the Marblehead to undertake the passage through Lombok Strait and to head for Tjilatjap.

Captain Robinson hoped for an immediate answer because he was convinced that it was imperative to arrive at the strait early enough to make a passage through it by daylight. Not only was the Marblehead without steering control, she was also virtually without means of navigation. The gyrocompass had been demolished. The magnetic compasses were behaving in a most eccentric and unreliable way.

More Homonyms

A homonym, according to Webster, is a word which sounds like another word usually spelled differently and having another meaning. For example, "hale" and "hail" are homonyms. Each of the following words has at least one homonym. How many do you know? Knowledge of 15 is fair; 18 to 20 is better than average; and over 20 is superior. Answers will be found on page 81.

1. foul
2. due
3. phase
4. need
5. bread
6. forbear
7. forth
8. feet
9. flare
10. flew
11. pray
12. meet
13. wood
14. tea
15. flow
16. pour
17. heart
18. reek
19. told
20. lacks
21. rest
22. slow
23. dough
24. you
25. veil

Amelia Rathbun

An hour passed with no reply. A third half-hour was dragging by, a half-hour when each five minutes saved might make the difference between death and life for the ship.

Captain Robinson stopped his pacing and said to Navigator Zern, "What can be holding things up, Dick?"

"I don't know, sir."

Then, finally, the destroyer began busily blinking out a message. Admiral Doorman had granted permission and had assigned two American destroyers to accompany her.

At once Captain Robinson ordered port engines full astern, starboard engines full ahead. It was late now, very late. It was out of the question to hope to complete the passage by daylight. But the skipper carried her along at the greatest speed her hull would take, until the seas began to rise to a height that made her self-destruction certain unless she should be slightly slowed. Reluctantly Captain Robinson ordered her speed reduced, which, in turn, meant that much more darkness while in treacherous Lombok Strait.

This is the second of three articles from the book, "Where Away," to be published shortly by Whittlesey House, New York. The third article will appear next week.

Recipe

Armour's Star Pork Sausage and Egg Pie

1 lb. Armour's Star Pork Sausage Links
1 cup sliced mushrooms
4 tbsps. flour
1 tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
1½ cups milk
6 hard-cooked Cloverbloom Eggs
6 individual pastry shells

Partly cook the Armour's Star Sausage to secure 4 tablespoons drippings. Keep warm. Lightly brown mushrooms in 4 tablespoons sausage drippings. Blend in flour and seasonings. Add milk gradually and stir until thick. Add sliced hard-cooked eggs (save 12 slices for top). Pour hot egg mixture into baked individual pie shells made from regular pie dough and garnish each with 2 slices of egg and 2 sausage links which have been fried until done just before dish is served. 6 servings.

Armour's Star on pure pork sausage promises praise-winning meals!

It is the pledge of Armour and Company that you cannot buy better sausage than Armour's Star—for Armour's Star label means the finest quality available.

There's no faster call to supper than the smell of savory, flavory Armour's Star Pork Sausage sizzling in the kitchen! One whiff, and you know you're going to taste sausage that's *specially* good!

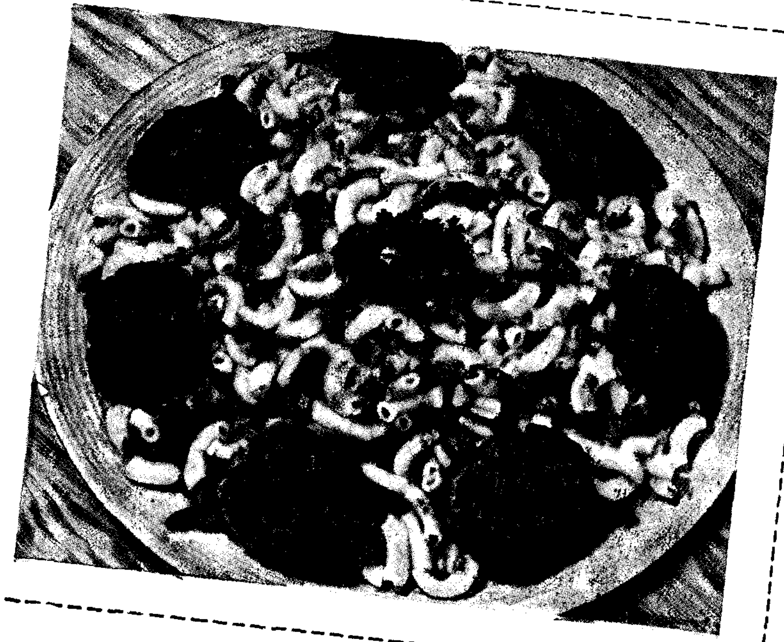
Only the *best* pork cuts in Armour Sausage Kitchens are chosen to make this sausage. And this choice, pure pork is seasoned with the best imported spices. To be sure that you get Armour's Star Sausage at its flavor peak, it's made fresh daily in scores of Armour Sausage Kitchens throughout the nation.

For your next sausage supper, buy the best—buy Armour's Star Pork Sausage and cook it to perfection according to these new, exciting recipes.

Armour's Star Pork Sausage Cakes with Creole Macaroni

1 lb. Armour's Star Cello Roll Pork Sausage
6 oz. elbow or shell macaroni
¼ cup chopped onion
2½ cups cooked tomatoes (No. 2 can)
3 tbsps. flour
⅛ tsp. pepper
½ tsp. salt
½ tsp. mustard
½ tsp. Worcestershire Sauce
½ cup sliced green pepper

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water 10-15 minutes. Drain. Make small sausage patties out of ½ lb. of Armour's Star Sausage. Fry remaining ½ lb. with onions. Blend in flour. Add tomatoes and stir until thick. Add seasonings and cooked macaroni. Cover and let simmer until flavors are well blended. The last 5 minutes of cooking time add green pepper. Serve on platter with sausage cakes that have been fried slowly for 12-15 minutes, pouring off fat as it accumulates. 5-6 servings.



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PURE PORK SAUSAGE
LINKS
SEASONED RIGHT
KEEP IN A COOL
STAR
PURE PORK SAUSAGE

1 Pound Box of Links

1 Pound Cello Roll

ARMOUR
and Company

Tune in Armour's Exciting New Radio Show, Featuring Hedda Hopper, Every Monday Night over CBS. See Local Papers for Time.

Pace Setters

What is the key to the unparalleled productivity of the American system?

The American Way has provided the largest yield in peace and in war alike because it inculcates the spirit of freedom under which the creative mind flourishes.

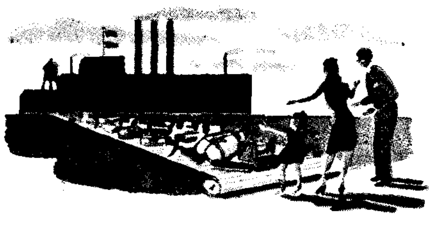
Gallant applied scientists and practical men who make dreams come true are in perpetual rebellion against the outmoded, no matter how well established by custom.

Pathfinders, they are forever dissatisfied with "good enough" and are ever restless to achieve "something better."

Such creative men and women who have thrived under American freedom would be stunted by an authoritarian government, which attempted to set up bureaucrats, with static minds, to pass judgment on their dreams, their explorations, and their experiments.

Under the American system, industry, which is the service supply of all the peoples in war and in peace, has wisely hitched its wagon to the stars of science, invention and engineering.

Like other modern enterprises, Armour and Company values highly the creative side of man and to further that inspiration, maintains an elaborate research department which seeks to improve products and services through shaking new secrets from the bushes of hidden knowledge.

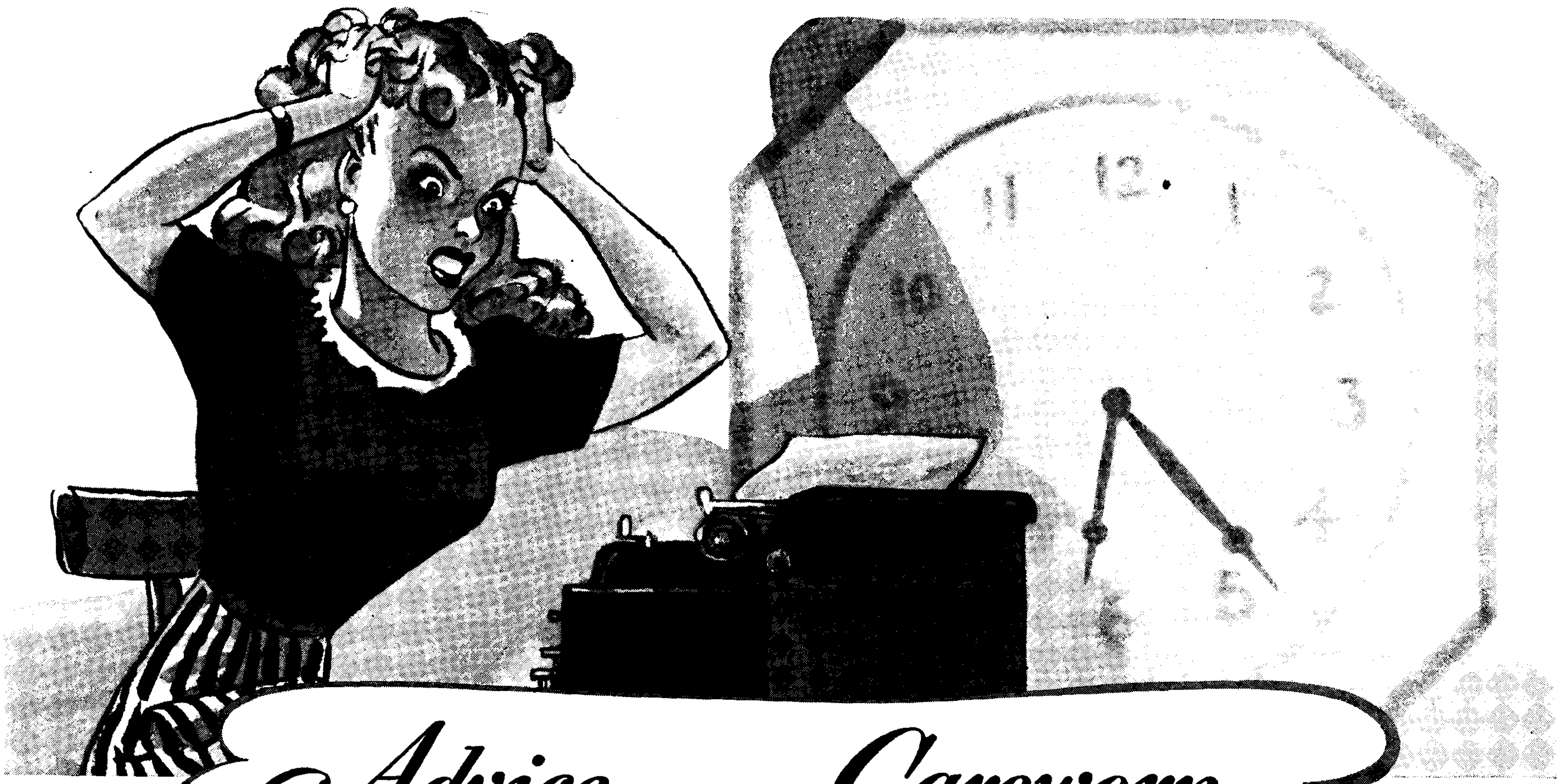


Launched under the title "Neo-Fat" (products resulting from the separation of fatty acids) come many new discoveries, developed to meet today's economic needs for domestic sources of necessary raw materials, rendered scarce by war conditions. By-products of the packing industry, these Neo-Fats blaze a trail down which will travel to the consumer a caravan of new, improved and much needed industrial products. In this group are soaps, cosmetics, polishes, drying oils, resins, enamels, and printing inks. Along with these, Armour's research in fatty acids and oils has yielded ingredients for many other things the American people can use to advantage, such as weatherproof electrical insulation and plastic moulding compounds.

Recognizing that nothing is permanent in life except change, the Armour personnel is forever seeking better ways of doing the day's work. It pioneered in bringing into acceptance many basic innovations in the food industry, on which American civilization depends.

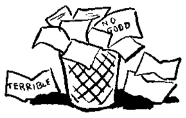
G A Eastwood
President, Armour and Company

Fifth of a series of statements on the American system of free enterprise which makes possible such institutions for service as Armour and Company.



Advice TO THE *Careworn...*

Pretty Dolly Do-it-well
Delayed, again, past quitting bell.
Now, perhaps, she'll miss her date;
Her machine has made her late.



Dictation from the President
Retyped ten times ... could not be sent.
Type skipped and blurred and doubled back;
Hit light and dark and jumped off-track.

Now Dolly's really not to blame;
It's her machine should blush with shame.
The space bar doesn't work so well;
The "e" fills up and looks like "l".

The keyboard cannot keep the pace.
It jams ... and Dolly must erase.
The wonder margin's not so hot ...
Won't stop the carriage on the dot.

And as she wept and wrung her hands,
Recalling school work that was grand...
Then ... at last she understood!
At school, she used an Underwood.

Speak up, Dolly. You know how.
Tell your boss to "do it now".
If he really wants perfection,
He must purchase your selection.

And here's a reason even better ..
His picture is in every letter;
Since he wants that picture good,
Tell him ...."Buy an Underwood!"

Our Factory at Bridgeport, Connecticut, proudly flies the Army-Navy "E", with star added as second citation, for the production of precision instruments calling for skill and craftsmanship of the highest order.

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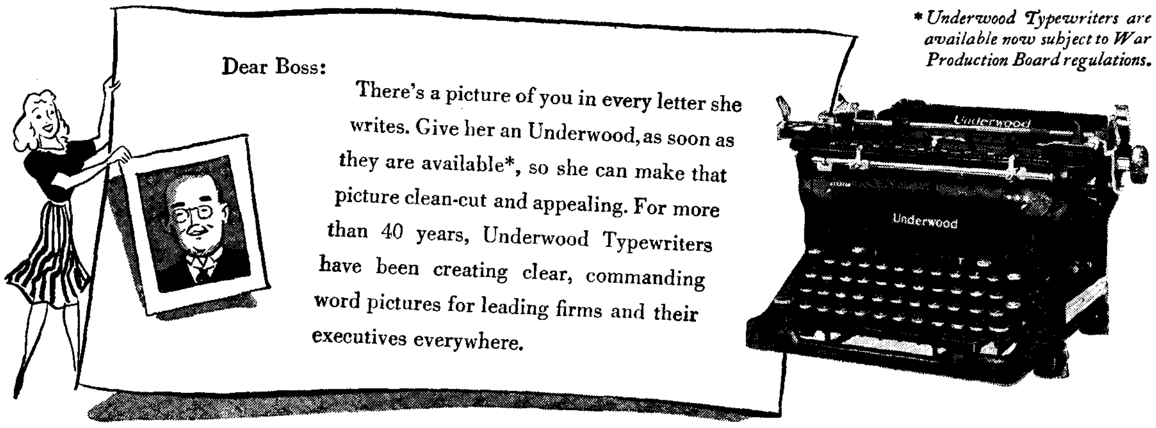


Dear Boss:

There's a picture of you in every letter she writes. Give her an Underwood, as soon as they are available*, so she can make that picture clean-cut and appealing. For more than 40 years, Underwood Typewriters have been creating clear, commanding word pictures for leading firms and their executives everywhere.

** Underwood Typewriters are available now subject to War Production Board regulations.*

Underwood ... WRITES A LETTER ... BETTER!

Underwood Elliott Fisher Company
One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Dangerous Magic

Continued from page 22

each year, and that sometime during life, 15 per cent of the population have the disease!

The average man's reaction to this crippling malady is shown by a recent survey conducted by the American Social Hygiene Association. This organization dispatched a group of investigators to the field. On streets, in poolrooms, parks and other places of casual contact they interviewed 1,156 people. The usual procedure was for the investigator to confide that he had been infected and wanted advice. Sixty-five per cent of the people interviewed advised a drugstore remedy and self-treatment. Thirty-one per cent advised going to a physician or clinic, and the rest had no opinion to offer.

After this survey had indicated the extent of this dangerous attitude—an attitude that helps to explain the wide prevalence of the disease—the investigators started a survey of drugstores. Sixty-two per cent of the 1,000-odd stores visited diagnosed cases and offered to sell remedies.

Add these facts up and we see why sulfa drugs are a public-health problem. Several million people have a disease. The majority of them are committed to self-treatment. They vaguely know that there is a new wonder drug. What's simpler than going to the drugstore and trying to buy some of it?

All of this might be on the good rather than the bad side of the ledger if these drugs were completely safe. They aren't. A man should no more attempt self-dosing than he should attempt to remove his own appendix. In a great many instances these drugs are more dangerous than the malady they are supposed to cure.

Toxic manifestations range from mild nausea to jaundice to serious destruction of white blood cells. This latter disease has already caused a number of fatalities. The drug can profoundly interfere with the oxygen-carrying mechanism of the red blood cells. Patients become cyanotic—turn blue. Another set of symptoms derives from the fact that sulfa drugs are highly insoluble. They crystallize out of the blood in kidney tubules and block these tiny passages. This impairs kidney function and often causes death.

Doctors can keep check on this destructive work by periodic examinations of blood and can see to it that toxic concentrations of the drug don't accumulate in the blood because of failure of kidneys to excrete it. The layman, of course, is unable to make such checks.

Self-Treatment Can Prove Fatal

One young man who had attempted to treat a venereal disease with sulfanilamide was admitted to a Washington hospital in a bad toxic condition. He survived. Another didn't. The latter case, a young man 21 years old, failed to tell doctors that he had attempted treatment. They prescribed a further course of the drug. Toxic concentration resulted. Paralysis and death resulted from the attack on the central nervous system.

Another patient, a girl, attempted to cure a menstrual disorder with massive doses of the drug. She collapsed, was taken to the hospital and died the next day.

By now, deaths directly attributable to the sulfa drugs, are probably high in the thousands. One survey in New York discovered 28 sulfa deaths in a twelve months' period. The tragedy of many of these deaths was that the victim had taken the drugs for relatively minor ailments. Among the deaths: a 60-year-old woman who had taken sulfa for tonsillitis; a 15-year-old girl with acne; a 13-year-old boy who had inactive rheumatic fever.

Toronto has compiled records on twenty sulfa deaths, and Milwaukee has a file on fifteen others. One case in Toronto was characteristic of the lot. A young man got twelve sulfathiazole tablets from his doctor for an infected tooth. When he had taken them all, he went to a drugstore and got the prescription refilled. The second dozen killed him.

Deaths and serious complications from self-prescription of sulfa drugs are undoubtedly held in check by the fact that the drug makes people feel so bad. When headaches, dizziness, nausea—all more or less common—result, a man stops taking the white pills that look no more dangerous than aspirin. Meanwhile, he has been something of a hazard to the community. The dizzy, lightheadedness that goes with sulfanilamide is very similar to drunkenness. In such a condition a man is a danger on the highway and a possible source of serious accidents in hazardous industries.

The Army and Navy recognize these dangers and instantly ground a pilot who is taking sulfa drugs.

Even in the most careful hands, sulfa drugs are dangerous. Note one fact which may shock you: Statistics indicate that sulfa drugs *kill* one out of every 160 pneumonia patients. To be sure, they save enough lives which otherwise would be lost to tip the scales heavily in their favor. But this 1-in-160 ratio indicates that these drugs don't belong on the bathroom shelf to be taken casually.

Warning: Be Careful

Not long ago Doctor Roy A. Darke, of the United States Public Health Service, checked on the use of sulfa ointments in treatment of wounds, burns, ulcers. His warning: Be careful. He found that five per cent of the patients in a large series got ugly skin eruptions and other symptoms of sulfa poisoning.

This investigation and others like it prompted the Medical Society of the State of New York to pass a resolution condemning the use of sulfa drugs in treatment of skin diseases which could be treated by any other means. The society likewise condemned the use of bandages treated with sulfa powder.

Indiscriminate use of sulfa drugs has another great danger. A large percentage of people become sensitive to these drugs after prolonged treatment—just as hay-fever sufferers become sensitive to ragweed. Once sensitive to them they can no longer take them. Thus, a man who foolishly doses himself with sulfadiazine for colds may find himself unable to tolerate the sulfa drug which will save his life should he contract pneumonia or meningitis. Please note, in passing, that sulfa drugs are *not* to be used in treating colds. They have no effect whatsoever on the virus which causes this sickness.

The deaths so far attributed to sulfa drugs, and the even greater danger that lies ahead, are due, in large part, to the fact that these drugs are so freely available. Current production is running in excess of a million pounds a year. A good part of this finds its way into the black markets. And only 18 of the 48 states have laws prohibiting the sale of these drugs without prescription! It should be noted, however, that nearly all reputable druggists, recognizing the danger, refuse to make casual sales.

Self-policing in the drug industry is helping to minimize the dangers that attend casual use of sulfa drugs. Many careful drugstores label all sulfa prescriptions "non-refillable." Physicians are likewise aiding in this safety campaign. When they are prescribing the drug for home use, rather than hospital use, they rarely ever issue more than a two-day supply. Except in the case of highly sensitive people, this is hardly enough to cause serious reactions.

Our purpose here hasn't been to run down the magnificent accomplishments of the sulfa drugs. They are among the great medical discoveries of all time. But by the same token so is nitroglycerin a great discovery. Yet no one would propose its casual use by untrained hands.

The supply of sulfa drugs in the hands of laymen should be controlled just as carefully as we control the supply of narcotics, or of such poisons as arsenic and potassium cyanide.

THE END

It took an 8-year old to tell us!

LAND SAKES! When I think of the laxatives Pa and I used to take, I realize how foolish we were to punish ourselves that way. Those medicines sure were powerful and mean-tasting. And they'd upset us something awful.

Some laxatives are too strong!

THEN ALONG ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO we changed to another laxative—something that was supposed to be good for folks our age. But that stuff was upsetting, too. And it just didn't give us proper relief.

Some laxatives are too mild!

WE FINALLY LEARNED OUR LESSON from Polly, our little grand-daughter. She teased us into taking some of her Ex-Lax and what a pleasant surprise that was! That nice chocolate taste of Ex-Lax kind of appealed to us. And it worked just fine—effective, but very *gentle*. Not too strong, not too mild...

EX-LAX is the Happy Medium!

IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD—
Don't dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax—the Chocolated Laxative! It's thoroughly effective, but kind and gentle!

As a precaution use only as directed

10c and 25c at all drug stores

EX-LAX

THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

"Brilliant Style" IS ALWAYS A FEATURE OF CURTIS SHOES"

You'll agree with this shoe man's comment when you see the Curtis Shoes your dealer is showing. And the Curtis Pledge assures you that you'll get your money's worth of quality and value along with good style. Curtis Shoe Company, Inc., Marlboro, Mass.

Curtis
Shoes for Men

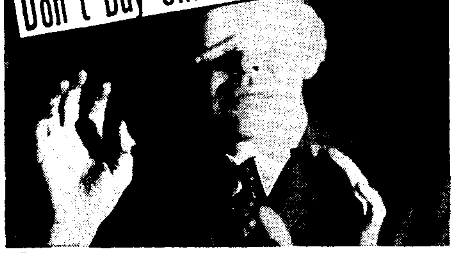
STYLE 839

CURTIS PLEDGE

We pledge maintenance of quality and workmanship at highest possible levels. Despite war-time difficulties, the high standards that assure the values characteristic of CURTIS SHOES through four generations are being maintained and we shall continue to maintain them.

FOUR GENERATIONS OF FINE SHOEMAKING

Don't Buy Underwear Blindfolded!



See the unique way that JONES QUALITY Health Underwear protects your health . . . it's the *most vital improvement ever made* in men's underwear! There's LIGHT WEIGHT *above* the waist, where you wear the most clothes . . . *EXTRA WEIGHT from waist to ankles*, where chill-free protection is really needed. Its ONE-PIECE design *balances* the way men dress—helps prevent colds due to chilling, and loss of energy from heart-and-system strain. Ribbed knit for natural comfort fit; air-cell, "body-breathe" construction; no waist bands, binding, bulging, bunching. $2 up at better stores. Before chilly weather get this

HEALTHFUL COMFORT through BALANCED PROTECTION

LIGHT WEIGHT TOP No Over-heating INDOORS
EXTRA WEIGHT BOTTOM No Chilling OUTDOORS

Jones Quality Health UNDERWEAR

MAKE THE COFFEE TEST
Note how quickly heat is drawn out by your spoon. That's how chilled legs drain off your body heat and overburden the heart.

Send for Health Protection Booklet!
Augusta Knitting Corp., Dept. U, Utica 2, N. Y.

Will Russia Fight Japan?

Continued from page 13

divisions were engaged on both sides and the Russians succeeded in inflicting a sharp defeat on crack Jap troops. There was a great diplomatic to-do about this war in which several thousand men were killed and wounded on both sides. For a time it appeared that full-scale warfare might result, but the Russians finally agreed to a truce with the Japanese. In May, 1939, with Europe almost on the eve of battle, another conflict broke out on the Manchurian border where what was known as the battle of Lake Bor was fought. This again was full-scale warfare, with tanks and artillery.

The Red Army's modern combat experience prior to 1939-40 was based exclusively on these Far Eastern campaigns. Soviet decorations were awarded to heroes of the actions and they are worn proudly today. It is not unusual to read in the Moscow press the death notice of a Soviet general, mentioning along with his awards for Stalingrad the medals he won at Changkufeng.

One of the military enigmas about Russia is the Red Banner Far Eastern Army. This is the force which was founded to protect Russia's Pacific frontiers against Japan. Before World War II, Russia lavished her money and energy on this army.

Not only was an army created. A whole industrial complex was erected in the wilderness of eastern Siberia and the Maritime Provinces. The Trans-Siberian Railroad was double-tracked. The toughest, hardiest, smartest Russian youths were sent to the region. Komsomol, the Soviet Youth organization, virtually adopted the Far East. Single-handed it built a whole city—a city three times the size of South Bend, Indiana—rough hewn from the wilderness.

This city, Komsomolsk, and a dozen others were not built by accident. They were built for a military purpose. From European Russia to Vladivostok is six thousand miles. That is a tremendous distance in terms of military supply. And only the Americans in the Pacific know as well as the Russians the difficulties of military supply.

An Army Veiled in Mystery

For Russia's Far Eastern army, the Soviet projected an industrial setup. Not just a few shell factories. Not a few grenade plants. But the whole works: coal, iron, steel, steel fabricating, artillery plants, tank factories—everything that an army needs. In the forefront of that was food. An army fighting in a wilderness, even if that wilderness is as rich in game and berries as the Far East, must have food. You probably could have gone around the world up to June 21, 1941, and not have found so well-supplied, so well-trained an army as the Red Banner Far Eastern Army.

With the Nazi invasion of Russia, there was a change. Russia threw her entire energy into the task of beating Germany. But so far as any Western diplomatic or press observer has been able to learn, she withdrew no soldiers—or anyway very few—from the Red Banner forces. Not even in October, 1941, when German light tanks churned into the distant outskirts of Moscow did she call on the Far East. Not at Stalingrad when an ounce of strength one way or the other might have determined Russia's fate did any call go out to the forces along the Manchurian frontier.

True, Stalin called on Siberia. He called on forty Siberian divisions to save Moscow in October of 1941. These were crack troops. Tough, free-swinging East Siberian men bred in the tradition of Russia's wilderness. This Wild East is pretty much like our Wild West once was. These men won the battle of Mozhaisk—and the battle of Moscow. The women of Russia still weep when you mention these boys who came swinging through the drab Moscow streets singing their Eastern songs. Forty more Siberian divisions turned the tide at Stalingrad.

I have crisscrossed the Russian front from Karelia to the Black Sea and from White Russia to the rear areas of Siberia. I have never met a soldier from the Red Banner Army. I have never met a Red Army man who has seen any Red Banner troops in action in the West.

Once in a rare while, you meet an officer who won his spurs in the Far East. Occasionally you read in the Moscow press of a general who did great things in the East and who died on the Western front. But, so far as any foreigner can tell, the Red Banner Army of the Far East is intact. That is a fighting force of probably one million men. One million Red Army troops, tested in battle, superbly equipped, is a force to be reckoned with.

The Red Banner Far Eastern Army was one of the earliest creations of the Bolshevik state. It actually came into being as a force of partisans and semiguerrillas who, with the aid of Communist revolutionaries and a few loyal former Czarist officers, succeeded in clearing Siberia and the Far East of the White forces of General Wrangel and of the interventionist troops of the Allied powers. The fighting in the Far East went on for nearly three years. Japanese troops were the first interventionists and attempted to grab all of the Russian East. American troops then landed, as much to prevent the Japanese grab as to fight the revolutionary Russians.

To Checkmate Jap Aggression

At the conclusion of the Civil War in Russia, Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin determined that a powerful independent army must be created in the Maritime Provinces if they were to be held against the expansionist Japs.

Some of the best Soviet generals were assigned to the army which was long led by the famous General Blücher who was, for a decade or more, regarded as the ablest military man in Russia. What has become of Blücher is not definitely known. He vanished from the public eye in the late thirties. Nor is the present commander of the Red Banner Army known. However, many prominent Soviet generals, including Zhukov, have had long periods of service on the Eastern frontier.

The Japanese offer *testimony* to the strength of the Red Banner forces. The crack Japanese Manchurian army was maintained untouched on the Soviet frontier all through the war in the Pacific until the present drive in South China began.

The long months of the European war have not been idle for Russia's Far East. You can hardly pick up a copy of Pravda or Krasnaya Zvezda (Red Star) without reading of big new industrial achievements in the Maritime Provinces. The reports tell of new hydroelectric establishments, new chemico-metallurgical combines, new munitions works. Industrial expansion of the Far East, so far as evidence goes, has exceeded even the vast gains of the Urals and Siberia. Every item of this production is military. All Russia is a military camp, and the Far East is no exception.

There has been a lot of speculation in the United States as to whether and when the Russians will give us bases in the East against Japan. There is probably no diplomatic agreement on that. But everyone connected with the shuttle bases we now have in the Ukraine regards these bases as an experiment.

The G.I.s in Poltava asked every reporter who came down there: "Does this mean that we are going to get bases in Siberia against the Japanese?"

There are probably about thirty Japanese in Moscow. The ambassador and a few others live at the embassy. The remainder live in the three Intourist hotels in Moscow, the Metropole, the Savoy and the National. The bulk of the Japanese, including the four Japanese newspaper correspondents, live at the gloomy Metropole, where all foreign newspaper correspondents live. American and British nationals stumble over the Japanese every day.

One of the Japanese correspondents lived next door to me in Moscow for seven months. He had very few friends. Before Pearl Harbor, a few Americans used to talk to him.

For smart drinkers
RONRICO
PUERTO RICAN RUM

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Best RUM bar none*

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free copy. Ronrico Corporation, Dept. (L) Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof. U. S. Representative: Import Division, McKesson & Robbins, Inc., New York City.

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in every battle . . . doing vital jobs . . . unfailingly

that's why there are just a few left for essential jobs at home
BRIGHT STAR
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FLASHLIGHT BATTERY
BRIGHT STAR BATTERY CO.
CHICAGO. CLIFTON, N.J., SAN FRANCISCO.

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NEW TRIUMPH OVER DEAFNESS

NEW Maico hearing aid just perfected, has NEW clearness, quietness, selectivity, power. Result of Maico's unmatched experience in providing 90% of precision hearing test instruments used by U.S. Army, Navy, airlines, ear specialists.
WRITE for free booklet, "Your Hearing—What Is It Like?" Tells of latest advances in analyzing and restoring individual hearing losses.
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Dept.3-Q, 21 N. 3rd St., Minneapolis 1, Minn.
Let Maico bring back the sounds you're missing!

Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

ITCH CHECKED *In A Jiffy*

Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, scabies, pimples and other itching conditions. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Soothes, comforts and checks itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist today for **D.D.D. Prescription.**

Since Pearl Harbor, they don't He told his Latvian secretary he couldn't understand why this should be.

"Why should they hold all this against me, personally?" he used to ask her.

The Japanese in Moscow hurry down the half-dark corridors of the Metropole, looking neither to left nor right. Occasionally in the twilight of the corridor they will mistake an American or Englishman for a Russian and bow to him. They have constant trouble with their Russian employees. No Russian wants to work for them. They pay twice the going rate for chauffeurs and secretaries. Even so, their employees spend half their time trying to catch on with another foreigner.

There is no doubt that the Japs in Russia feel their isolation. They drink heavily. It is not unusual for one of them to create a disturbance in his hotel. A few weeks ago, one of them paid the Metropole 27,000 rubles (officially about $5,400) for breaking a large mirror and other assorted furniture in a vodka binge which wound up with the militia breaking down his hotel door.

The Japanese are not allowed to eat in the same dining room with other foreigners in the Moscow hotels. There is nothing new about this. A private dining room was assigned to them in the Metropole a few weeks after the German attack on Russia.

Japanese correspondents have never been taken on trips to the Russian front or to cities liberated by the Red Army. They are ignored in all the ordinary press arrangements of the Soviet Foreign Office. Japanese dispatches from Moscow must be submitted to the Soviet censors in English.

The big date to mark on one's calendar is April 25, 1945. That is the date on which Russia or Japan must give notice unless they wish their neutrality pact automatically to renew itself. That treaty, which runs for five years, was signed in 1941, a few months before Germany's attack on Russia. It was part of the Stalin strategy which was designed to keep Russia out of war. Less than sixty days after it was signed, Hitler attacked Russia.

Russia has observed that pact scrupulously. There was a long period which finally petered out last autumn during which the Soviets pampered the Japanese. They allowed the Japs to dawdle about signing a new treaty covering their relationship on Sakhalin Island. That was the period when the Red Army was falling back under the blows of the Wehrmacht. Once Russia's retreat on the military front ended, her diplomats shifted their tactics. It is hard to imagine the Japanese provoking the Russians deliberately now.

Out in Siberia I heard a question put to a fifteen-year-old girl working on a stamping machine in a Yak aircraft factory. She was asked whether Russia was going to help the United States against Japan. The towheaded youngster looked appealingly at Mike Kalugin, the Communist Party secretary.

"Go ahead," said Kalugin. "Answer the question."

The youngster smiled bashfully. "America has helped us beat Germany," she said. "I think we will want to help America beat her enemies, too."

That's not necessarily the general view in Russia. The usual Muscovite—if you press him about the Pacific—will not suggest that Russia proposes to help us there in return for what we have done in Europe. His idea is that Russia herself has selfish interests in the Pacific. She has Port Arthur and the South Manchurian railroad. She has Sakhalin and all the mainland hinterland which the czars lost to Japan. To this average Russian, that is enough justification for Russian participation in a Pacific settlement. He doesn't think of the Pacific in terms of providing ground for American Fortress bases. He actually thinks of it as a theater for positive Russian action.

Russian Press Reflects Trend

For two years after Pearl Harbor, the Soviet press published practically nothing on the Pacific war. Occasionally, they printed a brief summary of a MacArthur or Nimitz communiqué. That meant that the ordinary Russian—depending on Pravda, Izvestia, or Red Star, for his knowledge of the world—knew nothing about the second war which America was fighting.

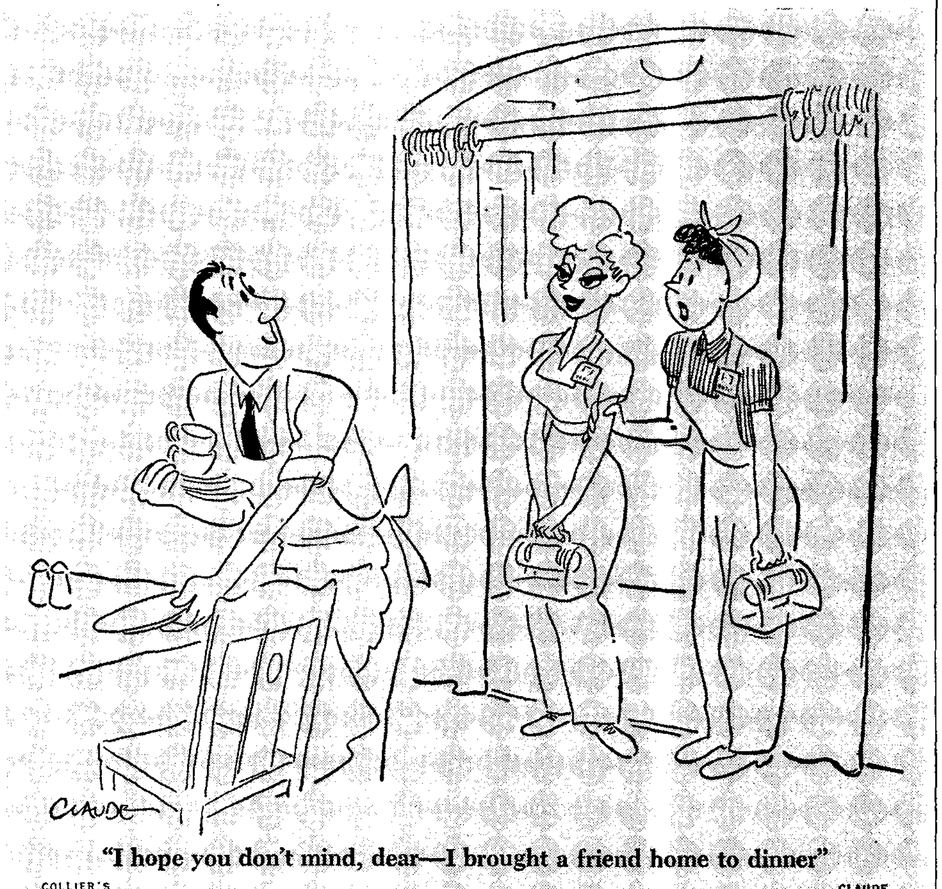
About a year ago, that changed. Pravda and the rest of the papers began to print at increasingly frequent intervals rather complete and detailed analyses and studies of the Pacific war. Red Fleet published glowing tributes to the American Fleet operations in the Pacific.

War and the Working Class commented with biting sarcasm upon the failure of what it called "Hitler's jackals" to reap any rewards in the Pacific.

As one young Red Army captain told me: "When we finish the Germans, we don't want any more war. But my men will be glad to join you in the Pacific. They feel that this is the time to get everything settled—not only in Europe but in the Far East, too."

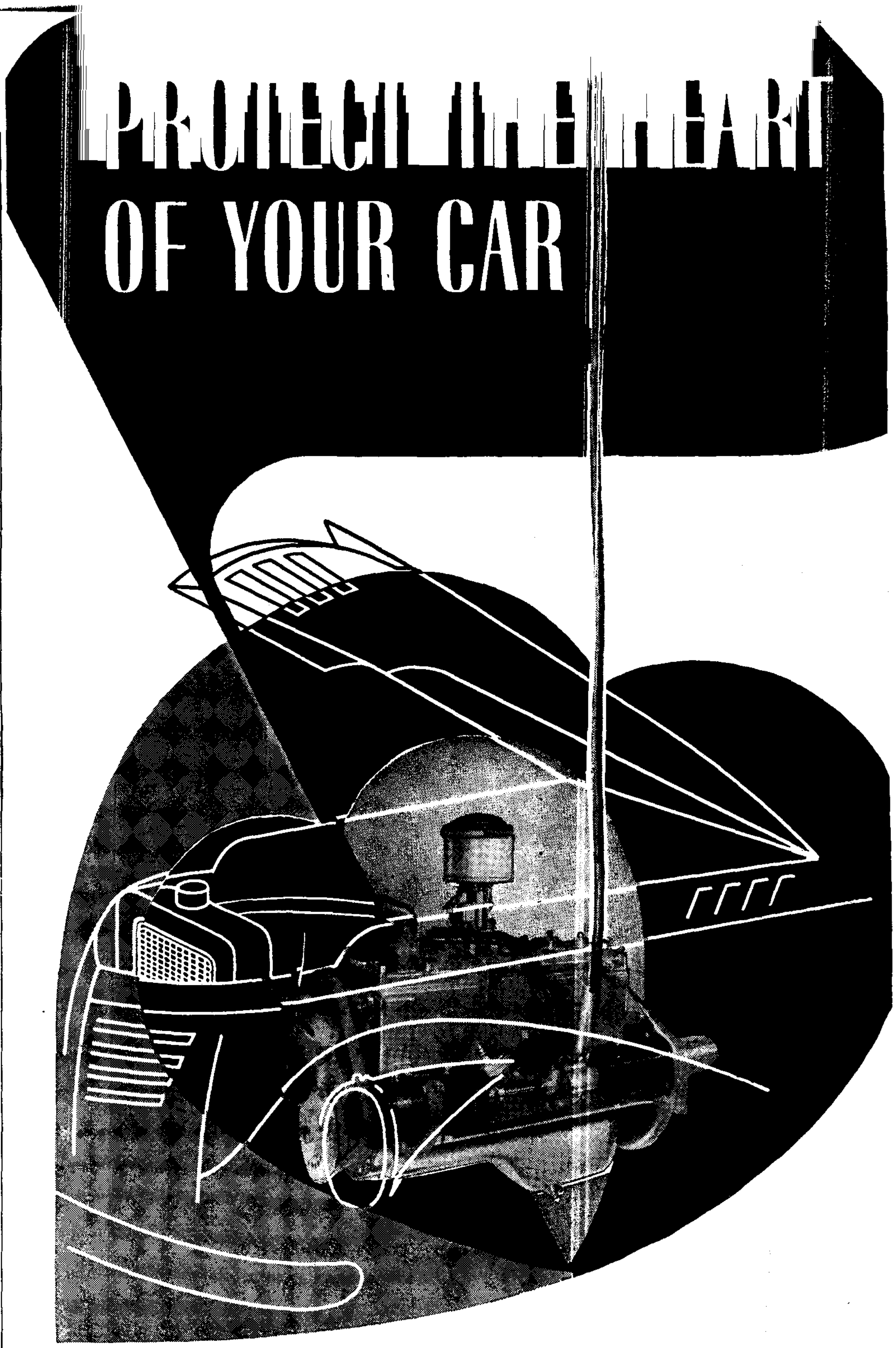
I believe that Russia will join us in the fight against Japan.

THE END



"I hope you don't mind, dear—I brought a friend home to dinner"

COLLIER'S CLAUDE



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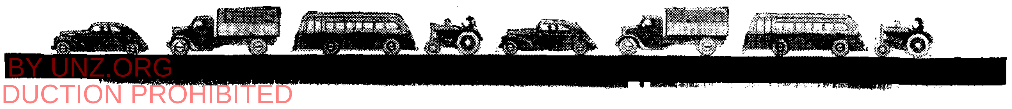

...to the wife of a man overseas

WE HOPE it won't be long before you and Jim are together again. What a celebration you two will have on *that* day! He'll be amazed, of course, to see how the children have grown. He will be pleased as punch to see how you've kept everything just as it was when he left, and when he hears the motor of the car purring like a kitten, he'll probably award you the D. S. M. right then and there.

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Omar Had a Little Lamb

Continued from page 48

Along with *shish kebab*, the chef serves *pilaff*, which is made either of rice or of processed wheat called *bulghour*. This is made by braising three cupfuls of dry rice (or *bulghour)* in a quarter pound of butter for five to ten minutes in a pan that can be covered and put in the oven. When the rice is a delicate brown, add six cupfuls of clear broth (beef, veal or chicken), cover and bake in oven at 375 degrees for 30 minutes. Then stir the *pilaff*, cook ten minutes more; whereupon you have a delicacy the Armenians use to complement almost all of their lamb dishes.

The rest of the leg of lamb, after the cubes for *shish kebab* are cut, is ground raw at Omar Khayyám's for Victory Garden *dolma. Dolmas* (meaning "stuffed") are another way to make your meat go further. Any cut of fresh meat, ground, can be used. Mix one pound of ground lamb with one-half cupful of dry cooked rice, two chopped onions and lots of parsley, one large chopped fresh tomato, or half a small can of tomato sauce, salt and pepper. Stuff the mixture into peppers, tomatoes, zucchini or yellow squash and put in covered baking pan. Cover bottom of pan with water and bake in a moderate *oven for one hour.*

This, says Mr. Mardikian, is a war dish for four hungry people with everything in it; meat, vegetables, starch, appetizing colors and odors, and a natural gravy that you can't resist. If you don't have these vegetables, *dolmas* can be made with cabbage leaves which have been parboiled, the same mixture rolled into them like enchiladas, placed in tightly covered pot. Cover with water, and let it steam. Ordinary mint, tarragon, marjoram, or anything from your herb garden will add zest to *dolmas.* And, Mr. Mardikian tips us off, if your neighbors complain about the cabbage aroma, just drop a whole walnut into the water while your cabbage is cooking.

All-in-One Dish

Then there is *misov spannak. Misov* means "with meat" and *spannak* is the lowly spinach. Braise until brown one pound of shoulder of lamb, cut up as for stew, then add one cupful of sliced onions and cook slowly for 15 minutes. Next, add two pounds of cleaned spinach, one cupful tomato juice or sauce, salt and pepper, and one cupful of water. Cover and cook for one hour, or until meat is tender, and there's your meal in one dish. *Misov spannak* is not only a vitamin food, but it is so delicious, Mr. Mardikian assures us, that if people are not looking, we will be dunking our bread in the juice to get the last drop. "Always be sure to braise your meat in the same pot you are going to cook the complete meal in," he adds. "Then you are sure to retain that brown, roasty flavor that is most delicious."

A variation worth trying is *misov sempoog,* which is eggplant stew. In place of the spinach, use two pounds of cubed eggplant, one cupful of canned tomatoes (or one-half pound of fresh tomatoes), one teaspoonful paprika, and three cupfuls of water. Cook for one hour.

Another meal-in-one dish Mr. Mardikian enthuses about is *turlu gujev,* which is a combination stew, and the most popular dish in the Balkan and Caucasian lands. It is a mean combination: one pound of shoulder of lamb, cut in stew pieces, braised well. Add four large sliced onions and one sliced bell pepper, and braise for ten minutes more. Put this mixture in roasting pan. Then mix together one-half pound of diced tomatoes, one-half pound of string beans, one-half pound of eggplant cut in two-inch cubes, one-half pound of zucchini cut in one-inch cubes, one-quarter pound of thinly sliced carrots, one-quarter pound of sliced okra, if available, and place this vegetable mixture over the meat. Salt, pepper and sprinkle with paprika. Cover with water, then cover roaster tightly and bake in a 375-degree oven for two hours. The blended flavors are superb.

Among the wartime dishes is lamb kidneys and liver brochette. The idea is to alternate pieces of kidney and liver with bacon between the pieces of meat on the skewer, then broil, over charcoal or gas, or pan fry. If you do not have steel skewers, ask the butcher for wooden ones.

"When it comes to the table, it looks as good as it tastes," says Mr. Mardikian. "That's important, because the eye sees before the mouth tastes."

Another lamb dish that has both looks and taste, he says, is kidney sauté on toast. It is easy cooking, too. Cut kidneys into tiny cubes. Braise in butter or oil, same as meat stew; add onions, and braise a few minutes more until onions are soft. Whatever color or flavor you desire depends on what you add to it. For instance, you can add tomato paste or tomato purée, salt and pepper. If you like gravy, sprinkle one teaspoon of flour, add a cup of water, simmer with cover on. It doesn't take very long for kidney sauté, served on toast. If you want to make the dish more glamorous, add mushrooms.

Lamb—How You Like It

The Armenians also bake lamb. They bake the breast of lamb, with only salt and *pepper for seasoning, in an oven at 375 de*grees for two hours. Turn over three times, or every half hour; at the end of two hours, it comes out a tantalizing brown. They do the same with leg of lamb and the shanks, and with the big chops that come from the front end of the ribs, except that in the case of the chops, Mr. Mardikian lays them flat in the pan, with two sliced onions and two tomatoes quartered around them, a bit of parsley and a pinch of dry herbs over them. Add two cupfuls of water. Bake in oven 45 minutes. Turn chops over and bake for another 30 minutes. When they emerge from the oven, they give you a brand-new idea about lamb chops.

Then there is *haigagan kebab,* baked lamb in parchment. Take some shoulder meat, either in one thin slice or in small pieces, wrap it in parchment (a trick the Armenians have been onto for a thousand years) with a piece of eggplant, a green pepper, a tomato, and an onion, season with salt and maybe a bit of tomato paste, to give color. Then toss it in a pan, along with a similar wrapping for each person you want to serve, and bake for two and a half hours at 350 degrees. Serve it in the parchment and let each feaster unroll his own, like a tamale, to get the full effect of the gravy when the aromas emerge. This, says Mr. Mardikian, is Armenia's favorite dish.

Another popular quick dish in Armenia is *kufté,* which can be made with any kind of ground meat or a mixture of several kinds. It is in reality, a glorified lamburger. Take one pound of ground lamb (shoulder of lamb, preferably, because it is less expensive and just as nutritious), chop up one-half cupful of onions very fine or grind with meat, then add one cup of bread that has been soaked in water and the water squeezed out. Mix with the meat, adding salt and pepper and one-quarter cup very finely chopped parsley. Add one raw egg.

When thoroughly mixed, make into small patties the size of a large walnut, but flattened out. The bread and egg puff up when the *kuftés* are fried in hot butter. When browned on both sides, serve with rice *pilaff.* When you bite into a patty, all the juices are there, and Mr. Mardikian is ready to bet you never ate a 'burger that can remotely compare with it.

"The war is teaching us to cook foods in combination," says Mr. Mardikian. "An average American dinner consists of steaks or chops, with two to four vegetables, each cooked individually. Each is a different operation. Each means extra pots and dishes to wash. Housewives haven't time for that in wartime. So we will have to think and cook in combinations, as the older countries have done for generations.

"If we'll do that, we'll eat better," he predicts.

THE END

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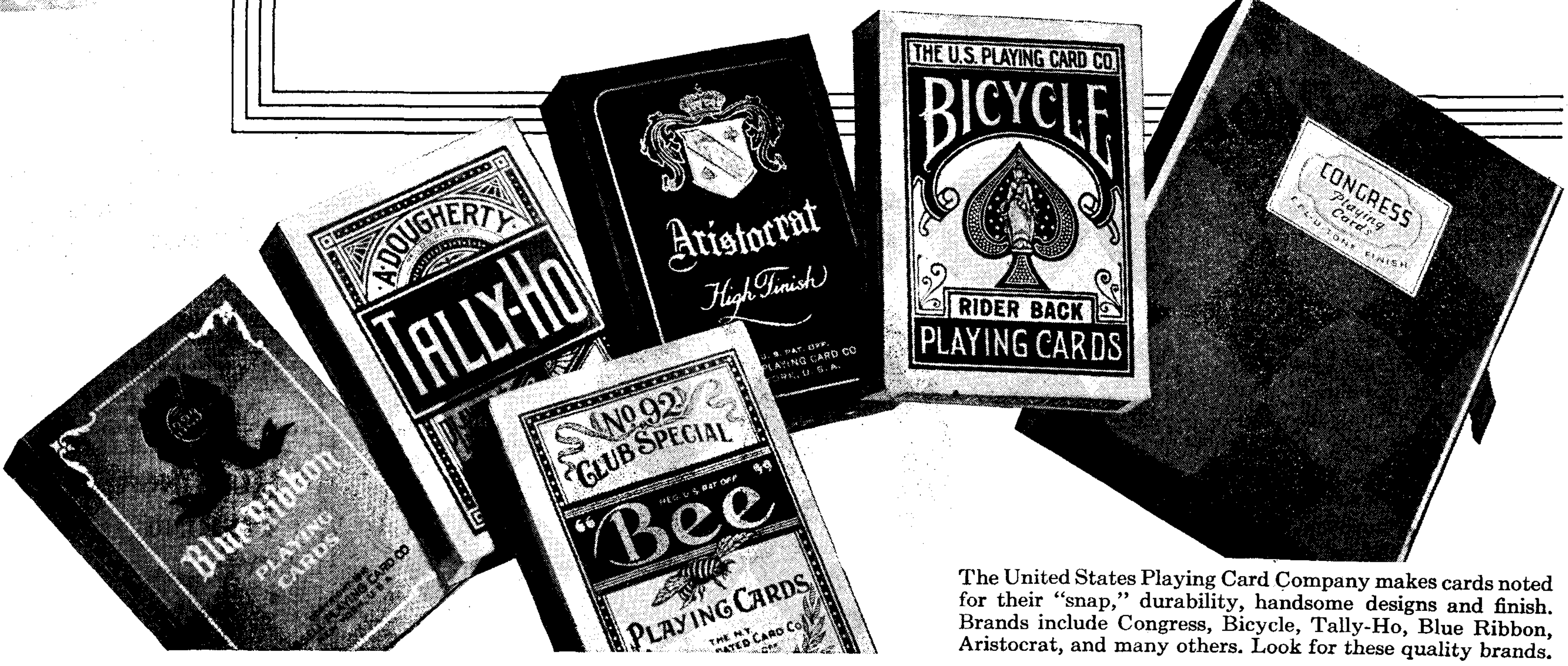
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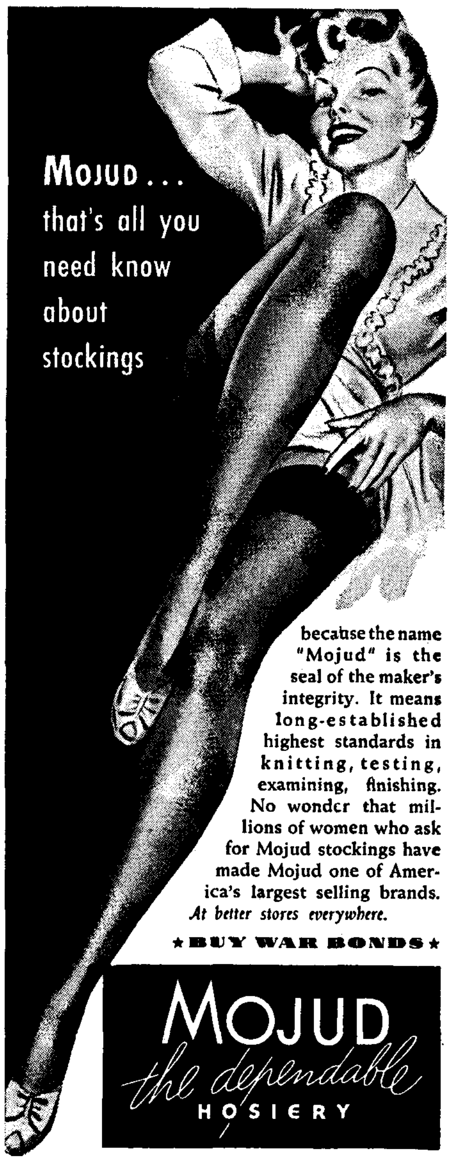

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War in the Siegfried Line

Continued from page 18

supposed to have twelve T.D.s and we had only nine. You remember how everything was then and how the gas was short and all.

"The way it was supposed to be now *(There is a great difference in combat between the way it is supposed to be and the way it is—as great as the difference in how life is supposed to be and how it is):* L Company, that had moved into town the night before, was going to be on the right flank, and they were going to make the holding attack with fire.

"K Company had started walking early, before six A.M., and they were going to ride the tanks and the T.D.s. While they were coming up we got the T.D.s up into town and finally by twelve-thirty we got one platoon of tanks. Five of them. All five of them.

"Now I Company was back so far they couldn't get up. You remember everything that was happening that day. *(Plenty. Plenty was happening.)* So the Colonel, he took a company away from the First Battalion and threw them in, so he'd have three companies to make the attack.

How the Attack Got Started

"That was around one o'clock. The Colonel and I went up this left fork that was sort of drawn off on the left, to watch the attack get started. It started fine. K Company started riding the tanks and the T.D.s, and then they moved up and got just below the crest and fanned out. Just as they should. Just as they hit that little crest, L Company on their right opened up with machine guns and 60-millimeter mortars and all that fire, to attract attention from K Company.

"The tanks and T.D.s got up the hill and the flak guns *(German antiaircraft guns, which fire almost as rapidly as machine guns, being used for direct fire on the ground against the attacking troops)* opened up first. The 88 which we knew was in there held its fire. When the ack-ack and the machine guns opened up, the men started to dismount from the tanks, just as they should, and they went on up and they went fine till they got out in the open on that big bare field and almost to the edge of the last field in front of the woods.

"About that time they really opened up with the 88s—the 88s and all that flak. One T.D. hit a mine over on the left by that little road, you remember, just before it goes into the woods, and the tanks began to run. Lost a T.D. and a tank and they all started backing up. You know how they are when they start backing up.

"They started coming back down across the field, dragging a few wounded and a few limping. You know how they look coming back. Then the tanks started coming back and the T.D.s coming back and the men coming back plenty. They couldn't stay in that bare field, and the ones who weren't hit started yelling for the medicos for those who were hit, and you know how that excites everybody.

"The Colonel and I were sitting by the house and we could see the fight and the way it started fine and good. We thought they'd got right through. But then this stuff starts. Then come four tankers tearing along on foot and yelling and hollering how everything was knocked out.

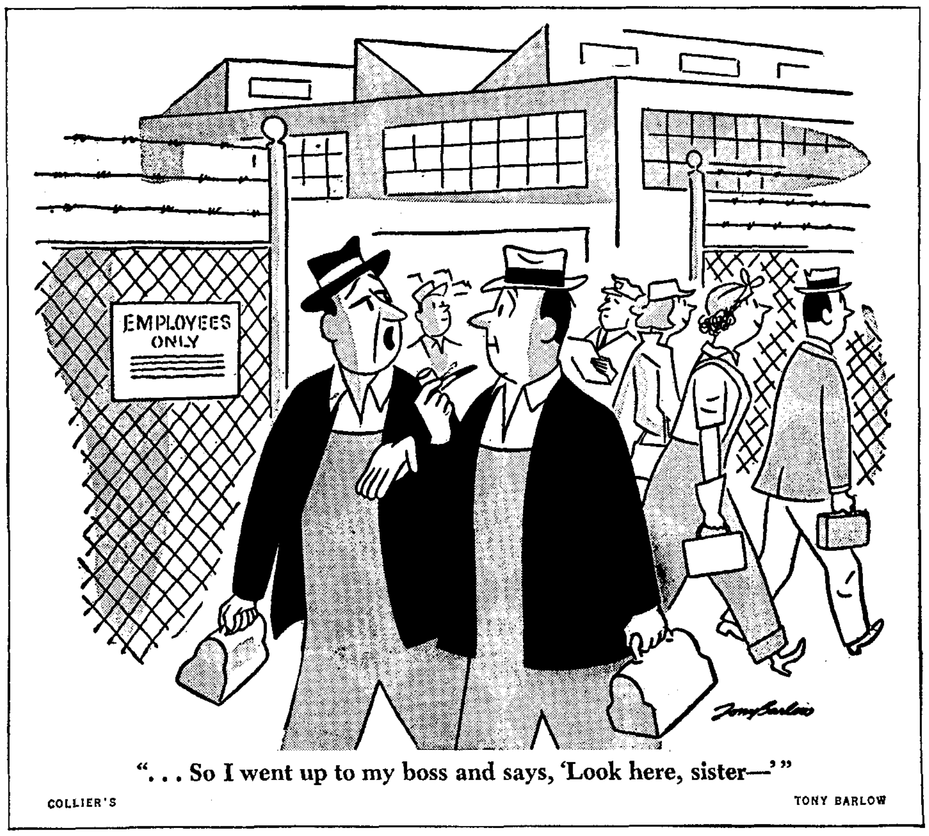
"Then I asked the Colonel—I'd been in the Third Battalion a long time—and I said, 'Sir, I can go out there and kick those —— in the tail and take that place.' And he said, 'You're S-2 in a staff function and you stay where you are.' That chewed my tail out. That made me unhappy.

"We sat there another ten or fifteen minutes, and the wounded kept drifting along back, and we were just there and I thought we're going to lose this battle. Then the Colonel says, 'Let's get up there. This thing has got to move. Those chickenspits aren't going to break down this attack.'

"So we started up the hill and we passed little groups here and there—you know how they drift together—and you know how the Colonel looks, and he is carrying his forty-five and walking up that hill. There is a sort of little terrace at the top where the hill starts to come down; under the cover of that little terrace were all the tanks and the T.D.s, and K Company was lined up along in a sort of skirmish line and they were all just sort of dead, and the attack was gone.

"The Colonel came up the hill and out over this terrace where they were all lying and he said, 'Let's go get these Krauts. Let's kill these chickenspitters. Let's get up over this hill now and get this place taken.'

"He had his goddam forty-five and he shot three-four times at where the Kraut fire was coming from, and he said, 'Goddam, let's go get these Krauts! Come on! Nobody's going to stop here now!' They were plenty cold as hell but he kept talking to them and telling them, and pretty soon he got some of them, and in fifteen minutes he got most of them moving. Once he got them moving, the Colonel and I and Smith *(Sergeant James C. Smith from Tullahoma, Tennessee)*, we went on ahead of them and the attack was going again and we headed into



". . . So I went up to my boss and says, 'Look here, sister—' "

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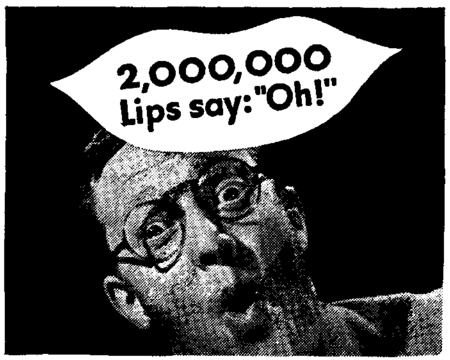
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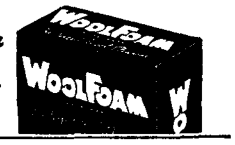

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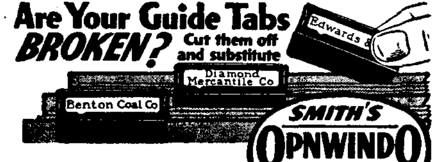

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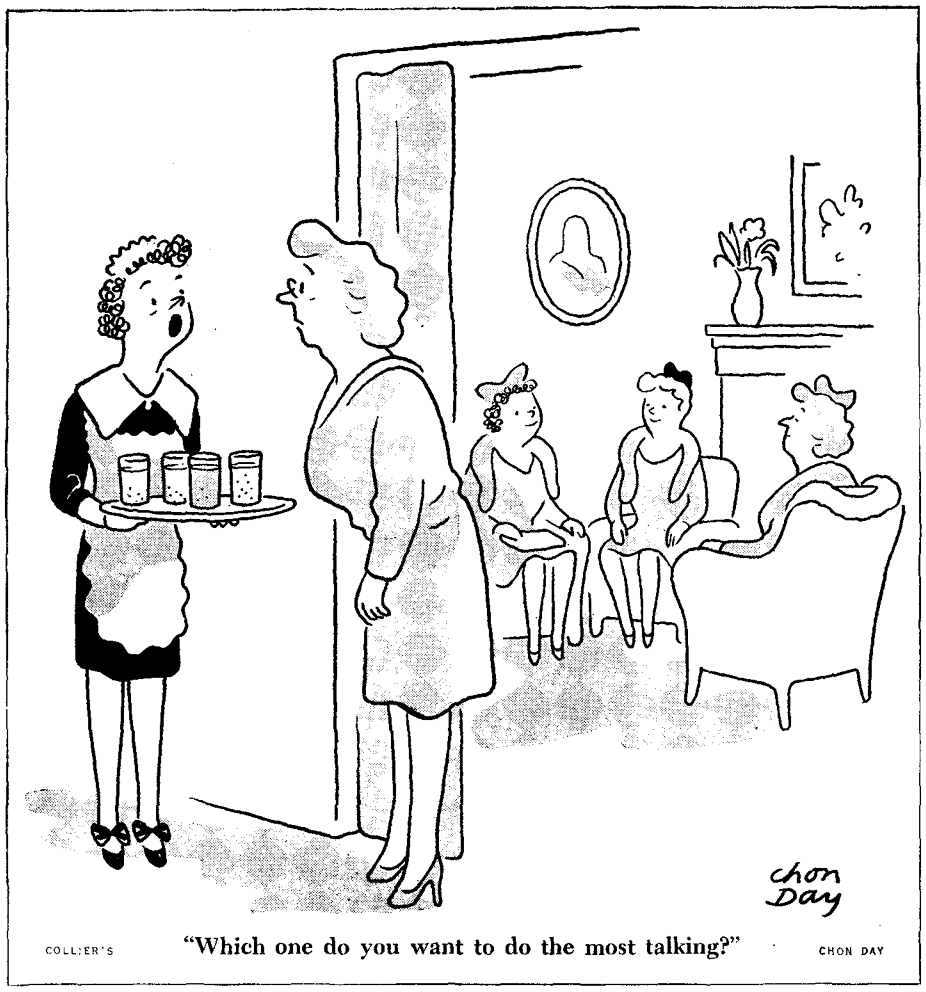

COLLIER'S "Which one do you want to do the most talking?" CHON DAY

the woods. It was bad in the woods but they went in good now.

"When we got into the woods *(The woods were close-planted fir trees, and the shell-bursts tore and smashed them, and the splinters from the tree bursts were like javelins in the half-light of the forest, and the men were shouting and calling now to take the curse off the darkness of the forest and shooting and killing Krauts and moving ahead now)* it was pretty thick for the tanks, and so they went to the outside. They were shooting into the woods, but we had to stop them now because K Company had pushed through ahead of them way into the woods.

Ambush in the Woods

"The Colonel and I and Smith, we went on ahead and found a hole in the timber where we could get a T.D. in. Now the attack was going good on ahead and all of a sudden we saw a bunker right beside us, and they started shooting at us. We decided there were Krauts in it. *(This bunker was completely hidden by fir trees planted over it and grass growing over it and was a subterranean fort on the Maginot Line style with automatic ventilation, concussion-proof doors, bunks fifteen feet underground for the men, special exit provisions so that it could be run over and then its occupants attack the enemy from the rear, and it held fifty SS troops whose mission was to let the attack pass and then come out and fire on it.)*

"All there was left with us now was the Colonel, I and Smith and Roger, this French boy who had been with us ever since St. Poix. I never knew his last name but he was a wonderful Frenchman. Best boy in a fight you ever saw. These Krauts in the bunker started shooting at us. So we started walking over toward it and we decided we'd got to get them out.

"There was an embrasure over on our side, but we couldn't see that, the way it was all planted over. I had only one grenade because I wasn't expecting what we were going to do. We got over within about ten yards of the pillbox, coming in this side of it. We couldn't see the aperture at the bottom of it. It all looked like a wooded hillock.

"They're shooting sort of scattered all the while. The Colonel and Smith were at the right of it. Roger was going in right toward the aperture. You couldn't see the fire.

"I yelled at Roger to get down, and right then they shot him. I saw the goddam hole then and I threw the grenade to go in, but you know how those apertures are beveled, and it hit and bounced out. Smith grabbed the Frenchman by the heels and started to drag him clear because he was still alive. In that slit trench on the left, there was a Kraut and he stood up, and Smith shot him with his carbine. You can tell how fast this happened because just then the grenade went off, and we all ducked.

"Then we started to get a lot of fire from the field out in front of the woods—the field we'd crossed to get into the woods—and Smith said, 'Colonel, you better get down in that hole because here comes those Krauts.'

"They were firing from the wheat shocks in the field right there in front of the woods and in that little tongue of brush. The Krauts started shooting at us from out there, which should have been our rear.

"The Colonel dropped one Kraut with his forty-five. Smith shot two with his carbine; I was in back of the pillbox and I shot the one who was in back of us across the road about fifteen yards away. I had to shoot at him three times before he stopped and then I didn't kill him good because when the T.D. came up finally he was lying right across the middle of the road and, seeing the T.D. coming up, he sort of scrounged up and tried to get out of the way, and the T.D. went over him and flattened him out.

"The rest of the Krauts sort of took off across the field and we didn't have any real trouble with that lot. Just sort of long-range fire. We know we killed three and we wounded some more that took off.

"We didn't have any more hand grenades and the b——s in the bunker wouldn't come out when we yelled at them. So the Colonel and I were waiting for them to come out, and Smith went off to the left and found a T.D. and brought it up. That was the T.D. that ran over the Kraut I had to shoot three times with that little old German pistol.

"The Krauts still wouldn't come out when talked to, so we pulled that T.D. right up to the back of that steel door we had located by now, and that old Wump gun fired about six rounds and blasted that door in, and then you ought to have heard them want to come out. You ought to have heard them yell and moan and moan and scream and yell *'Kamerad!'*

"The T.D. had that old Wump gun pointed right in the door, and they started to come out, and you never saw such a mess. Every

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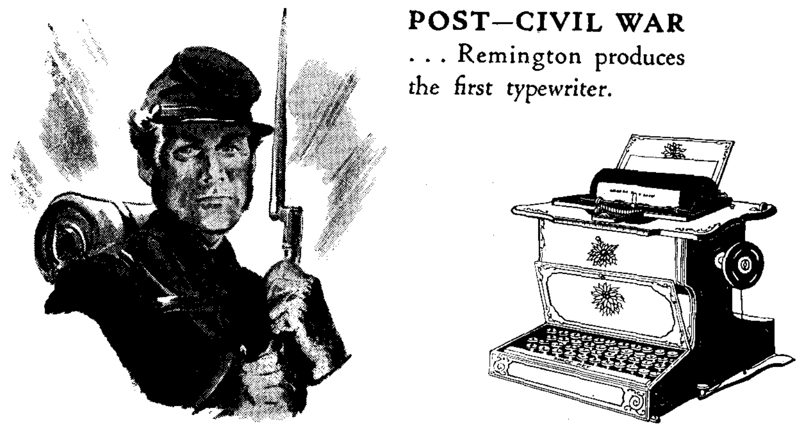
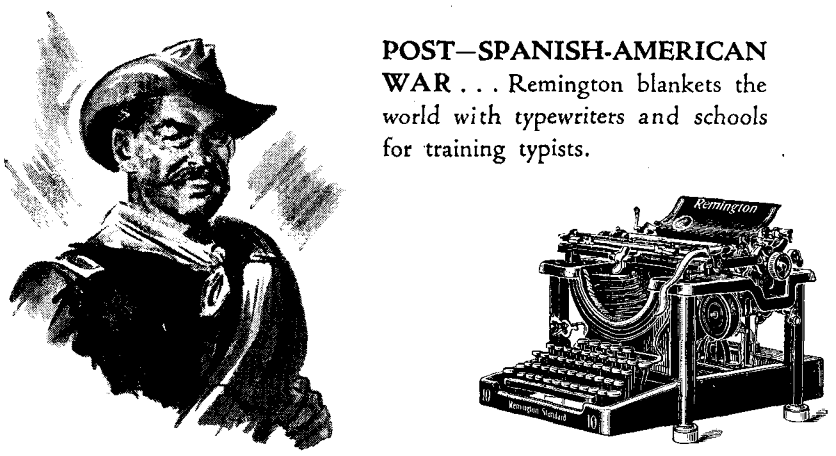
FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

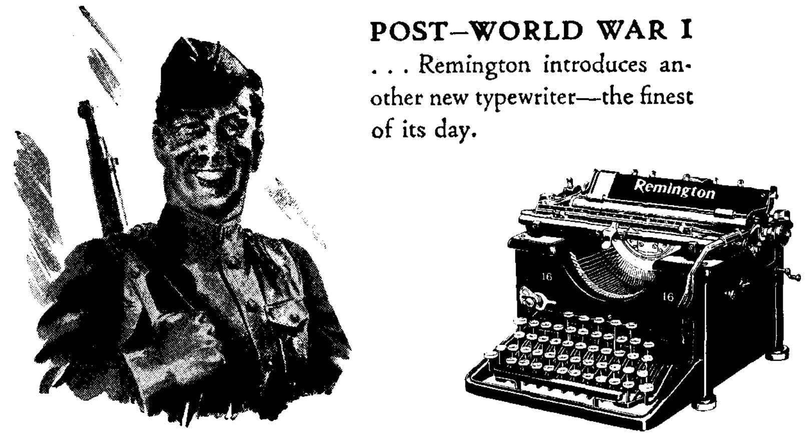
THEN & NOW *America's* FIRST TYPEWRITER



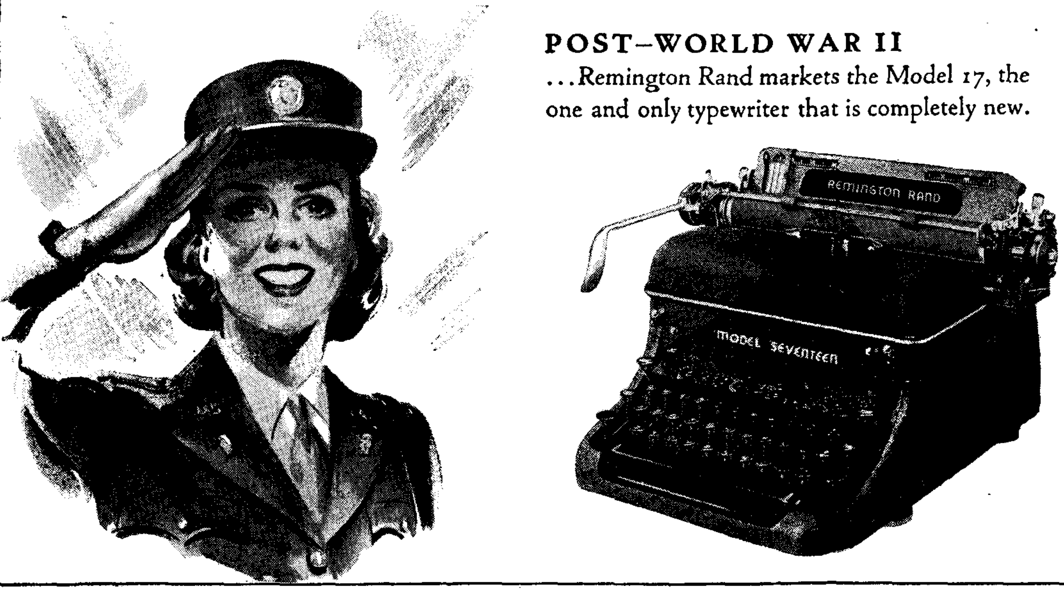
POST—CIVIL WAR
. . . Remington produces *the first typewriter.*


Remington
Remington Standard 10

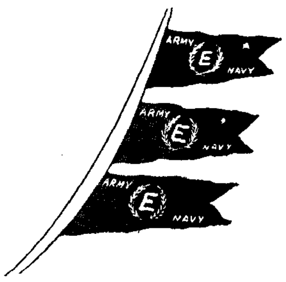
POST—SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR . . . Remington blankets the world with typewriters and schools for training typists.


Remington
16

POST—WORLD WAR I
. . . Remington introduces another new typewriter—the finest of its day.


REMINGTON RAND
MODEL SEVENTEEN

POST—WORLD WAR II
. . . Remington Rand markets the Model 17, the one and only typewriter that is completely new.


ARMY E NAVY
ARMY E NAVY
ARMY E NAVY

Released to the public a few months before the Nazis invaded Poland, the Model 17 is now produced only for the Armed Forces and a few essential industries. When it is again available to all, remember: this new Remington Rand Typewriter, proven under the toughest war-time service, is the finest you can buy.

FOR TYPEWRITER LEADERSHIP

look to **Remington Rand**

one of them was wounded in five or six different places, from pieces of concrete and steel. About eighteen good ones came out, and all the time inside there was the most piteous moaning and screaming, and there was one fellow with both his legs cut off by the steel door. I went down to see how everything was and got a suitcase with a couple of quarts of whisky in it and a couple of boxes of cigars and a pistol for the Colonel.

"One of the prisoners was in pretty good shape, not really good shape but he could travel. He was a noncom. The rest of them were lying down outside, all moaning, wounded and shot up.

"This noncom showed us where the next bunker was. By then, we knew what they looked like, and you could spot them by any sort of rise of ground. So we took the T.D. and went down the road about seventy-five yards to this second bunker—you know which one—and had this bird ask them to surrender. You ought to have seen this Kraut. He was a Wehrmacht, regular army, and he kept saying, 'Bitty. S. S. S.' He meant they were those real bad ones and they would kill him if he asked them to surrender. He yelled at them to come on out, and they wouldn't come. They wouldn't answer. So we pulled the Wump gun up to the back door just like the other time and yelled to them to come out, and they wouldn't come. So we put in about ten shots from the Wump gun and then they came out—what was left of them. They were a sad and bedraggled lot. Every one of them was in awful shape.

"They were SS boys, all of them, and they got down in the road, one by one, on their knees. They expected to get shot. But we were obliged to disappoint them. There were about twelve that got out. The rest were all blown to pieces and wounded all to hell. There were legs and arms and heads scattered all over that goddam place.

"We had so many prisoners and nobody to guard them but the Colonel and I and Smith and the Wump gun, so we sort of sat around there until things sort of clarified. After a while a medical aide came up and looked at the French boy, Roger. He was lying there all the time and when they came to dress him, he said, '*Mon colonel, je suis content.* I am happy to die on German soil.'

"They put a tag on him reading 'Free French' and I said, 'The hell with that,' and changed the tag to read 'Company L.'

"Every time I think about that Frenchman, it makes me want to get to killing Krauts again.". . .

There is a lot more to the story. Maybe that is as much as you can take today. I could write you just what I Company did, what the other two battalions did. I could write for you, if you could take it, what happened at the third bunker and the fourth bunker and at fourteen other bunkers. They were all taken.

If you want to know sometime, get someone who was there to tell you. If you wish, and I can still remember, I will be glad to tell you sometime what it was like in those woods for the next ten days; about all the counterattacks and about the German artillery. It is a very, very interesting story if you can remember it. Probably it has even epic elements. Doubtless sometime you will even see it on the screen.

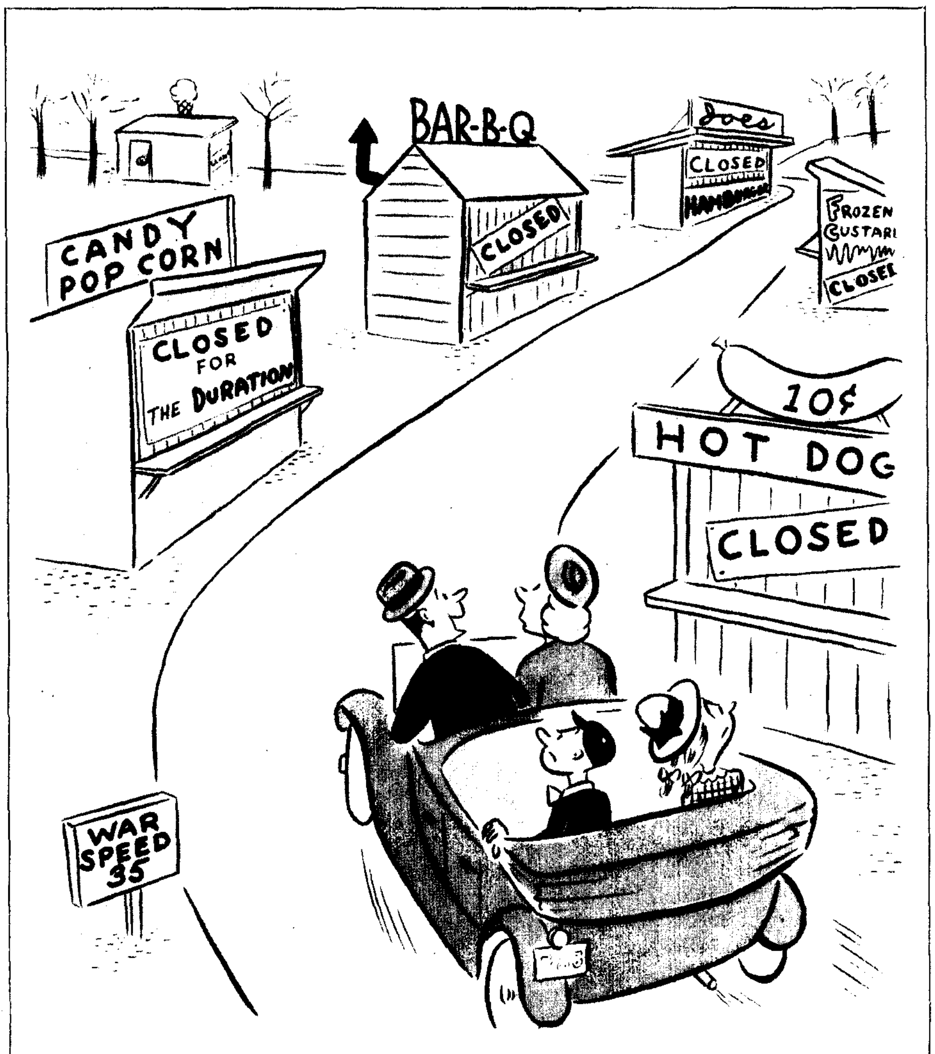
The Cinematic Possibilities

It probably is suitable for screen treatment, because I remember the Colonel saying, "Ernie, a lot of the time I felt as though I were at a Grade B picture and kept saying to myself, 'This is where I came in.' "

The only thing that will probably be hard to get properly in the picture is the German SS troops, their faces black from the concussion, bleeding at the nose and mouth, kneeling in the road, grabbing their stomachs, hardly able to get out of the way of the tanks, though probably the cinema will be able to make this even more realistic. But a situation like that is the fault of the engineers who, when they designed those concussion-proof doors, did not expect to have 105-mm. Wump guns come up and fire point-blank at them from behind.

That was not provided for when the specifications were laid down. And sometimes, observing such sad sights and such elaborate preparations gone wrong, I have a feeling that it really would have been better for Germany not to have started this war in the first place.

THE END



"We may have to drive slower nowadays, but we get there much faster"

COLLIER'S ELMER ATKINS

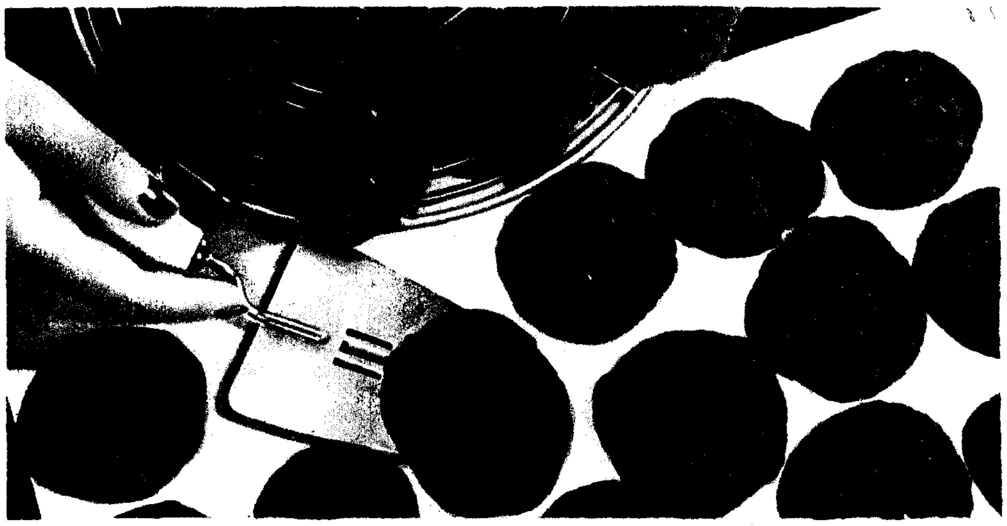
PEANUT BUTTER GINGIES: A delectable new jiffy-cookie they'll *ooh* and *aah* over! Just add 1/3 cup water to Dromedary Gingerbread Mix. *Stir.* Add ½ cup peanut butter. *Mix well.* Drop by teaspoons on greased baking sheet. Press in criss-cross design with fork. Bake 10 minutes, 350°. *Yum!* (Highly nutritious too!)

DROMEDARY Gingerbread Mix
PIPING HOT GINGERBREAD IN A JIFFY!

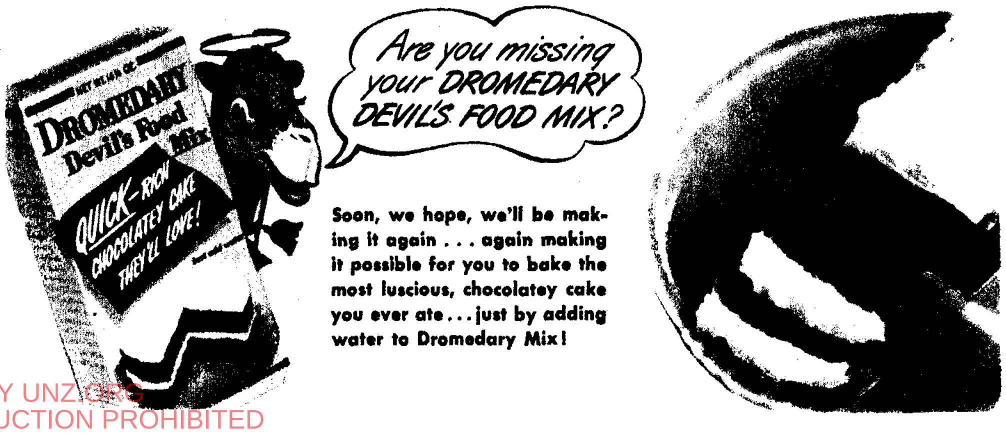
All these crunchy COOKIES—QUICK!
from thrifty
DROMEDARY
GINGERBREAD MIX
MARY BALL WASHINGTON'S PRIVATE RECIPE!

SAVE THESE RECIPES!

GINGER CRISPIES: So good, children eat them like candy! Simply add 1/3 cup water and 1½ cups of any cereal flakes to Dromedary Gingerbread Mix. Drop by teaspoons on greased baking sheet. Bake 10 minutes, 350°. Easy . . . wholesome . . . *and you get 4 dozen of these heavenly cookies from a single package!*



CHOCOLATE STUDDED GINGIES: America's No. 1 Cookie. *Servicemen's pet!* Add 1/3 cup water, and bits of semi-sweet chocolate to Mix, bake 10 minutes, 350°. Isn't it a blessing these busy days to have delicious, economical, *failure-proof* Dromedary Gingerbread Mix? *If your grocer is sometimes "out", do try again!*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QUICK—RICH CHOCOLATEY CAKE THEY'LL LOVE!

Are you missing your DROMEDARY DEVIL'S FOOD MIX?

Soon, we hope, we'll be making it again . . . again making it possible for you to bake the most luscious, chocolatey cake you ever ate . . . just by adding water to Dromedary Mix!

Strong
sharp
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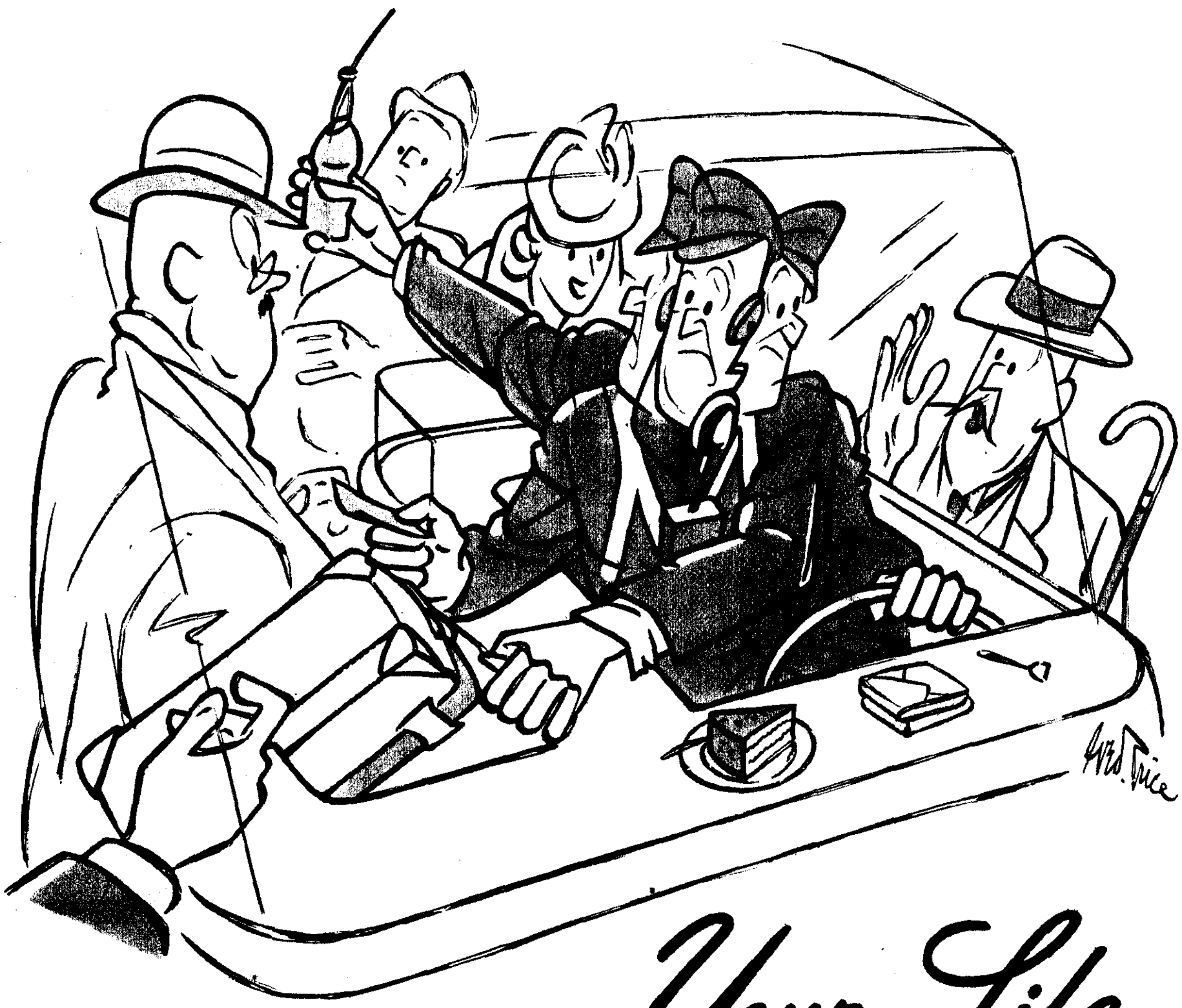


Your Life TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Everyman's Flying Service

The sky-consuming stratoliners of tomorrow will make Americans the fastest-moving and most adventurous people in the world. But there will be a definite limit to their service. They can only connect the big cities on fast schedules. Meanwhile, there will be millions of air-minded people who will want to fly a few hundred miles within a single territory, between minor cities. These the trunk airlines cannot carry.

To satisfy this potential army of new air passengers, who have always gone by train or bus, intricate networks of feeder lines will be needed. Small planes hopping hither and yon over short distances will thus serve practically every point in the country.

The most imaginative plan so far proposed for feeder service is a Middle Western network spreading from North Dakota to Texas, flying hundreds of planes a day on split-second schedules *at fares not above four cents a mile.* These ten-passenger planes will come very near to providing air transportation to anyone who can afford to travel at all. But in order to give the local passenger such inexpensive service, every possible economy will have to be practiced, and the planes will be in the air virtually all the time. These requirements are so difficult to meet that most airlines believe that complete low-cost feeder service is impossible.

But Oliver Parks of St. Louis, who plans the new system, has found an ingenious way to avoid the heavy expenses that saddle conventional air transportation. His solution is to put all the usual airport office equipment on wheels in a compactly designed bus and reduce the ground personnel to a single official, the bus driver—a superman who will not only call for each passenger at his front door and put him aboard his plane, but who will service the ships and even keep the airport in good condition. If this remarkable plan works, everyman's flying service seems assured.

Say, for instance, that you live in Jonesville and decide some morning that you want to fly to Smithtown three hundred miles away. You merely telephone the air bus at its downtown parking place and ask for a seat on the next plane. The driver, a skilled radio operator, contacts the proper plane in mid-air, gets you a seat out of Jonesville and calls you back, telling you exactly when to be ready. On the dot he calls for you with the bus. En route to the airport he checks you in, weighs you and your baggage on a convenient scale, collects your fare and sells you sandwiches and a bottle of pop to take with you. He then drives the bus directly onto the airfield, stops at the same instant that the plane lands and puts you aboard. At Smithtown you receive exactly the same treatment in reverse and are delivered by another bus to the actual street number of your destination.

The great economy of this scheme, Parks believes, lies in the all-around talents of the bus driver who, besides taking all care of passengers, will also act as ground crew for the plane. He will be a skilled mechanic qualified to make any minor repairs such as changing a spark plug, propeller or wheel tire. He will also act as a field-maintenance man, keeping the airport in good condition, tending the ground lights at night and standing by the radio during landings and take-offs. All necessary tools for these activities Parks will find room for on the bus, which will also carry mail and express in special compartments. Meanwhile the plane's copilot will act as host, ticket agent and clerk, also obtaining long-distance reservations for passengers on connecting main airlines by radio. Thus the usual ground crew of ten people, working in three eight-hour shifts—or 30 in all—will be replaced by three eight-hour bus drivers.

The whole idea is patterned after high-speed rush-hour methods used on railroads and subways. Its success will come from eliminating the long waits and the expensive taxi and lunch counters and other ground services which now require so many hands. It is a symbol of the breathless efficiency on which tomorrow's air transportation will be run without loss of comfort or convenience. One cannot help feeling that if Parks' bus driver were an ordained minister as well as a master mechanic, a young couple headed for a two-day honeymoon could get married on the bus on Saturday morning, spend the week end at a distant lake resort and be back on the job the first thing Monday.

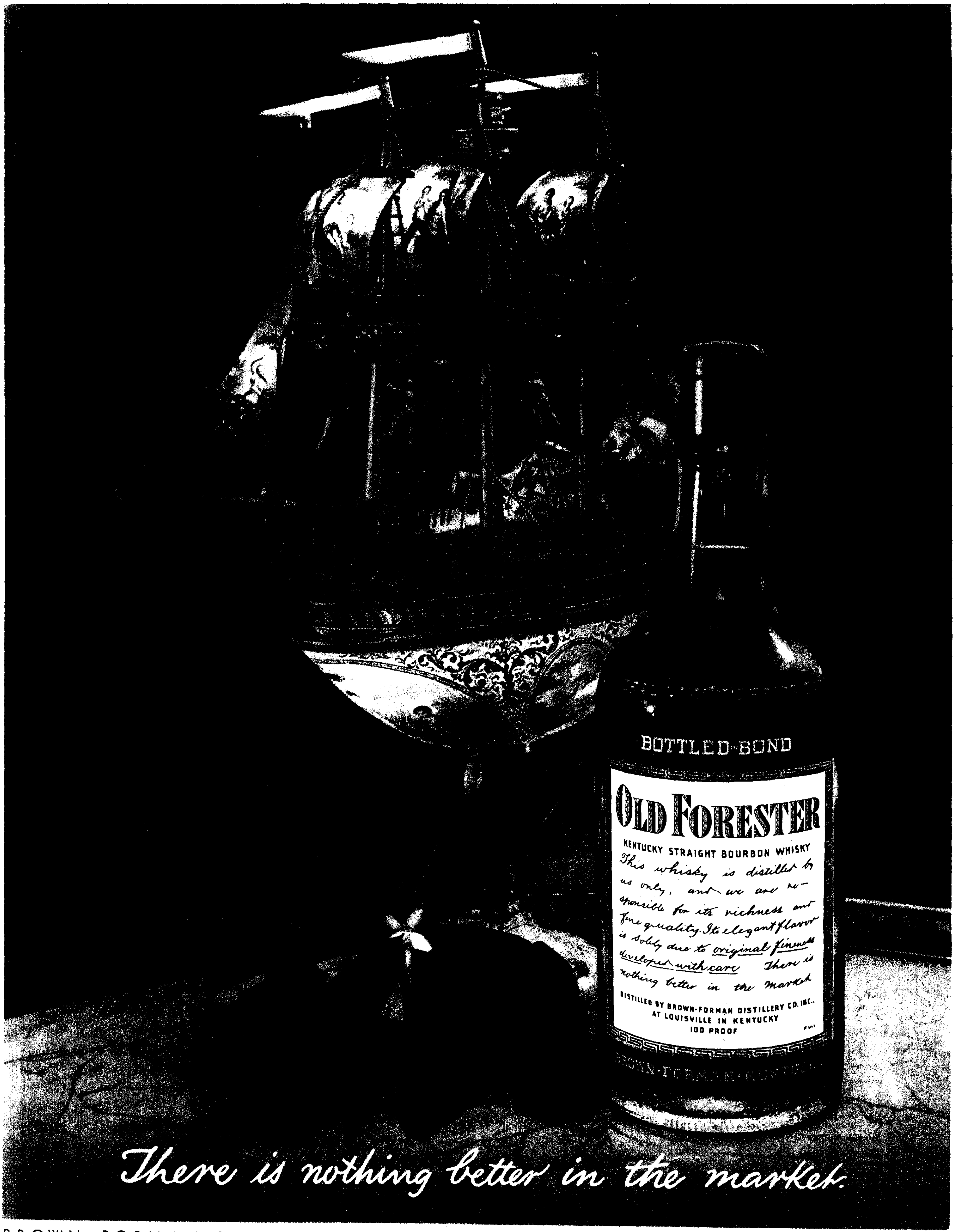
A new method of preventing the spread of colds and influenza in offices, classrooms, trains and perhaps in theaters, will employ triethylene glycol vapor. This chemical is a relative of radiator antifreeze, harmless to breathe in small amounts and pleasant to smell, but it is certain death to microbes. It will probably be fed into the ducts of air-conditioning systems.

Watch for These . . .

A gas-stove burner using a new principle of design that will give far more intense and controlled cooking heat.

Life jackets for the boys' sailboat (and your own cruiser), filled with cheap, home-grown milkweed floss.

All-day musical programs, broadcast by professional radio-trained technicians in every large factory. ★★★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OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the market
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There is nothing better in the market.

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RAG
Soothe it with

GLYCO-
THYMOLINE

Mighty delicate are the membranes of the nose and throat! At the first indication of irritation from a common cold or ordinary sore throat, we suggest you spray or gargle with GLYCO-THYMOLINE! When these common winter ailments prevail, let GLYCO-THYMOLINE help soothe and heal the sensitive throat and nasal tissues.

For 50 years and more, this effective alkaline solution has helped relieve thousands. Ask your doctor. Keep a bottle around and use it often!

TRY
GLYCO-THYMOLINE
AS A DAILY
MOUTH WASH

GLYCO-
THYMOLINE

THE Heroes

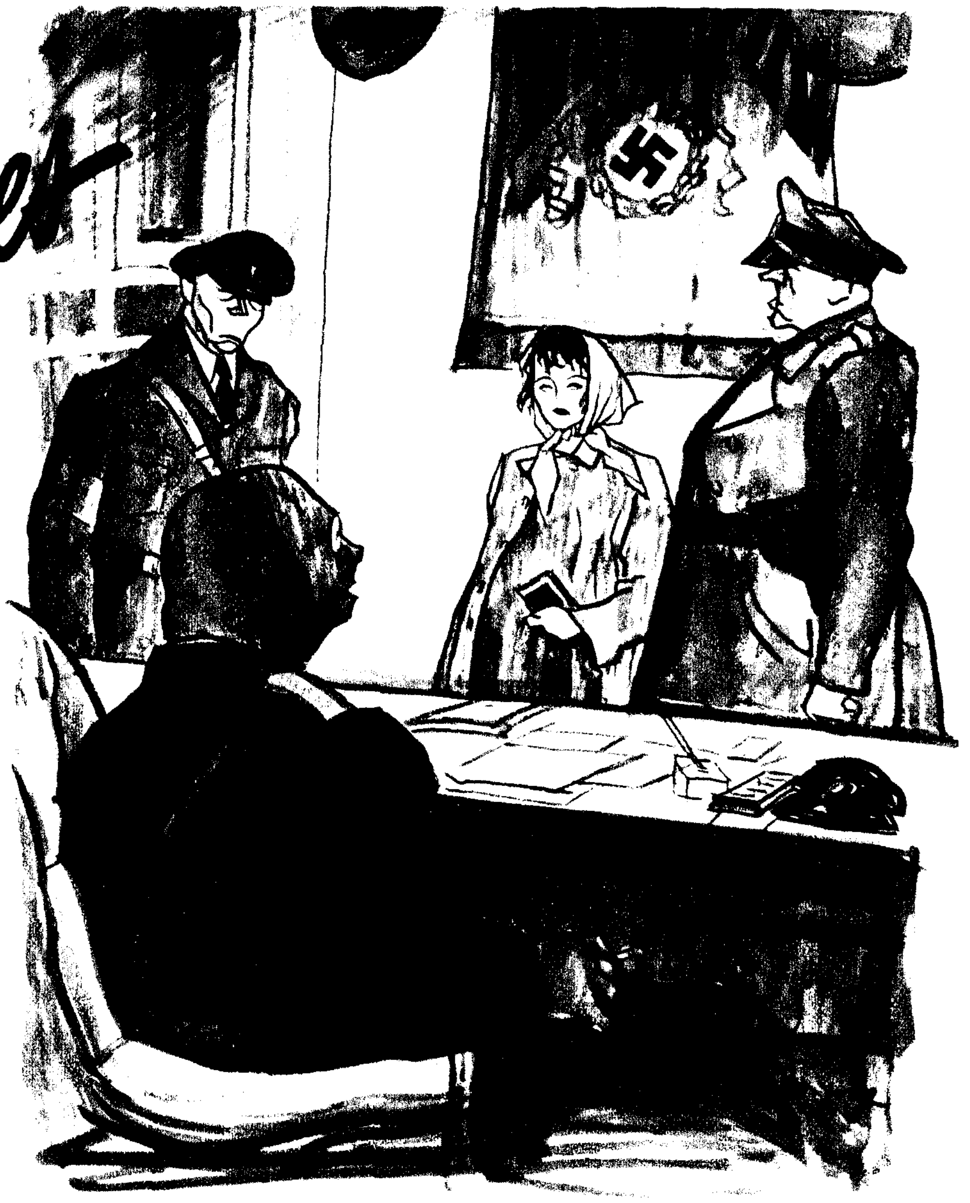


ILLUSTRATION
BY WILLIAM
AUERBACH-LEVY

LUCIE AUBRAC

IV

THE whole of France still laughs and cries over the story of Lucie Aubrac; laughter at the cleverness with which she outwitted the Gestapo, and tears of pride for her courage. In a simpler, more intimate way she has become as much a symbol as that other young girl who rose in Domremy and kindled new fires of faith in the hearts of a defeated people.

Prior to the invasion of France, gay, pretty Madame Aubrac gave small evidence of the stuff from which heroines are made. Intelligent, to be sure, for she had taught in a high school before her marriage, but home and husband seemed the limit of her interests. Just an average French couple, yet with the fall of Paris, the Aubracs were among the first to go underground, swearing that resistance to the Boche would be kept alive.

The business of M. Aubrac was that of sabotage, collecting explosives for the destruction of railroads, arranging for the breakdown of factory machines, and by way of a high light now and then, the execution of a notorious *collaborateur* or some particularly atrocious Nazi. Madame Aubrac's task was the organization of women for a score of different and important purposes. Subterranean avenues of escape to England that sons of France might join General de Gaulle; penmanship squads to forge identification papers; sewing schools to make German uniforms so that leaders of the Maquis could come up into the light when occasion demanded; editorial staffs for the underground newspapers, etc., etc.

With a million and a half French prisoners of war in Germany, and Laval and Darnand combing the country to meet Goering's demand for slave labor, more and more the burden of resistance fell on the women of France. For example, when Berlin ordered the deportation of "non-Aryans" there were Jewish children that had to be saved. As trains pulled out for death camps in the Reich, Madame Aubrac and her groups ran alongside and caught the babies that frantic mothers threw out of the windows. Food for these foster children and for their own was not the least problem of the underground. There were also homes and hiding places to be found for young girls, doomed to German brothels if they were found on the streets.

Things went well for a while—too well in fact. Cursing Laval and Darnand as incompetents, Heinrich Himmler took over in France and filled every city, town and village with trained Gestapo agents. Every act of sabotage was followed by the execution of hostages, and Himmler's men hunted with all the persistence of hounds, even torturing little children to gain information. Arrests increased, and finally came the black morning when Madame Aubrac received word that her husband was in the hands of the Gestapo.

How could he be saved? For several months, the young wife had been heavy with child, and as she looked down, inspiration dawned. Armed with forged papers that proved her to be a devoted collaborationist, she proceeded to Lyon and faced the head of the Gestapo at his headquarters. Hair disheveled, eyes flaming, she put on a performance that would not have shamed Sarah Bernhardt.

"You have arrested a certain Aubrac," she cried. "Hang him if you want, although rope is wasted on the rat, but not before justice has been done! Behold me! *Enceinte!* About to bring into the world a child that will go through life without a father. Think of the shame it will bring upon my parents! I care nothing for myself, fool that I was to give my love and trust, but spare the parents that bore me, and the child that is to be. Before you kill this Aubrac, make him marry me. Prove that Germans stand for justice."

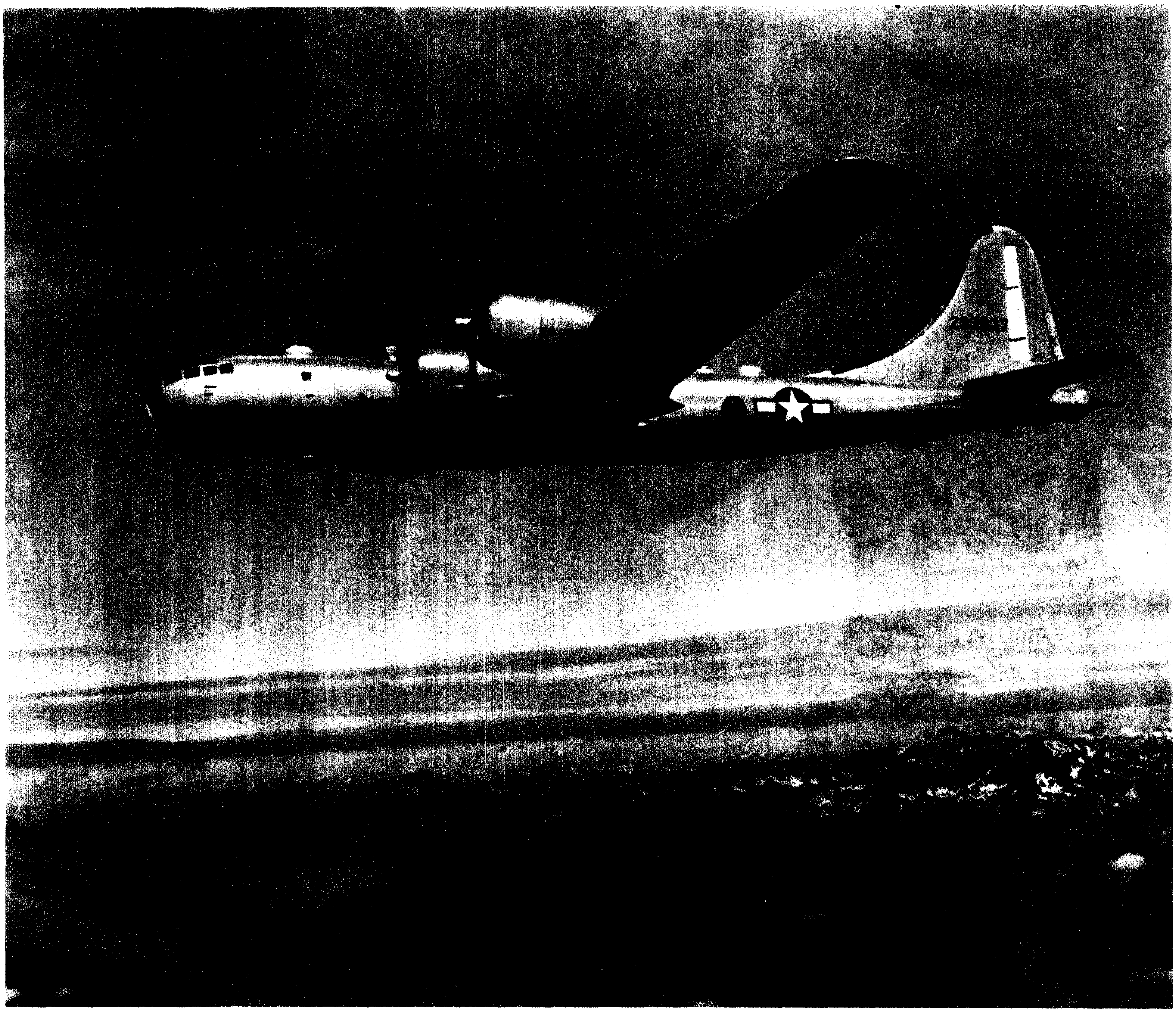
The Gestapo chief leaped at the chance for a piece of propaganda that would delight Herr Doctor Goebbels: The whole world told how an execution was halted while German officials compelled a French criminal to right a grievous wrong. If *gnädige Frau* would accompany him to the prison, he would call in a priest and have the ceremony performed at once. But no! Madame Aubrac thanked him for his goodness, but that was not the right way.

"I must make him make provision for the child," she said. "It is necessary to find out what property and money he may have. In the prison, feeling no thrill of hope, he is likely to be mean and stubborn. Bring him here to Gestapo headquarters and lead him to believe that a generous settlement will let him escape the gallows. Hang him after that."

"Well reasoned." The German nodded approval. "Tomorrow, at eleven, we are arraigning thirteen of his fellow criminals. A perfunctory proceeding, of course, but we Germans are scrupulous to omit no form of law. This swine of an Aubrac will be brought along in the same car."

All that night Lucie Aubrac raced frantically from cellar to cellar, calling the captains of the underground into conference. As the auto carrying the doomed fourteen left the prison at eleven o'clock the next morning a second car followed closely. At a cross street, five cars came in from intersections, blocking the way. Out of the shadowing car leaped picked marksmen, and in a space of seconds the German guards and chauffeur tumbled from their seats. Still handcuffed, the fourteen Frenchmen were bundled into the blocking cars and whisked away.

Some weeks later, Lucie Aubrac was spirited from her hiding place to the safety of London. In the rescue she had received a bullet wound but, fortunately, in the hand and not the body. In due time, wee Catherine Mitraillette was born and dedicated to France. Catherine the Little Musketeer! . . . GEORGE CREEL



Boeing B-29 Superfortress in Flight

Size alone wasn't enough

The Army wanted an airplane that would carry a *heavier bomb load . . . farther, faster* and *higher* . . . than any had before.

Size alone wasn't enough. There were already single, experimental models of massive airplanes; but they lacked the required speed and altitude.

There were also high-performance airplanes. But these were small, lacked long-range and load-carrying ability.

The problem of combining both extremes in one airplane was put before America's aircraft industry. One company, Boeing, was in an exceptional position to meet the Army's requirements, because of its background of pioneering work in developing such four-engine airplanes as the B-17 Flying Fortress, the B-15 Bomber, the Stratoliner and the Pan American Clippers.

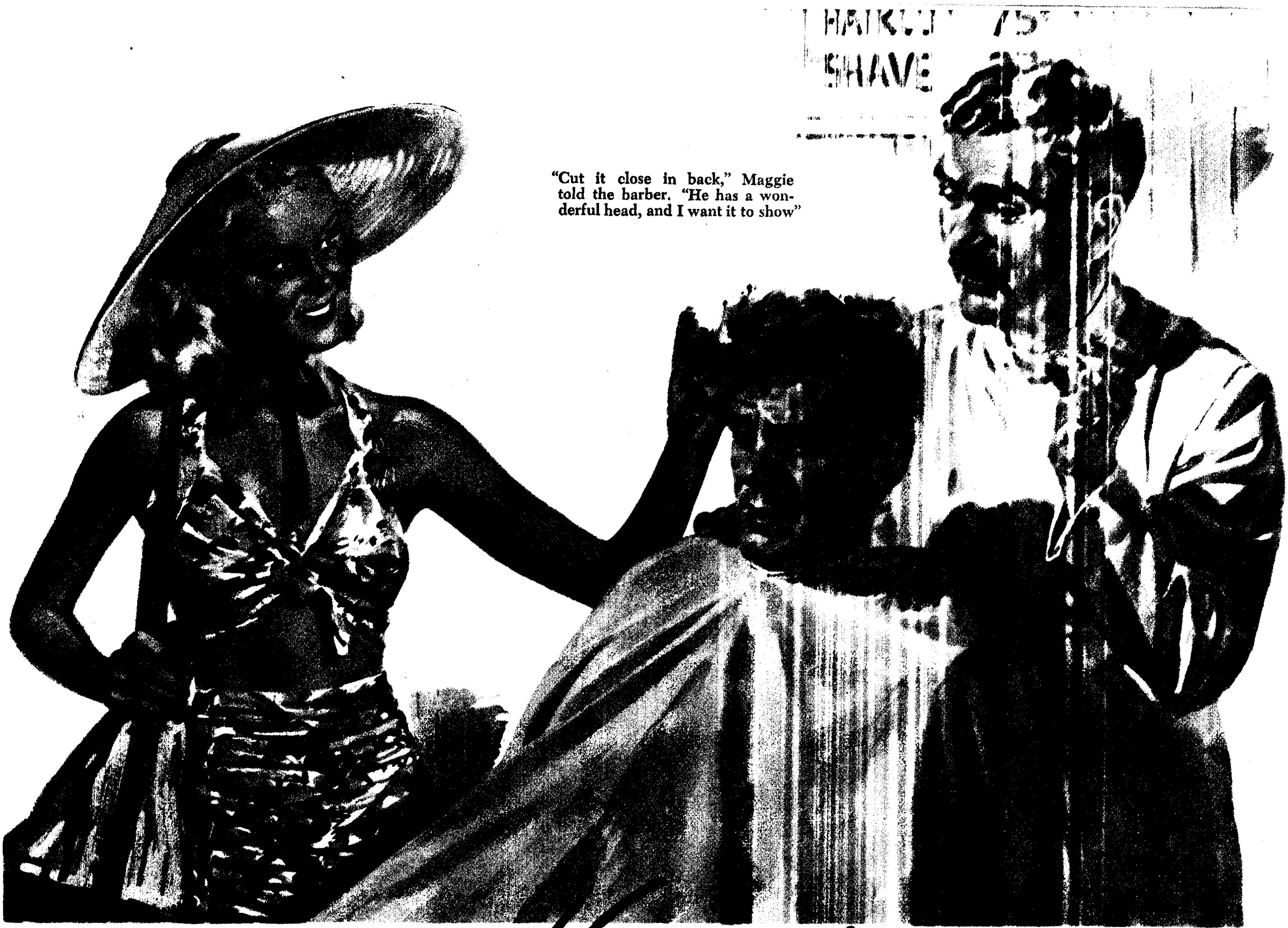
The Boeing design was accepted. And then, even before the first experimental model had been completed and tested, the Army committed the Boeing Superfortress to one of the greatest manufacturing programs ever placed behind any weapon of war!

Seldom has such engineering and production responsibility been given to *any* organization. It meant that the new plane *had* to be right; that no basic design changes could be made. It meant that Boeing had to work out the manufacturing plan of the B-29 at the same time it was completing the engineering design — and had to furnish full information about both to the companies selected to help build it.

Success in planning and executing every step of the entire Superfortress program was imperative because of the important military plans built around it. Following the first B-29 operation, the Secretary of War said: "The new long-range bombers have overcome the tremendous barriers of distance to bring the heart of Japan under the guns and bombs of the Army Air Force."

When final peace comes, Boeing principles of research, design, engineering and manufacture will again be applied to products for your use. True now, it will be equally true of any peacetime product . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's bound to be good.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**



"Cut it close in back," Maggie told the barber. "He has a wonderful head, and I want it to show"

Here and NOW

by BARBARA DICKINSON

ILLUSTRATED BY NATHAN MACHTEY

His past was buried and his future held no place for an American girl's idea of love. He was a wise young man, but Maggie was much wiser

AT FOUR o'clock he was still in the patio of the restaurant, still seated at the umbrella-shaded table where he had had his lunch. It was his sixth month in America, his second day in California and his first day in this resort town. It was also a Sunday, if that mattered, but it clearly didn't matter at all. It doesn't matter what day it is if you're on a vacation; Paul Berton was on a vacation and he felt like a fool.

He kept thinking of all the things he should have said. He should have told Jed Anderson, simply but with emphasis, to mind his own business; he should have reminded him that his job was to arrange lectures and not necessarily to annoy the writers who are giving the lectures, and that if a man fainted it might only be an unfortunate and rather unmanly habit. And that doctor. That madman of a supposed physician who spoke of "pernicious anemia" with such reproachful distaste, as if it were something one got from bathing too infrequently. To him Paul should have shouted that anemia was no longer a disease—it was a race, a nationality, a profession, a career. It was a creed. That, where he had come from, it was a way of life to millions of people, who lived by their anemia, and for it, and in spite of it.

But for some reason he had said none of these things. He had been wet with the old weakness and curiously pliable, and he had said only that he would, most certainly, not go to a hospital. He had allowed himself to be injected with quantities of stuff, to be armed with multicolored pills and presented with a meticulous diet. He had let Jed, pale with worry over the possible loss of a client, drive him to this charming, restful town, in which he was to take his pills and follow his diet, get ten hours of sleep every night and not exert himself.

Paul squirmed irritably against the canvas-backed chair in which he had been sitting for two and a half hours, not exerting himself, relaxing, vacationing. The minute he had finished the actual, automatic and comforting process of consuming his lunch, one fact had become appallingly apparent: To vacation successfully, it was necessary to have vacationed at least once before. This he had never done since his schooldays in Austria—days now so completely obliterated by the more recent past, as no longer to have even a semblance of reality in his mind. He continued to sit there, helplessly, in an absurd kind of social panic, because he could not think of any place else to go. He could imagine absolutely nothing else that he might be expected to do.

He had long since outlasted the luncheon crowd, composed largely of parties of middle-aged ladies with broad-brimmed hats pulled low on their heads, looking rather overheated. He had, in the morning that seemed so long ago, sufficiently digested the scenery: the Pacific, which failed to startle him by being blue and pacific, the wide, theatrically curved beach with its bright crop of umbrellas, the prettily wooded hills embracing the pretty little town.

The glances of his waitress had grown more frequent and more angry, despite the tea which he ordered in vast quantities and valiantly drank, despite his occasional apologetic smiles; and Paul faced the fact that it was definitely time to leave.

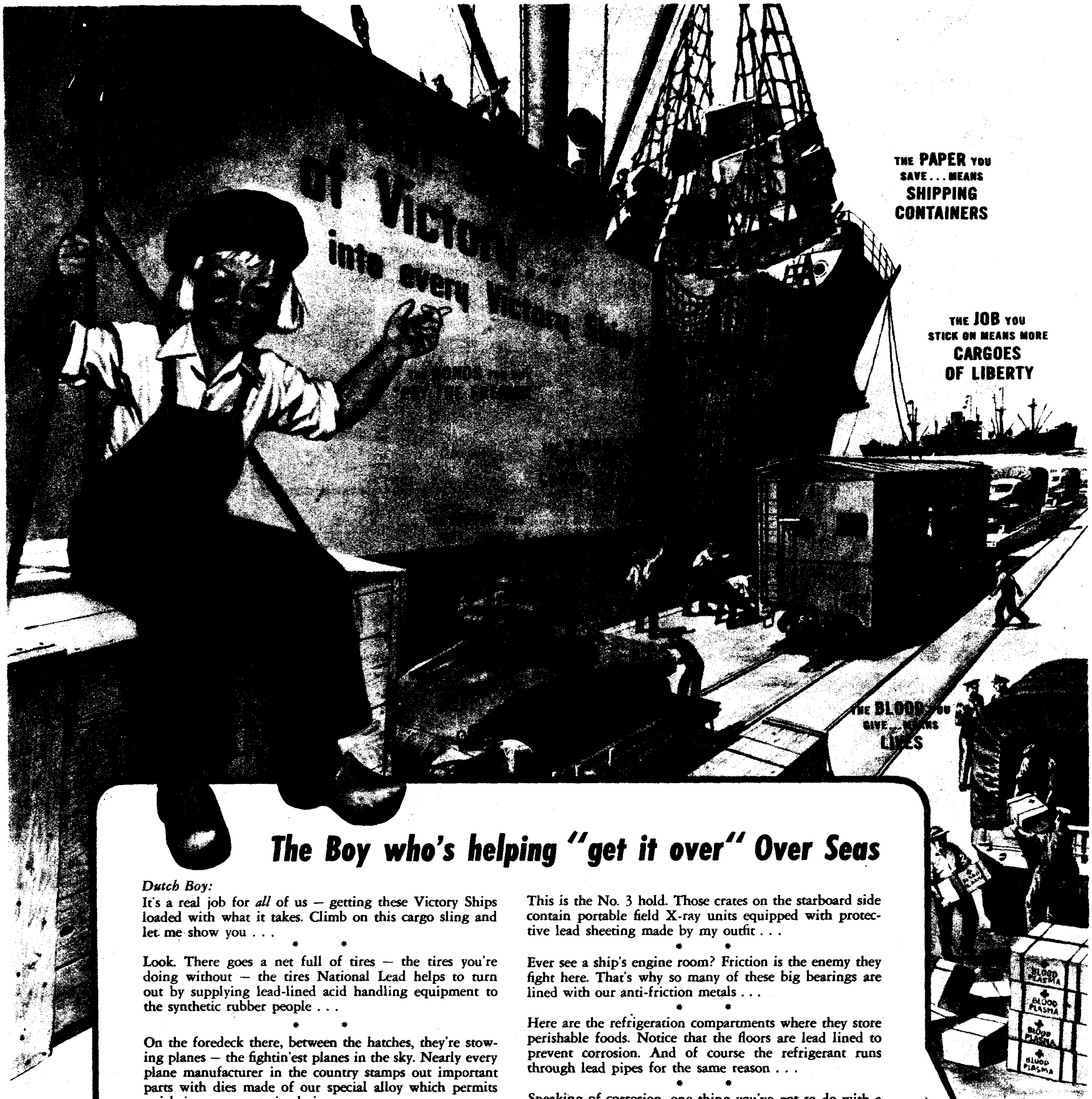
He rose too quickly to his feet and then as suddenly sank back again into the familiar chair. A new, a large and flamboyant party was invading the patio that had been his alone. He told himself that he would study them, that now he would learn something of Californians, but that was only partially the reason for his decision to stay. He felt actually physically unable to walk across the patio before an audience of strange eyes. He felt enervated and crippled by this stupid day, by this situation in which he was rendered useless and unalterably foreign.

The party formed slowly but steadily to a kind of pattern. Its members came drifting up from the beach in twos or threes or sometimes more, never singly, and the patio—like the rest of the world—was instantly their own. They were browned, handsome, gay and glitteringly loud. They were, in almost equal parts, male and female, their bathing costumes allowing no vestige of doubt to remain. They were predominantly young, and the few who were not so very young appeared to be. And they were amazingly, incredibly healthy. Their collective manner took sly cognizance of all evil, but they had the essential innocence of people who have never known anything but youth and health, whose capabilities are limitless and unharmed.

It amazed Paul to discover, from their conversation to which he openly listened, that several of these impervious young men were soldiers or sailors. He recalled other soldiers he had seen, other sailors, in many different uniforms, and he thought: Do Americans do everything so easily? Do they even fight their wars that way?

But, most of all, he was amazed at the way none of these people seemed to belong to anyone in particular, the way they all seemed to belong to one another—until the girl arrived.

She came alone, and it had the shock value of a planned entrance. She was not pretty and


of Victory
into every Victory Ship
THE PAPER YOU SAVE . . . MEANS SHIPPING CONTAINERS
THE JOB YOU STICK ON MEANS MORE CARGOES OF LIBERTY
THE BLOOD YOU GIVE . . . MEANS LIVES
BLOOD PLASMA
BLOOD PLASMA
BLOOD PLASMA
BLOOD PLASMA

The Boy who's helping "get it over" Over Seas

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* *

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* *

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* *

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she was certainly not traditionally beautiful, but the Americanness of her femininity was like a blow to the stomach, stunning, undodgeable. That certainty of being that is the possession of all American women was, in her, curiously extended and solidified. Her body was frankly beautiful and strong and proud; her face was serene; her eyes were at once intelligent and unintelligently unafraid. She was—as profoundly and completely as she was alive—lovely, lucky and cherished.

She came quietly across the patio, smiling gently at her friends, and when one man drawled, "Darling, you've never looked lonelier. Come and join us before your reputation is ruined," she was completely amiable and crushingly indifferent.

Slipping into a chair she said, "It's because you're all so charming. I had to get away from it for a while."

PAUL felt, with a sudden flash of anger which he recognized wryly as being both male and European, that under no circumstances would he allow a woman to speak to *him* like that.

Someone ordered her a drink, and the one named Pete lighted her cigarette. Their talk flowed on as before, bantering and gossipy, but now it was obscurely shaped by her presence. It moved around her, like water around a stone. Although she took no part in the conversation and did not even appear to be listening to it, remarks frequently seemed to be addressed to her, and eyes often sought hers as if for verification. Paul thought he understood why—her serenity was not a force but an unavoidable fact.

The slight, impersonal annoyance he had been feeling increased almost uncontrollably when he discovered that she was staring at him. Since he was, aside from their party, the only other person present, her gaze had wandered to him naturally enough, but now it sharpened on him with an intensity that was disconcerting and inexplicable. He could imagine how he looked through her eyes: a tall, pale man, thin in a worn kind of way, as if the flesh had been ground from him, with something wrong with his haircut and something wrong with the dark, inappropriate suit he wore. An alien; a man who was no longer young, who was a flimsy covering around the vacuum that had been his youth. Quite suddenly and for the first time, he felt proud of the way he looked—proud and angry.

He was not the only one who was aware of her persistent gaze. The one called Pete noticed it and said smoothly, "Hunting, dear?"

The girl did not take her eyes from Paul's face. "Yes, darling," she said. She rose and walked across the patio directly toward his table. Then she turned her eyes away and went on past him into the interior of the restaurant.

Paul found that he had tensed angrily at her approach; now he as angrily relaxed and drank the last of his tea. When he put down his cup she was standing beside him. Her skin tone was so deep that he could not be sure she was blushing, and probably that was one of the first things she had learned *not* to do, but her eyes were embarrassed.

She said, "I want to explain my staring at you, to apologize. I—I thought you were someone else."

Paul thought coldly: How ridiculous. She has never before seen anyone who looked even remotely as I look.

The girl said, "I thought you were Paul Berton."

It surprised him but, even in his surprise, the old, instinctive caution exerted itself, held him carefully speechless for a moment. He had to remind himself that this was not Europe—there was no threat here.

"I am."

Her face must have been flushed because now it turned quite pale beneath the brown, as if she had just looked on something that horrified her. And no doubt, Paul thought grimly, I *do*.

"I had seen a picture of you—just one picture. I—I've so admired your work." She paused for the briefest time and then said quickly, "It hurts me. Is that the wrong thing to say?"

Not at all, Miss America, Paul thought; it's the only possible thing. He felt a small wonder, which he quickly quelled; she was cleverer than he had first believed.

He said, "It is intended to hurt."

The rest of her party stared at them with a bright, undisguised curiosity and, when Paul accepted the girl's invitation to join them, he was meeting their challenge as well as hers. Unwillingly but with a weird sense of necessity, he let her lead him to the sprawling group of tables, present him to the ring of faces that were questioning and visibly unconvinced of his value.

She finished, smiling her little smile, with, "And I'm Maggie Forbes."

Naturally, Paul thought. Naturally you allow yourself to be called Maggie. Only a woman of beauty and pride could afford the absurd diminutive.

One of the men said, "Paul Berton—it's a familiar name. Don't you compose?"

The Mrs. Golden, the older woman in the party, groaned loudly. "And neither does he dress sets out at Metro." She smiled at Paul. "Welcome, Mr. Berton. You *do* improve the tone of our little gathering."

The sun slipped down behind the bulk of a building and, as if somewhere a bell had rung, dismissing them, they all stirred, gathering up their beach bags and their sun oil.

Pete said, his voice reaching out to touch her, "Time to be getting back to town, Maggie. When do you want to start?"

ANSWERS TO HOMONYM QUIZ

(Page 62)

1. fowl
2. dew
3. faze
4. knead
5. bred
6. forebear
7. fourth
8. feat
9. flair
10. flue
11. prey
12. meat, mete
13. would
14. tee
15. floe
16. pore
17. hart
18. wreak
19. tolled
20. lax
21. wrest
22. sloe
23. doe
24. ewe
25. vale

She said calmly, "After I've had dinner with Mr. Berton. *Immediately* after."

Pete's face darkened. "As I recall it, you were to dine with me."

"Tomorrow night. And I'll be wonderful—just wait and see. Just wait until tomorrow night." She turned, laughing, to Paul. "I knew you wouldn't ask me—so I'm asking you."

Paul felt a sort of anger he had never felt before—a tiny, twitching, personal anger. He felt furious and helpless, like a man on a starvation strike who has just been fiendishly presented with a multitude of forks. For a moment it was like being in prison again, knowing that derisive eyes were staring at him from every peephole.

He said stiffly, because there was nothing else to say, "It would be a pleasure."

THE place to which she took him was, she explained, "rather awful, really, but the best the town affords." Paul was at first annoyed and then amused to discover with what competent ease he was being handled. Maggie, who apparently could not have been more intimate with the headwaiter had he been her own brother, quickly procured them a table.

Maggie knew, at least by reputation, half of the people in the room and was generous with details of their lives and habits. Maggie made it seem almost cloyingly natural that they should be here together; she was vigilant against the awkward pause.

Not until she was busy with a steak that would have nourished an entire family did Paul have an opportunity to ask, "Wasn't your friend resentful of this rather sudden arrangement?"

"Pete? He was livid. He's already gone back to town in a four-wheeled huff."

"I'm afraid I don't understand why you did it."

She said, "I wanted, very much, to talk to you. I—needed to know about you."

Rudely, angrily, he snapped, "Read my books. Two-fifty a copy, at your favorite bookstore."

She was not humbled, but precise and regretful. "I *have* read your books. I've read all of them carefully, but I still can't understand. They were true, weren't they? Even the novel was essentially true, wasn't it?"

Paul said coldly, "They are absolutely true." Then he was ashamed, because it is stupid to say anything is absolutely true and particularly stupid to say it of one's own life, and he began to talk to her. He gave her his lecturer's talk—the same thoughts in almost the same language that he had presented to an audience in Los Angeles the night before, before he had been so unwise as to faint.

It was an automatic process. But her questions were intelligent, her attention was absolute, and he found himself going on with it: his brief days as a medical student in Vienna, abruptly terminated by the Anschluss; the continued studies at the University of Prague, learning to cure the illnesses of men's bodies under the weight of a growing conviction that the source of illness lay elsewhere; the affirmation of Munich and the proof of the invasion. Then his first imprisonment under the Germans, his ultimate release and escape to France. The desperate, doomed pace of his political work there, ending in internment, ending—at the armistice—once more in a Nazi concentration camp.

The long, long months there. The bribed and deviously arranged release. Then England and, at last, an army he could fight in. But it had been too long. He was no longer capable of the physical fight, and so in England he had published his first book and written most of his second. And then he had come to America, to write still more, to lecture, to voice loudly and constantly the things in which he believed.

HE HAD not told it all—not all of his past and none of his future—but somewhere in the telling, Paul had grown earnest, eager. It was as if the safety and luxury of America, so clearly before him in the person of this girl, had demanded a more passionate statement, a greater conviction. And perhaps, Paul thought, it was also an armor for himself against those very qualities in America.

"Mine is a familiar story," he finished finally, lamely. "It has happened to thousands of people, and that alone makes it important: that it *should* happen to thousands of people."

She was looking at him over the rim of her raised coffee cup, attentive and silent. Her expression did not change and she did not speak, but a queer thing occurred to her eyes. The horror, the distaste, the pity that had been in them grew suddenly cold. They became veiled, opaque, and although they continued to meet his, they did not seem to.

She said, in a softly rippling voice, "It's getting late. I suppose I *ought* to be leaving."

Paul rose instantly, angrily. The girl had listened patiently to everything he had to say and then she had rejected it.

"You needn't," he said with excessive politeness, "drive me back to my hotel. I can find my way."

"Oh, no," Maggie said. "Oh, no."

But outside on the dimly lighted street he turned definitely to leave her. He wanted to say something brutal, something as callous as her rejection of him had been callous, but his very anger made it impossible. He was trembling, and his throat felt tautly incapable of speech. He reached out to where she quietly stood. He kissed her roughly, his hands moving with slow deliberation over her body. For a moment surprise made her seem almost responsive; then she was submissive and merely patient.

She said, flatly, "You despise me."

Paul wanted his voice to be cold, but, above all, he simply wanted a voice. He finally managed an erratically toned, "I marvel at you," and he strode off through the darkness in what turned out to be the wrong direction.

Back in the absurd luxury of his hotel room, he put through a telephone call to Jed Anderson, which could not be completed until the morning. Then he hunted through his impressive collection of pills until he

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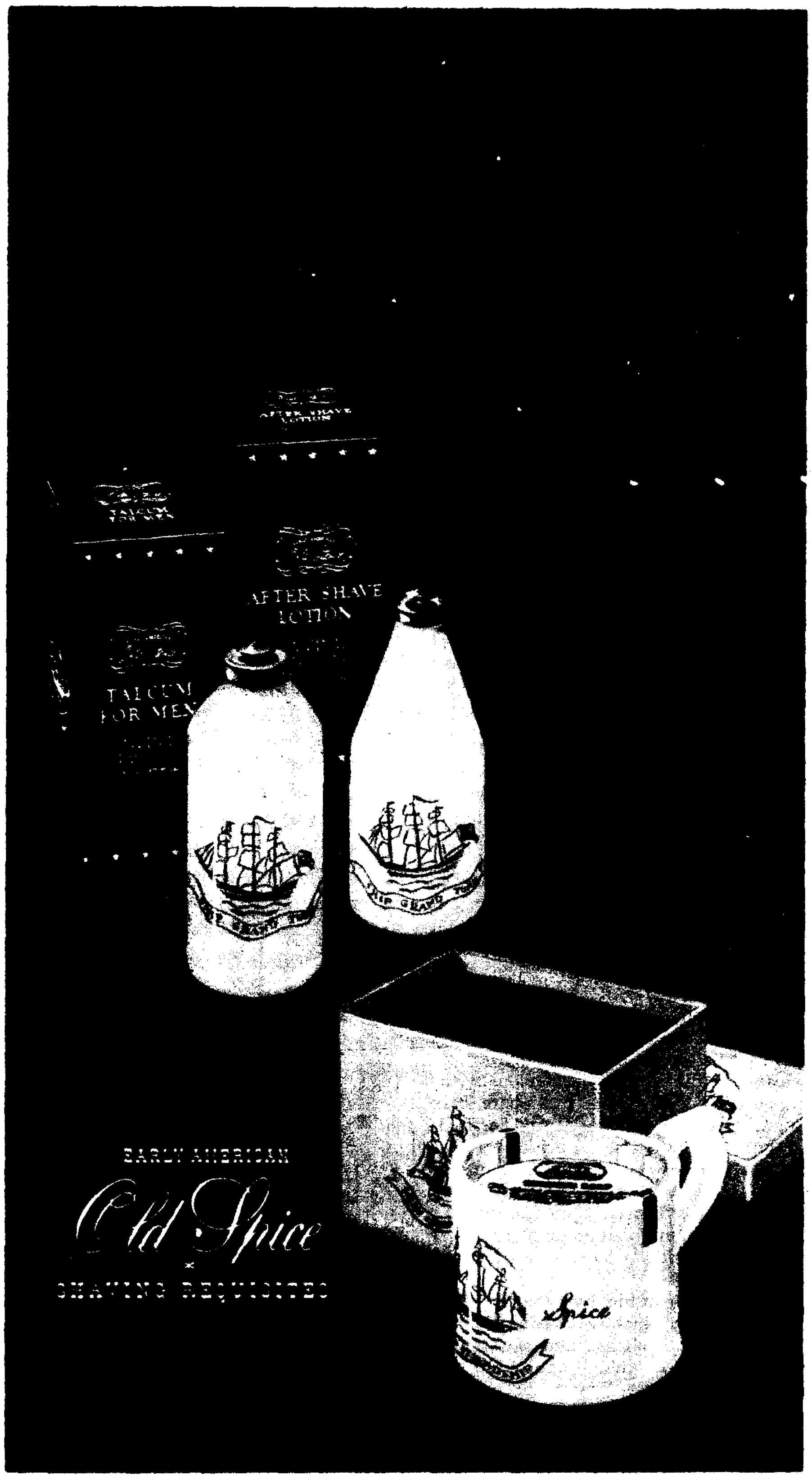

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found some sleeping tablets, took two and went to bed.

It occurred to him, lying persistently awake, that never before had he been unable to sleep—not hunted, not momentarily free; not lying in prisons, or in open fields, or in the poorest lodgings to which he had become necessarily accustomed. He decided wryly that soft living was indeed dangerous. Luxury was not for such as Paul Berton.

It was the telephone operator who awakened him the next morning, completing his call to Jed. Paul informed that gentleman firmly that he was proceeding to Los Angeles practically immediately, that he would lecture in San Francisco at the end of the week, as originally scheduled.

Jed spoke with that excessive cheer employed against children: "But everything's been attended to. I've had that date put off for two weeks, and you're a free man. Relax, now. Rest and get your strength back."

Paul's strength was sufficient for some forceful language, but there actually did not seem to be much use in it. He ate his large, healthy breakfast, took his pills and went for a walk. He walked for miles down the coast, sweating his way over the rocks, sitting unseeing beside pools where the water rose and fell with a hypnotic rhythm. He did not return to town until the late afternoon, with his coat over one shoulder and his face sunburned, feeling tired and surprisingly well.

TO REACH his hotel he must pass the restaurant on the beach, and as he drew opposite the patio, he glanced in, without curiosity, without—any longer—rancor. Maggie sat there, alone, with an untouched drink in front of her. Her chair was half turned away from the boardwalk; only the wall of the restaurant was in front of her, but she did not look at it. She looked at nothing. She simply sat and waited.

Paul did not know that he would—or had—paused, but the cessation of motion drew her gaze. They stared at each other for a long moment, their glances unclothed and unsmiling, before he pushed open the coy little gate in the patio wall and went inside.

After that, they met frequently and cautiously and through no plan of Paul's, always sparring for a bit before they separated and went their different ways. They met, Paul thought, like leashed dogs who did not seek each other out but snapped resolutely when the encounter occurred, like children weaving the first suspicious threads of friendship.

The first day, he saw her on the beach and stopped briefly to speak to her, squatting uncomfortably on the sand in his tight, dark trousers, wiping unaccustomed moisture from his painfully sunburned forehead. The next night he ran into her at the local theater, and on the third afternoon she was in a teashop with Mrs. Golden when he wandered in.

Mrs. Golden greeted him with feigned surprise: "*You're* still here? Isn't that odd? Maggie, too, suddenly accepted an invitation to stay with me—which I had never extended." She shrugged and murmured with a happy malice, "I can't think why—"

Maggie waved him to a seat and let her eyes rove sadly over him. "I know," she said finally, "that you can't be so very poor. Your books must make quite a lot of money."

"So—"

"So *why* don't you buy another suit?"

Paul, who had always considered clothes merely a kind of mobile shelter, felt a swift resentment at this slur on his wardrobe and then was amazed at the resentment. He said stiffly, foolishly, "I have two suits, although they look a great deal alike."

Maggie was grinning at him and suddenly it was all right; it was funny.

It came to him that her gaiety was not a negative but a positive quality, that it was not a lack of solemnity but a genuine possession, a reality. He could see that it might not be rare only in his experience; it might be rare and sweet in all experience.

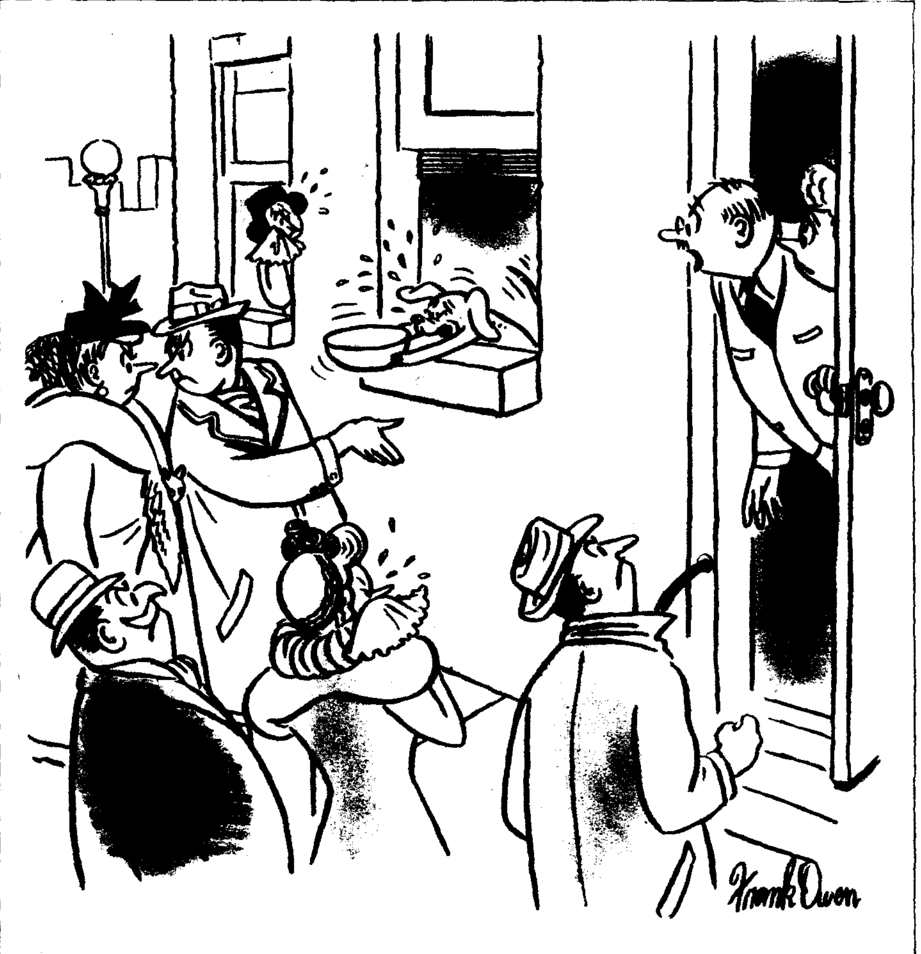
Mrs. Golden's glance was moving from his face to Maggie's and then back again. It made her look as if she were shaking her head in astonishment, and Paul imagined that, mentally, she was. But he did not mind. He liked her and he did not mind.

Abruptly she demanded, "Paul Berton isn't your real name, is it?"

Maggie's eyes were instantly upon him, and Paul shaped his answer carefully, for truth and for lightness. "Yes," he said. "No. All of my names are my real names. I'm so amorphous I'm almost everybody, and so vague I'm almost nobody. I've probably been dead for years, and yet, on the other hand, I may be still unborn."

Mrs. Golden leaned back in her chair, sighed and remarked plaintively, "I wish I was in Dixie."

Maggie said with feeling, almost angrily,



COLLIER'S "First time he ever found his water bowl dry. He's building up a fine case against us with the neighbors!" FRANK OWEN

"*I* wish you wouldn't say things like that."

For the first time in his life, Paul found himself making an effort at what was probably known as "social intercourse," and he hoped it was a good effort. "So do I," he agreed, adding judiciously, "of course, there's always the possibility that such language might *mean* something."

He was immoderately pleased when they laughed, and he let his own laughter rise. He noticed that it was overly loud and that it had an awkward, unpracticed sound.

The next morning he arose earlier than usual and went out to make the purchases he had decided upon. It took quite a long time to choose the beach towel, as he wanted the largest and thickest one he could find, but the bathing shorts were easy. He simply asked for, and as simply received, the gaudiest pair in the haberdasher's stock.

When he put them on, back in his hotel room, he had to admit that he did not very closely resemble the beautiful young men he had seen about the town. Only his face and his forearms were sunburned and, above the bright fabric, his chest was pale and apologetically prominent. He looked, he decided, far more like a plucked chicken than like a gay vacationer, but the fact failed to depress him.

He found himself hurrying to the beach, but when he arrived, Maggie did not even allow him to sit down. She gave him one startled look, took the new beach towel from him and laid it on the sand, then put her hand firmly in his. She led him along the boulevard to a barbershop and pushed him gently into the barber's chair.

She pointed with exactitude. "Cut it close in back," she instructed the barber, "but not too close over the ears. You see? He has a wonderful head, and I want it to show."

When the operation had been solemnly completed, she took his hand again and they wandered slowly back to the beach.

"*Now,*" she said contentedly, "now you look just right."

"You mean, don't you, that now I look American?"

After a moment she said, "Is that such a bad thing to be?"

"No," Paul assured her soberly. "It's a fine thing—for Americans."

THEIR days drifted on—the long, lovely, quietly joyous days that, Paul knew, couldn't last. They ended on an evening that was like many other evenings and yet inexorably different.

He had gone to dinner at Mrs. Golden's, and after dinner that lady had ostentatiously departed. The fact that he had often been alone with Maggie before had, clearly, nothing to do with it. He was thinking that he must go, and go quickly, when Maggie said, "You're composing a graceful farewell. You're being so very, very careful of me." Her voice went harsh as she demanded, "Why?"

"Because," Paul said, as lightly as possible, "I know *all about* American girls. I learned it from the movies. American girls are utterly pure and extremely possessive."

Maggie overrode him wildly, almost hysterically. "You haven't even kissed me, not since that first night," she said. "It's an absurdity, a fake, your not kissing me. It's like a cheap, calculated suspense."

He kissed her. He turned to go, and she did not stop him. He knew she was crying and he tried to choose between the immediate cruelty and the worse, future cruelty. No choice was possible; he could not leave her like this.

He turned back. He said, "I want you to know you're very dear to me."

Instantly, brusquely, she asked. "You love me?"

"I do."

"Say it."

"I love you."

She clung to him quietly for a long time before she raised her head and asked, "But—what else, Paul?"

"Nothing else," Paul said. "I am going back—to my own land, my own problems, to the one work that I can do."

She was perhaps not surprised, but her bewilderment was real and absolute. She could not understand. "But, Paul, you're in America. You're safe and free. You're—"

"When the time comes, I'll be going at the instigation of the American and British governments as well as my own. You see, my peculiar experiences make me peculiarly useful."

"But there are other ways you can help. You can go on writing and lecturing. You needn't go back into that horror and chaos and meaninglessness."

Meaninglessness. That, Paul thought, was the full statement of their relationship. The realities of his life would always be, for Maggie, without meaning.

He let her say no more. He held her close and no longer made a secret of his love, because the hurt had already been done to her. The inevitable end had inevitably, and not without logic, been reached.

IN THE morning, when there was a knock on his door, Paul realized that he had been waiting for it, expecting it. And when Mrs. Golden came into the room he knew that it was she he had been expecting. She handed him a note and stood quietly, watching him, while he read it.

Then she said hopefully, "Perhaps I'm not supposed to tell you, but she's gone to Palm Springs."

"I'm sure it will be pleasant," Paul murmured politely. There was something so typical, so pathetic, in the picture of Maggie, wondering what to do with her broken heart and finally deciding to take it to Palm Springs.

She had written: "I'm sorry, Paul, but I'm too afraid. Your life will be murky and unclean again, the way it was in the books. I'm afraid of a life like that."

He did not blame her. He saw now that her withdrawal at the time he had finished telling his story that first day had been because of fear—not indifference, as he had then believed. He did not even blame himself, for he had been guilty only of love, not of a successful love. He thought grimly: We were separated in time and in history; it was as if a contemporary of Voltaire's had loved and been loved by a woman of Carthage.

He thanked Mrs. Golden for bringing the note and told her that he had enjoyed knowing her. . . .

It was in San Francisco, the day after his lecture, that the message telling him to report to Washington finally arrived. He was to leave immediately; a priority had been arranged for him on a late-afternoon plane.

He was fiercely glad, relieved. He had always wanted to be active again; now he needed it desperately. It was worse, even, than he had expected it to be—this sudden lack of the brief wonder of Maggie.

Packing did not take long enough, not nearly long enough, so he spent the rest of the day commiserating with Jed over the loss of a profitable client. He got Jed quite drunk, comforting him, and happily he even got a little drunk himself, so that time seemed a vast generosity, and he got to the airport with only five minutes to spare.

He did not see her. He didn't see her waiting for him or approaching him. He didn't even see her when she was in his arms, she was so close, so tight against him.

Then she leaned back and said, "You're sailing from New York?"

He nodded weakly, incredulously.

"I'll meet you there. Just as soon as I can get aboard something."

"Maggie—you can't, of course, sail with me."

"I know. Not *this* time."

"Hurry," he said urgently.

"I'll hurry," she promised.

Now he felt guilt. Now he had irrevocably changed her, destroyed her as she had been and made her new, and he was sorry. But he knew, truthfully and with reason, that even if it were not for him, she could not in these times remain as she had been. He knew that he would be far more gentle with her than events might be.

Wonderingly, he asked, "Aren't you afraid any more?"

She kissed him before she answered gaily, "Darling, I'm terrified. But nothing in the world could stop me. What more could a woman want?"

THE END

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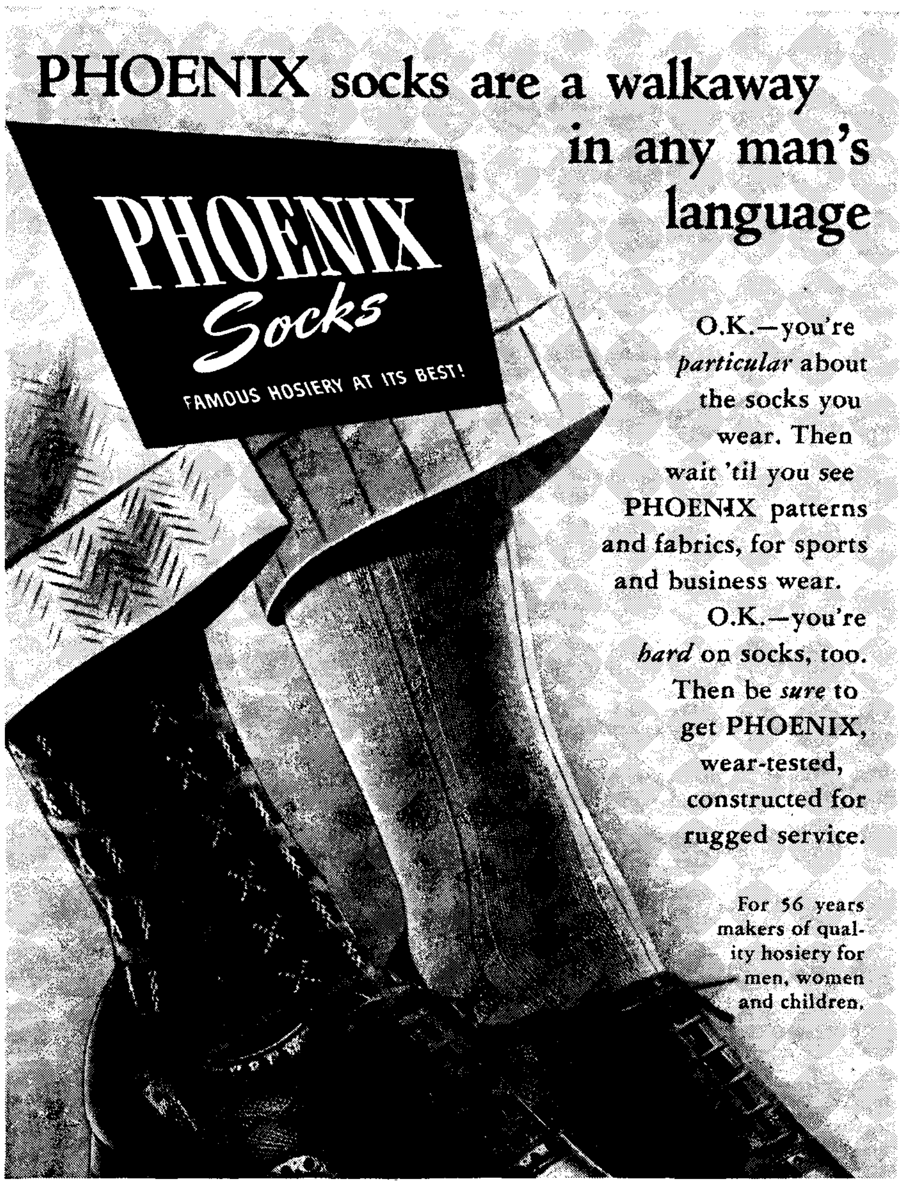

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Flying Strip Tease

Continued from page 20

card table; Sgt. John Hupfel of Chicago was applying rouge to the stubbled jaw of M/Sgt. John Cobb, weather operator, who has a year-and-a-half-old son back in Delavan, Wisconsin, whom he has never seen. "If he saw me now, he'd call me Mamma!"

Sgt. Jack Sydow of Rockford, Ill., the third Andrews Sister and also the creator of the show-stopping delayed-peel act, was rolling some heavy woolen G.I. socks into balls, reversing the ends of the socks to hold them tight. "Some of the fellows needed their socks last night, so they unrolled their breasts," he explained, casually dropping a couple of rolled-up socks inside the bosom of his own evening gown.

Pvt. George Davis, former Brooklyn radio singer and master of ceremonies of the show, was helping Sgt. Jack Newman into his girdle. Newman is the show's talented soloist, an ex-Chicago Opera Company tenor who appeared on Broadway in Blossom Time; he also doubles as a member of the pony ballet. Everyone in the cast appears before the footlights at least five times. There are no understudies; every man knows every other part in the show. They double as prop men, make-up artists, sceneshifters, and when they are not doing anything else, they play in the orchestra.

"Anybody that thinks this is a gravy train better try it," Pvt. Davis said, mopping perspiration from a grease-painted forehead. "It's the toughest work we've ever done in the Army." He paused. "But we know what it means to these guys. . . ."

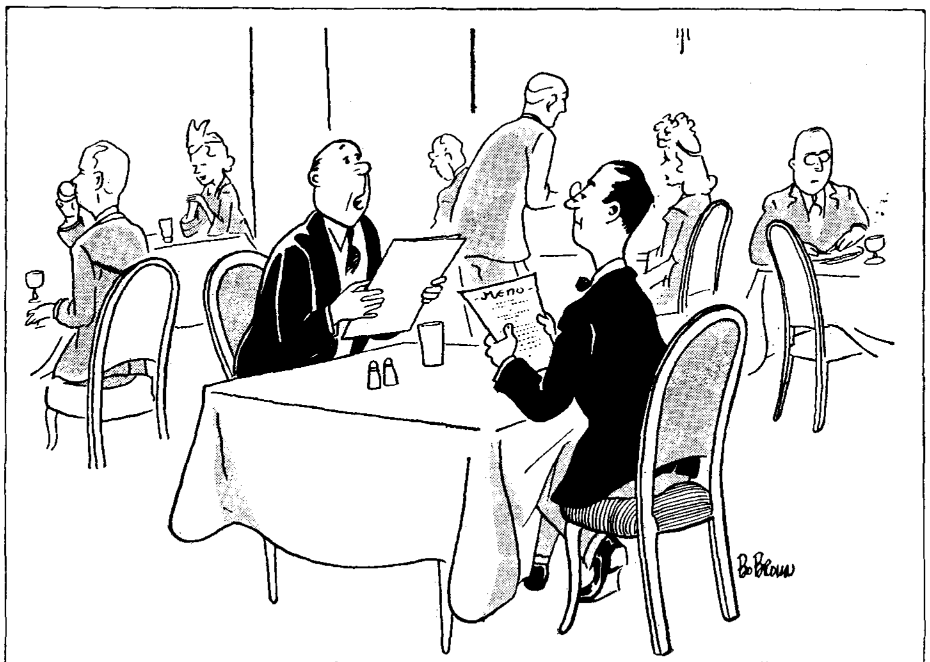
You would have known what it meant that night, if you had been in the hospital audience and had seen the wounded men just back from Myitkyina, white troops and colored troops and Chinese soldiers sitting side by side, all joining in the common laughter.

You would have known what it meant that afternoon if you had seen the kid who had been with Merrill's Marauders. He had on a crimson Army bathrobe, and his bare feet were thrust into an unlaced pair of heavy combat shoes, and he was wearing dark glasses in the brilliant afternoon sun. He stopped Pvt. Davis just before the rehearsal: "Weren't you down in Burma about six months ago? You were the master of ceremonies."

Davis looked flattered. "You've got a pretty good memory for faces."

The kid hesitated. "No. Not for faces." He pointed reluctantly to the dark glasses. "I lost my sight down there. I remembered your voice."

THE END



COLLIER'S "I miss my wife's cooking—whenever I get a chance!" BO BROWN

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

however, after the pilots land to report. They've had time to think them over.

Take the day Captain Joseph J. McLachlan of Detroit came home—in a jeep. The Thunder Bums knew from their radio that he bailed out when flak destroyed his ship, but they didn't know what had happened to him. Mac's hair was rumpled, his clothes torn, and his freckles shone like copper farthings in the maze of scratches left by the underbrush on his face. He looked, as he told the enthralled Thunder Bums his tale, like a ruffled and bewildered bantam rooster who had roamed by mistake into a pen full of belligerent cock turkeys.

He had landed in a strictly sour place with retreating Germans all around. There was a two-way traffic of shells and bullets over his head. So Mac quickly tucked his parachute under his arm and scrambled into the bracken. He crawled along to a barn in which he found a ladder to the hayloft. He climbed up and hid his parachute under the hay and then kicked the ladder down so that nobody could follow him—a shortsighted precaution, it turned out, when shells began to fall on the barn.

Mac jumped from a window, dodged across a road, and hid in underbrush for a long, long time. He heard voices he couldn't understand, and then, much later, he heard some he thought he could understand. He jumped up, yelling, "American pilot! American pilot!" A big, tough sergeant appeared out of nowhere. He was a walking arsenal—Robert Kelly of New York City, a famous character in the Fourth Division.

"Yeah?" Kelly said. "Prove it."

Mac said he would take him to the parachute.

At a signal from Kelly, a score of doughboys, whose presence Mac hadn't suspected, rose in the tall grass. They got the chute, and then Kelly became very friendly. He wanted so much to do something real nice and hospitable that he offered Mac a rifle and invited him to join in the fun of mopping up.

Just then some bullets went by overhead, and a mortar shell burst in the road, and Mac said, "No, thank you very much."

So Kelly sent him to Division Headquarters where he was quizzed and feted and presently dispatched to the Thunder Bums in dizzy glory—with his chute and his scratches. . . . W. B. C.

The Week's Work

Mitchell Wilson

AS a very young man, Mitchell Wilson set off in two directions, toward two widely separated goals: he wanted be a scientist and he wanted to be a novist. He is both.

While he was studying physics at New ork University and Columbia, he also was riting and selling short fiction. While he d research on cosmic rays under Nobel ize Winner Enrico Fermi, he also worked his first novel, Footsteps Behind Her. s research physicist for a chemical company stepped up his nighttime and week-end tional output, producing another book, alk the Hunter, and many short stories.

Recently, however, Wilson decided it was ue what people say about dual careers. ursued simultaneously, they rob a man of isure and peace of mind. He chose to conntrate on writing, confining his scientific bors to a few hours a week when he superises research which he initiated into new pplications of high-frequency heating.

His current novel, None So Blind, beginning on page 14, differs in mood and action rom his previous books. The earlier ones ere stories of espionage and physical pururuit, while this is a story of an intense emoional involvement. None So Blind will be ublished by Simon & Schuster in the late pring about the same time that RKO plans o release the picture version.

Wilson says his two careers are not such pposites as they appear to be. Both are reative, but scientific creation must be conined to narrow channels while writing lets you create all over the map.

EACH time we run a story about a hero, we get letters from readers who say that they, too, know a hero, and why don't we write about him.

Mrs. F. W. Mosier, of Ashtabula, Ohio, after reading the article about the Ranger hero, Captain Shunstrom, writes us: "My son, Ben Mosier, was with Captain Shunstrom at Cisterna. . . . He and a few others fought and escaped. . . . He lived under constant fire for three weeks at Anzio Beach and I guess you know or have heard what they went through. Then he was sent to Naples where new Ranger battalions were being formed. It was there he was wounded in the head. . . . He was paralyzed on one side for a month. . . . They operated three times. Then he was brought back to Nichols General Hospital at Louisville, Kentucky, where they have had to put a silver plate in his head for the second time. The last I heard they might have to take it out again. . . . He has suffered so much and no glory. . . . I can't understand why these boys don't get some credit. My boy was only a corporal, maybe that was why. But he was only nineteen and his life is wrecked. . . . Maybe you don't have place for criticism in your magazine. But these boys were heroes, too. . . ."

Mrs. Mosier argues a just cause. For every hero we write about there are countless others whose stories remain untold.

WHEN Norman Katkov (Lucky Dice, p. 54) was graduated from the University of Minnesota, a professor of journalism under whom he had studied told him he was sorry, but he couldn't recommend him for a job on any paper, and advised him he'd better look for a career in some other field.

"I paid the extra ten bucks for the large parchment degree, though," says Katkov, "and gave it to my mother and went to work in my old man's grocery store for two years. Once, almost, I had a copy boy's job on the Chicago Sun, but after spending sixteen bucks for a train ticket, I found there was some misunderstanding, so I went home and back to the store.

"Then a thirteen-month stretch in the Army and a medical discharge, and, at last, a newspaper job, on the St. Paul Pioneer Press. A month later, when I got my first by-line, I knew the professor was wrong. At least, my boss said he was wrong.

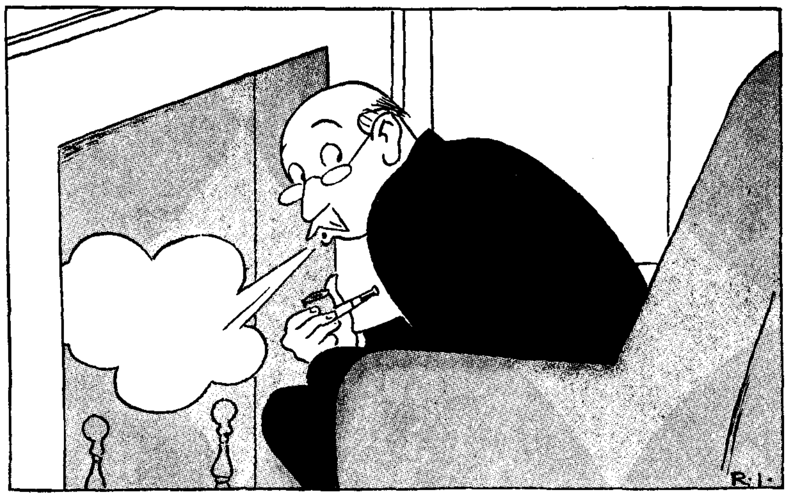
"I wrote Lucky Dice one night, fast, in the office after the paper had gone down at night. I rewrote it, though. This is the second story Collier's has bought, and I still can't get used to it. Eight years of trying, and then I throw two sevens in a row.". . . A. P.

●

Collier's readers who desire a reprint of Petition After Victory, on page 11, may obtain it by writing Reprint Dept., Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and enclosing ten cents.

Corporal Ben Mosier

PIPE TYPES . . . . by REA IRVIN



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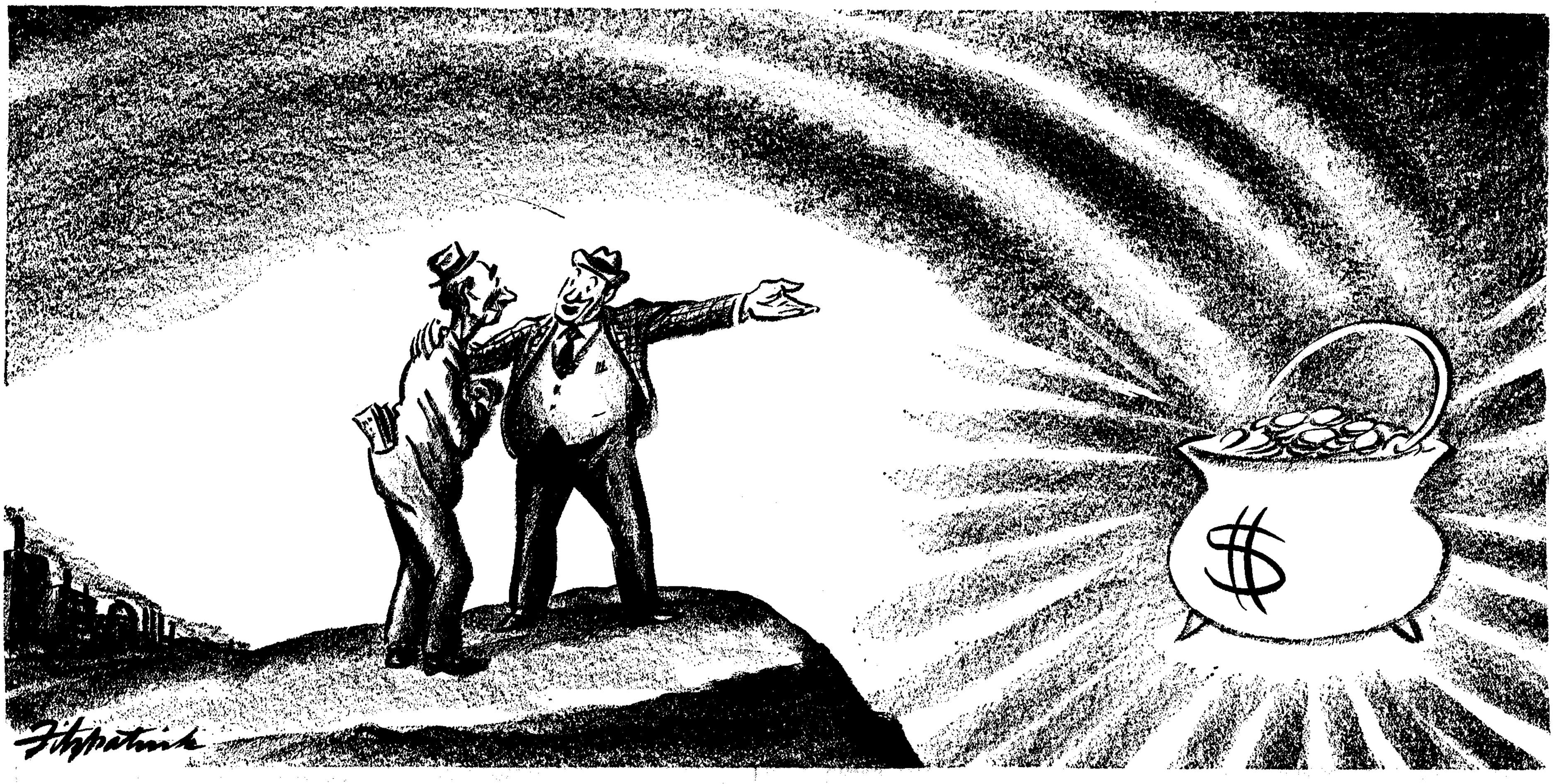

Don't be a Sucker

THE Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC) is in its proper groove when it starts a campaign of its own, and urges other groups and organizations to do likewise, aimed at heading off the horde of assorted con men who can be expected to try to cut themselves in on the postwar investing power of the American people.

That power promises to be tremendous. About 130 billions' worth of it, by SEC calculations, is dammed up already, in the form of War Bonds, bank deposits, and so on. Many Americans have disappointed various pessimists by taking seriously the advice to curtail consumer buying for the duration as one way to combat inflation.

When peace arrives, the Get-Rich-Quick Wallingfords can be counted on to stage mass raids on this wealth. Their choicest prospects will be a large number of people who have never had much investment experience, and who have considerable cash or potential cash on hand. As raw material for sales talk, these buzzards will have all the predictions which have been made during the war about postwar miracles in plastics, nylons, rayons, electronics, fuels, home heating apparatus, etc., etc. Most of those predictions are true; but it doesn't follow that the blue-sky boys will build nothing but truths on these truths.

To keep their takings to a minimum, we need frequent, detailed and authoritative warnings against them. Banks, we think, could well establish or enlarge investment-advice bureaus for their customers—and steer scrupulously clear of using such bureaus to further any of the sponsoring banks' own investment interests.

At best, however, all such efforts can be only palliatives. Success in keeping the larcenous part of the population hard up after the war depends in the end on each individual American's determination not to be a sucker with the money he or she accumulated during the war years. If you're bent on being a fool soon parted from your money, the SEC or anybody else can't save you. If you're determined to hold onto it, or to make it produce conservatively and constructively for you, you probably will do so.

Here are a few things to remember about the typical con man, big or little: He usually surrounds his proposition with much secrecy—obviously because he's afraid of the law, no matter what reasons he offers. He's likely to seem pained or outraged if you mention submitting his proposals to your attorney, banker or political district leader. He's long on vague assurances that his scheme will bring huge returns in a hurry—a thing which happens not oftener than once in a blue moon in real life. And he frequently works on the principle that many a person who is taken by a crook starts out with the assumption that he is smart enough to take the crook, which usually he is not.

If you'll keep these facts of life in mind, you can probably keep your postwar wad more or less intact against the brethren of the bilk, who you can bet will be coming after it in a multitude of ways, some of them highly ingenious.

HITLER STUBS HIS TOE

FROM Perrin C. Galpin, war-relief expert ever since Mr. Hoover was feeding the Belgians in the first World War, comes a story of one of the many ways in which Hitler stubbed his toe in World War II.

We are all familiar with Hitler's determination to destroy all the Jews in Europe, and with some of the ghastly measures his subordinates have taken to carry out his wishes. Yet Mr. Galpin has word, evidently authentic, of a Belgian gentile woman who "kept hidden, during two and one-half years (of German occupation), in her house, five Jewish people, until Allied troops entered the town. She also concealed a British flier for two and one-half months before the liberation."

When fanatic tyranny clashes with human compassion and generosity, tyranny frequently loses the fight.

DODGERS, MONKEY CAGES, ETC.

SPEAKING again of playgrounds, than which few topics are more important, one of the best stories we've yet heard comes from a big playground connected with a housing project in the Red Hook section of Brooklyn, New York.

This playground began life with routine equipment, and the children who were expected to use it were badly bored with it. Instead of letting matters go at that, the housing project's manager took the trouble to the New York City Housing Authority, and several imaginations got busy.

Result: Some new and inexpensive playground equipment the like of which has seldom if ever been seen anywhere before and which intrigues the customers no end.

There is an affair called The Dodger—an irregularly shaped assemblage of cement-block walls four and one-half feet high, which the children's imaginations can convert into anything from a Fort Driant to an airplane or dirigible. Another item is a series of old (but clean) sewer-pipe sections embedded on their sides in concrete. Still another is a monkey cage, or whatever you want to call it, consisting of a more or less haphazard arrangement of steel uprights and crossbars.

All this carries a hint for playground officials anywhere. The Brooklyn experiment and its smash hit with the clients illustrate the proper way to approach these problems of devising playgrounds which children will find endlessly interesting and dramatic rather than formalized and dull.

Give them devices on which their active imaginations can go to work. Keep danger of physical injuries to a minimum, of course; but don't make the devices so deadly safe that the children can get no excitement out of them. Most children like to take risks, and those who don't should be encouraged to do so, in ways commensurate with their size and durability.

We think these Brooklyn playground pepper-uppers have started something which ought to be studied and improved on in playgrounds all over the country.

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